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SOME DAY.

BY W. W. L.

Some day the violets blue will blossom,
Dear love, above one of us sleeping;
And birds will sing in low notes tender,
Where one a sad watch lone is keeping.

Some day sunlight will turn to shadow,
And one will watch with aching breast,
Where valley lilies bud and blossom,
Above the other's quiet rest.

A LIFE REDEEMED

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADYBIRD'S PENITENCE," "HIS WEDDED WIFE,"
ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.—(CONTINUED).

LYRA was leaning on the gate, looking over the river, her head resting on her hand, and as she turned at the sound of footsteps, Mr. Chandos was struck by the alteration in her appearance. She was very pale; but it was not only her pallor which startled him—there was a look in her eyes which was eloquent of suffering and sorrow, of the strain caused by a mental struggle and battle. She looked as one looks when the canker-worm of a secret sorrow is eating into the bud of life's happiness.

But this only made her more interesting in the eyes of Mr. Chandos, especially as he was convinced that he was the cause of her unhappiness. He expected to see her blush as she turned and saw him, and was rather disappointed that she did not, but regarded him with the steady gaze of her sad, dark eyes.

"I hasten to lay the tribute of my gratitude at your feet, Miss Chester," he began, in his "high falutin'" affected style, but Lyra's brows grew straight, and he was sharp enough to see that he was taking the wrong line. "As I have just told Mr. Chester, I cannot express my sense of your great goodness to me," he said, in a more natural and respectful tone. "An invalid, even when he or she is a member of the family, is always a burden, but must be doubly so when, like myself, a stranger. You have played the part of the Good Samaritan, Miss Chester, with a perfection which has rendered me eternally your debtor. I am, of course, very anxious to relieve you of the burden, but I am not what is called a strong man. I do not mean," he made haste to add, "that I am weak, or—er—puny. I am of highly strung and extremely sensitive nerves, and—er—I fear I shall have to trespass upon your Arabian hospitality a little longer."

"My father will be very glad if you will stay," said Lyra, and as she spoke Mr. Chandos noticed that her voice was low and subdued, and that she uttered the sentence mechanically. "Will you not sit down?" and she moved towards the rustic seat.

With Mary's assistance the invalid got himself seated, and striking an aesthetic attitude, gazed up at Lyra, who stood, with the climbing roses for background, pale and dreamy-eyed.

"You have a most delightful, most picturesque home, Miss Chester," he murmured with the "flute-stop" on. "It is an Arcadia—a sweet haven of rest and repose. But, tell me, do you never weary of it? Do you never, like an imprisoned bird, sigh for liberty, for change, for—er—life?"

Lyra looked down at him as though she had brought her thoughts back from a long distance.

"Do I—am I never weary, dull?" she

said, as if she were asking the question of herself. A few days ago, before the advent of Lord Dane, she would have replied with a laughing negative; now her brows came together, and there came no laugh or smile to her lips. She looked round and sighed. Never until that moment had she thought of weariness or ennui, never felt dull or lonely. But now—yes, he was right!—she felt like a bird, bruised and sore with vain and futile beatings against the walls of its cage.

"Ah, I see you do!" murmured Mr. Chandos. "Believe me that this life of yours—if you can call it life; it is really but existence—is not worthy of you. You were born to shine—a star—in brighter, happier spheres."

Lyra looked at him with grave inquiry—perhaps she still thought him a little mad—and Mr. Chandos's pale blue eyes fell before the sad, innocent orbs. "Do not think I flatter," he said, with mock earnestness. "I would not be guilty of flattery to one so—er—so true and—er—intelligent as you, Miss Chester. I merely uttered the thought that the sight of your—er—forgive me—beauty and grace aroused within my mind."

Lyra ought to have blushed; certainly ought to have looked down and been overcome, but she did neither, rather to Mr. Chandos's embarrassment.

"You are fond of poetry?" he said, rather than inquired.

Lyra said nothing; but silence, as we know, gives consent, and Mr. Chandos drew a small, elaborately-bound volume from his pocket. "Soul Throbs. By Geoffrey Barla."

"My own," he said almost solemnly, as he held up the volume. "Soul Throbs. Do you like the title?"

Lyra looked uninterested, much to Mr. Chandos's disgust.

"Does a soul throb?" she said listlessly.

"Shouldn't it be 'Heart Throbs'?"

Mr. Chandos winced.

"Oh, no, no," he murmured in quite a shocked voice. "That would indeed be commonplace. Anyone, everyone says 'Heart throbs'; but the soul is a different, a—er—higher, a more æsthetic phrase. You feel that, I am sure."

Lyra neither assented nor dissented, but turned her eyes riverward again.

"May I read you my favorite—one of my favorite—lyrics?" he asked, opening the book.

"It is very kind of you," said Lyra, but without the enthusiasm which Mr. Chandos certainly considered proper, if not obligatory.

He cleared his throat, and with half-closed eyes which watched her, commenced—

"No! Innet I, to sing on topmost bough;
No lark, to soar to heaven's gate;
But, if I sing my best, wilt thou
Sing sweetly to me, oh, my mate!"

It is to be feared that only the last caught Lyra's attention, for when he paused and looked up at her inquiringly, she said with a little confusion, for she did not want to wound him—

"It is a sea-song? The Devonshire people are very fond of them, and one hears them all along the river—" She saw by the horrified expression of his washed-out eyes that she had made a mistake, and waited.

"A sea song?" he exclaimed.

"There—there was something about a mate, wasn't there?" said Lyra, eager to soothe him.

Mr. Chandos went pale with mortification.

"Oh, no, no!" he murmured reproachfully. "The mate alluded to was a—er—companion, a kindred soul."

"I beg your pardon," said Lyra. "It—

it was very stupid of me. But will you not read some more? I will try and understand them."

The apology was almost worse than the offence in Mr. Chandos's eyes; but he stifled his disgust and disappointment, and read another choice extract.

Lyra sat down and seemed to listen, her hands clasped, her lovely profile turned to him. If she had sat full face to him, he would have seen that he might as well have been reading to a statue.

"It is very pretty," she said, when he had finished.

Mr. Chandos with difficulty suppressed a groan. Pretty! Such a word applied to one of his "soul throbs" was—as an insult. He forgot his lameness and rose, then sank down, and once more stifled his disappointment.

"Er—pardon me, 'pretty' is perhaps scarcely the word to apply to the verses," he said. "But I am sure you appreciate them. Er—while a prisoner in my room I wrote some new verses. I will, if you care to hear them, and will allow me to send for my—er—guitar, sing them to you."

Mary was at the door at the moment, and brought the guitar.

Mr. Chandos struck a suitable attitude, and, his eyes cast up at Lyra with an expression of deep despair, piped away in the thin voice which was so much admired by his female friends.

The verses were quite equal in pathos to those he had read. They dealt in the usual "laurel wreath" and "death," "love" and "dove," "grave" and "passion's slave;" and though Lyra did not realize it, were really addressed to her.

The performance would have been, if not a success, at any rate a tolerable one, if Lyra had not chanced to glance at the singer when he was piping out the most impassioned lines. But she did so chance to glance, and the sight of his upturned eyes—like to those of a dying duck in a thunderstorm—his sleek head all one side like that of a piping bullfinch, and his lackadaisical expression generally, were too much for her.

Wretched as she was, aching though her heart was with the memory of Dane, she could not help laughing. The laugh was one of pain as much as of mirth, and it did not last long. It died away on her lips as suddenly as the effect it produced upon the singer.

His face went crimson and then white, his pale blue eyes grew lighter, not darker, and seemed to flow with rage, and the thin lips were distorted with the passion of wounded vanity and self-conceit.

Lyra was not frightened, but she was startled. He had risen and confronted her, his hands clutching the guitar, his mouth half open.

"Oh, I beg your pardon! Forgive me! Please forgive me!" she said brokenly. "I cannot tell what made me laugh. I am so sorry! Will you—" She tried to say, "sing it again," but she dared not, for she knew that heavily though her hidden misery bore upon her, if he sang again she must laugh—or die.

Mr. Chandos seemed to struggle for breath.

"N-o," he gasped at last. He had never before been laughed at—openly—and he was writhing as a man writhes under the lash of a delicate whip, that for all its alightness stings like a scorpion.

"Forgive me!" she said again, and she put her hand gently, pleadingly on his arm, and as she did so, the tears came into her eyes. "I did not mean to do it. It was rude, and—yes, cruel—to laugh. It was ungrateful after—your kindness in taking so much trouble. Will you forgive me, Mr. Barla?"

Chandos's eyes drooped, and he sank down again, his little hands quite quivering around the neck of the guitar, his thin lips writhing still.

"Yes—yes," he stammered, as if he were fighting with himself. "There—there is nothing to forgive. I do not suppose—with a tone of dignity which was excruciatingly comical—"I do not imagine for a moment that you were laughing at—at my verses. Something—some passing incident must have caught your attention"—Lyra hung her head—"and you were laughing at that. But I will not sing again. To appreciate these poor little poems of mine one must be in the—er—mood. Will you take the volume? See, I have ventured to anticipate your gracious acceptance and have written your name in it. Will you take it and—er—study it in quiet and seclusion? You may—er—find some thought in harmony with your sweet nature, your scarcely uttered aspirations—"

Lyra rose and took the proffered volume.

"Thank you," she said humbly. "It is very kind of you. I will send Mary—"

As she left him Mr. Chandos leant back and gave vent to the rage that had been choking him, gave vent in a long stream of muttered oaths, hissed out with hot, savage gasps; his face working, his lips twitching.

"You laugh at me, do you?" he stammered. "You laugh; you—er—you—er—tried 'cat,' but even at that moment of ferocious anger the name struck him as inappropriate to the sweet-faced girl who had just left him. "You insolent plough-girl. Laugh on! But—but only for a time!" He ground his teeth. "If I could bring the tears to those eyes of yours, if I could only have you cringing at my feet! I will too!" he hissed out. "Yes, by—" he swore it with a charmingly original oath, "I will!"

Mary, running out, found her patient apparently on the verge of an apoplectic fit.

"Lawk's sake, sir!" she exclaimed. "Why, what be the matter? You haven't gone and swallowed somethin' the wrong way, hev ye?"

Mr. Chandos with some difficulty smoothed his distorted face into something like its usual expression of serene self-conceit, and forced a ghostly smile.

"Er—er—I have had a fit of coughing, my good Mary," he murmured. "I—er—think I must have taken a chill. Will you kindly lead me back to my room?"

Most men after such a repulse and humiliation would have taken their departure; but Mr. Chandos was unlike other men. He lay on his bed and tossed to and fro, not one moment, cold the next, as Lyra's innocent laugh rang in his ears; lay and thought, thought and planned.

It is asserted, by those who ought to know, that it is quite possible for a certain order of beings to love and hate at one and the same moment. If that be so, Mr. Chandos belonged to this peculiar order. One moment his admiration for Lyra, his longing to win her, got possession of him; the next, hate, hot and sinister, obtained the mastery. But predominating above these flashes of love—if you can call it "love"—and hate was the burning desire to get her in his power, to see her at his feet, to hear her begging, walling for mercy—the mercy which he would grant or withhold as suited his humor.

He lay awake for hours, his cunning brain striving after some means to enable him to gain the desired revenge, and fell asleep at last, dreaming that he was sinking down a deep well, and Lyra was standing at the top laughing down at him.

In the gray dawn he woke, and almost

at the moment of waking there flashed into his mind one of those ideas with which the basest of men are sometimes inspired by the devil they serve. It made him start; it sent the blood rushing to his head; it made him laugh—a laugh which might have found an echo down in the region of lost souls.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE following day Mr. Chandos kept to his own room, sending word to Mr. Chester that he feared he had got up too soon, and felt very much weakened by the effort.

He despatched Mary to Yarnstaple for books and writing, and drawing, materials, and amused himself by composing some "poems" and making "sketches." The "poems" were all about a "scorned love," and the sketches, weak, washy ones of the river. As he sat at the window making these, he saw Lyra go in and out the garden, and his pale-blue eyes watched her from behind the curtain with a peculiar expression—half wistful and longing, and half malicious; an expression one sometimes sees in the monkey, and now and again in the tiger.

He noticed that she was still pale and sad-looking, and once as she paced the garden he heard her sigh.

In the afternoon he saw her go down to her boat, push it into the rising tide, and row to the middle of the river. A sand-bank caught it there, and he watched her as she leant forward, and letting her face drop in her hand, seemed lost in a melancholy reverie.

"Can she be fretting after me, after all?" thought Mr. Chandos. "What else can she be brooding over? There can't be any other person, or I should have heard of him Mary."

The thought soothed him considerably, and he continued to watch her until, in the evening, she slowly rowed the boat homewards.

The following day he came down after lunch and found Lyra just setting out for the boat.

She had almost forgotten him during the preceding day, and she greeted him with a gentle meekness—for though she had forgotten him, she had not forgiven herself for wounding his feelings—that inwardly rejoiced Mr. Chandos, who, on his part, was meekness and humility itself. His little bow, his whole manner seemed to say, "You have wounded me to the heart's core, but I forgive you."

"I hope you are better," said Lyra in her low sweet, and, alas! now, sad voice.

"Yes," said Mr. Chandos plaintively; "I feel much stronger this morning. I am afraid I overdid it yesterday. What a lovely day! You are going out in the boat?" he added, glancing at the oar in her hand and then at the river, glowing like liquid gold in the sunlight.

"Yes," she replied listlessly. Then it occurred to her that he might like to go. "Would you like to come with me? Are you strong enough?"

"I should like it above all things," responded Mr. Chandos, suppressing his eagerness, "and I am sure the air would do me good."

"Come, then," she said, and, by way of atoning for her cruelty of the day before, she added, "and will you bring your guitar?"

"Shall I?" he asked, looking at her with a humble, dog-like air. "Yes, I will."

Mary helped him down to the boat, and he was ensconced on a cushion in the stern, with another cushion for his wounded leg, and Lyra rowed from shore.

"How exquisitely you row!" he said, after watching her with a longing admiration, which he concealed as well as he could under his lowered lids. "It is a graceful and delightful accomplishment."

"I am used to it," said Lyra absently, for they had reached the spot where Dane had nearly gone down, and she was thinking of him.

"I wish you would teach me—when I recover," said Mr. Chandos, with a little sigh, and strumming on his guitar.

"I will, if you wish it," she said still absently; "it is not difficult to learn."

"You must be very strong," he said after a pause. "Would you mind my making a sketch of you while you are rowing? It would make a beautiful picture. I should call it 'Youth at the Oars,' and—perhaps—exhibit it at the Academy."

It was well Mr. Chandos said "perhaps," as there was as much chance of any sketch of his getting into the Academy as of his being wafted to heaven.

"If you like," she said indifferently. He took out his sketch-book and made his feeble sketch, talking the while.

"You have never seen the Academy exhibition?"

She shook her head.

She wished that he would not talk; he was bearable while he was silent.

"Ah, what a pity! How I should like to show it to you! You would revel in the pictures, for I know that you have an artist's soul; one sees it in your eyes. There is no place like London; one lives there, but only exists elsewhere. It is in London one finds one's life's work; there is work for all there."

Lyra leant on her oars and looked at him dreamily—without seeing him. Her heart was filled with an aching desire for something to do, something that should help her to forget Dane; help her to stifle, crush out the misery of her love for him. Here everything reminded her of him, brought him before her mental vision all day long: the garden, the roses, the river—most of all, the river—the valley!

"One is wasted in the country," went on Mr. Chandos, speaking carelessly, as if wrapt in his sketch. "Beautiful as it is, it kills one in time. The human soul needs change. I think you would like London, Miss Lyra; you would find kindred spirits there. Here," he shrugged his shoulders, "here, amongst farmers and such like persons, you are wasted—wasted. London is life. There are concerts—divine music—theatres—the ever-moving, ever-changing crowd; humanity at its best and brightest. You would shine there."

Lyra smiled sadly and faintly. Why was he always harping on this?

"I do not wish to shine. You spoke of work. What work could one so ignorant as I do?"

She asked the question with no definite object, but Mr. Chandos caught the yearning in her voice—the yearning of which she herself was totally unconscious.

"Oh, believe me, there is a great deal you could do," he said, glancing at her, and then bending over his sketch. "You could engage yourself as a governess—"

Lyra laughed.

"In all London there could not be one more ignorant," she said, half to herself. "Believe me, you do yourself an injustice," he rejoined. "I have seen in the sitting-room the books you have read; you speak, forgive me, with the truest refinement; you would have no difficulty in getting a situation. But if you do not care for teaching you could learn to paint, to sing—"

Lyra looked at him with mild incredulity. "Or," he went on, "there are hundreds of persons, old and middle-aged ladies, who are alone in the world, who would be only too grateful to have you for a companion."

"A companion?" said Lyra.

"Yes. To write their letters, to read to them, to bestow upon them the invaluable, the priceless boon of your society and sympathy. Believe me, Miss Lyra, you were not meant to live alone in this solitary, desolate place. You should go to London, the great city that throbs with life and—er—the joy of living!"

Lyra looked at him.

"I am not alone," she said with faint surprise. "I have my father! You forget!"

Mr. Chandos coughed.

"Ah, yes, I forgot," he murmured. "But surely he loves you too well, he is not so selfish, as to desire to sacrifice your young, your beautiful life, your many gifts—"

He stopped, for he saw by the expression of her face, as she moved the oars again, that she had ceased to listen to him.

They rowed down the river against the tide, and Mr. Chandos having finished his sketch, held it away from him and surveyed it with his head on one side, waiting for her to look to see it; but as she did not do so, indeed appeared to have forgotten it, he said rather plaintively—

"Do you not wish to see my poor attempt to portray you, Miss Lyra?"

"I beg your pardon!" she said apologetically, and she took the sketch.

Mr. Chandos possessed some little skill, and he had not labelled her very badly; indeed, he had contrived to flatter her by some extraordinary fluke.

Lyra smiled.

"Why do you smile?" he murmured reproachfully. "Am I doomed always to provoke your laughter?"

"Oh, no—no!" said Lyra. "I smiled because—"

She paused, then said with listless frankness, "it is too good for me."

"No, no!" he said with genuine eagerness. "It is not—it is not! No one could do you justice! Ah, do you not know—have you no mirror to tell you how beautiful you are?"

Lyra flushed to the brow, and laid the sketch down with a quiet dignity which made Mr. Chandos wince.

"I beg your pardon!" he said humbly; "but—but it is the truth."

Lyra looked over his head, the blush faded, her face grew pale again, and she rowed on in silence, Mr. Chandos hanging his head like a scolded schoolboy.

The boat drifted near the shore, and looking up, he saw some ruin in the shape of a church standing amidst trees.

"What is that?" he asked, pointing to them.

Lyra stopped the boat.

"That is an old church; St. Mark's," she said.

"How beautiful—how interesting!" he murmured.

"Would you like to see it?" she asked. "We can land here, and it is only a few steps from the shore."

"I fear that I cannot traverse even a few steps without assistance, and I could not trouble you," he said wistfully.

She put the boat's nose shorewards.

"I will help you," she said sweetly.

She drew the boat on to the beach and helped him out, and gave him her arm. The color crept into Mr. Chandos's face, and his eyes drooped as he took it, and his sordid little heart beat.

All unconscious of the effect she produced on him, Lyra led him into the ruined church and he looked round.

"It would make a charming picture," he murmured. "I should call it 'I Once Had Been.' It would create a sensation in London."

A portion of the church was still in fairly good preservation, and it was shut off from the rest of the ruins by a door of rough planking.

"Why, what is this?" he asked, stopping before it.

"It is a portion of the church that has been kept up," said Lyra. "Service is held here sometimes; it is for the fishermen at Peterel, and they come over in their boats to it when the roads are too bad for them to get to Yarnstaple. Would you like to see the inside?"

Mr. Chandos remarked that he should; and Lyra thrust her hand amongst the ivy growing thickly about the exterior door, and drew out a key.

"Are you the lady-warden?" he asked, with a smile.

"No," she said simply. "But I know that the key is kept here."

She opened the door, and they passed in. Their entrance startled an owl from its day-dreams, and it flew hooting over their heads.

Mr. Chandos looked round with idle curiosity. This remnant of the old church had been made as decent as possible. There was an old, weather-beaten communion table and some roughly-made pews, and seats with books on them; but the place smelt damp and musty, as all rarely-used buildings do.

"And there is service here sometimes?" he said.

"Yes," said Lyra in a low voice. The quiet serenity, the dim, religious light of the place soothed her troubled heart. "Yes; the fisher-folk are often married here, and always bring their children to be christened; they believe that it secures good fortune for the little ones."

Mr. Chandos listened rather absently at first, then his face changed, and he glanced round him and at her sad, preoccupied face.

"They marry here?" he said. "When—when was the last wedding; do you remember?"

Lyra thought for a moment.

"In the spring—this spring," she said. "Shall we go now?"

"Yes," he said.

As they passed out he murmured—

"I should like to be married there, should not you, Miss Lyra?"

"I don't know," she said simply, unconscious of his melting gaze.

As they drifted home with the tide Mr. Chandos was remarkably silent; and when she helped him out of the boat and up to the house he only said—

"Thank you very much for all your kindness—your great kindness to me, Miss Lyra."

He went straight to his room and remained there, and he spent hours, neither sketching nor writing, but leaning back in his chair softly biting at his nether lip, and staring across the Yaw from under his lowered lids; for Mr. Chandos was thinking hard—very hard.

In the gloaming he saw Lyra go down the garden-path to the shore; and Mary entering the room a moment afterwards, he remarked casually—

"Was that Miss Lyra I saw go out just now?"

"Yes, sir; she has gone to Greely's to borrow the paper for master."

"Why didn't you or the man Griffith go?" asked Mr. Chandos, quite as if Lyra were his property.

"Griffith be gone for wood, and I've got to go to Yarnstaple," replied Mary; "so I've just come up to bring you the light, and ask if there's anything you'll want before I come back."

"No, no thanks, my good Mary," said Mr. Chandos, with a sigh. "Er—unless—er—you will be kind enough to bring me a bottle of whisky with you. I think I should like to rub my foot with it. Whisky is an excellent thing for a sprain."

"All right, sir," said Mary, taking the money; and she grinned as she went out, for she was not by any means a fool.

Half an hour later Mr. Chandos heard the garden gate open. He got up—without any difficulty—and went to the window to get a glimpse of the girl who was now never out of his thoughts; but instead of Lyra's slim, grace figure, he saw a tall, thin man coming up the path.

He was not a Peterel fisherman or Yarnstaple lawker—the only kind of visitors Mr. Chandos had as yet seen—but a man with the unmistakable London stamp about him. He was dressed in London clothes, wore a London tall silk hat, and carried a London umbrella.

The visitor knocked, waited, then Mr. Chandos heard him open the door and enter.

A moment afterwards he heard a sound, something between a groan and a cry of alarm, proceed from the sitting-room below.

It startled Mr. Chandos pretty considerably, and it filled him with a burning and intolerable curiosity.

He waited for a moment or two, then heard voices; the weak, ready one of Mr. Chester, and a harsh, unsympathetic one—presumably the strange visitor's.

Mr. Chandos drew off his boots quickly, opened his door cautiously, and then, as cautiously and noiselessly, stole down the stairs, and, crouching beside the closed door of the parlor, listened.

CHAPTER XV.

THE high-souled poet, the exquisite and accomplished Mr. Chandos, bent down beside the parlor door and listened.

For a moment or two the voices came to him in a confused murmur, but presently he managed to hear what was going on.

"You must have known that this would happen some day or other," said the stranger.

Mr. Chester groaned.

"I—I didn't think; I forgot," he moaned.

"Ah!" retorted the visitor. "That's just like you; just like gentlemen of your sort. You don't look forward. Now a business man—"

"I'm not a business man; I never was a business man," sighed Mr. Chester.

The other laughed; not exactly unfeelingly, but in a dreary kind of way.

"No, I suppose not, or you wouldn't have done this sort of thing. What a pity it is that folks like you are ever taught to write! Talk about universal education! Seems to me that one-half the people in the world would be happier if they'd never learnt to put their pens to paper. Now, if you'd never been taught to write—"

"I—I don't understand it even yet," said Mr. Chester in a hoarse voice. "Try and explain it to me. Tell me slowly—slowly, Mr. Jarvin."

The man addressed as Jarvin "clicked" his lips, half pityingly, half contemptuously.

"You mean to say you don't understand! Lord! A baby would understand it!"

"I—I am worse than a child in these matters!" moaned Mr. Chester.

Mr. Jarvin clicked his lips again.

"Pon my soul, I think you are! Look here!" Mr. Chandos crawled on his knees to the keyhole, and saw the visitor, who was seated in the extreme edge of a chair, strike a folded paper with his forefinger. "Seven years ago—or as good as seven years ago—you borrowed five hundred pounds of Levy Moss. It's evident you don't know much about business, or you wouldn't borrow five hundred farthings of such a man as Levy Moss."

Mr. Chester sighed.

"But you do borrow it, and you pay—Do you know how much interest you pay? No! I'll be sworn you don't!"

Mr. Chester shook his head and groaned. "Not you! That's the last question gentlemen like you trouble yourselves about! Well, I should say you'd paid

sixty per cent. at the very least."

"That is a great deal," murmured Mr. Chester.

Mr. Jarvin laughed. "I should think so! But you didn't pay so much as some men I know, after all. Well, Levy Moss renews this bill from time to time, and you go on paying the interest, and I dare say good old Moss would have let the bill run till doomsday, so long as you were fool enough to pay him his sixty per cent.; but unfortunately—or fortunately for you, as it may turn out—Moss makes a bad spec—the cutest of these chaps do sometimes—and has to realize, and he has to hand over the bill to me for money owing; and you may bet he didn't pay me sixty per cent.," remarked Mr. Jarvin viciously.

Mr. Chester blinked and groaned. "Then—then if I understand it, I owe the money to you?" he said falteringly. "You do," assented Mr. Jarvin grimly. "Every penny of it!"

"Then—then—why can't I go on owing it for—a little longer?" asked Mr. Chester, not unnaturally. "I—I can pay the interest."

Mr. Jarvin shook his head. "Sorry," he said, shutting his lips tight, "but I can't manage it. For one thing, I'm not sure, from all I hear, that you can go on paying the interest; and for another, I want the money. The market's tight—very tight; and I've as much as I can do to keep my head above water. I want—understand me, Mr. Chester—I want this five hundred, and I must have it. It's best to be plain and straightforward, isn't it? That's my way; whatever I am, I'm plain and straightforward. I always say what I mean; and when I say that I must have this money, why, I mean it, I really do."

Mr. Chandos saw Mr. Chester lean back, and put his hand to his eyes—a pitiable spectacle, which, however, drew pity from neither Mr. Jarvin's nor Mr. Chandos's heart.

"I—I haven't the money," Mr. Chester said at last, raising his eyes to the hard ones of the man who sat on the edge of the chair and stared like a stone image at his distress.

Mr. Jarvin shook his head. "That won't do, Mr. Chester; it won't, indeed," he said remonstratingly. "It really won't do! You've had this money, you know—or part of it, for I suppose old Moss deducted the first year's interest?"

"He did!"

"Just so. I thought so, but it's no business of mine. Moss is hard, very hard, always; but I'm not. I've given five hundred good sovereigns for this bill, or as good as five hundred sovereigns, and I must have 'em back, now, mustn't I?"

"But—but if I haven't the money?" pleaded Mr. Chester. "And I haven't!"

Mr. Jarvin shrugged his shoulders, and glanced round the poorly-furnished room as if he were taking a mental inventory.

"I'm sorry, very sorry; as much for my sake as for your own; for, from what I can see, I'm afraid the sticks won't realize half, quarter the sum."

"The sticks?" repeated Mr. Chester sadly, vaguely.

"The good—the furniture. It's all had a deal of wear, and wasn't worth much when it was new, I should say."

Mr. Chester rose from his chair, then sank back white and shaking.

"Do—do you mean—that—that you will sell the furniture—the house—turn us out?" he gasped.

Mr. Jarvin shook his head lugubriously. "I'm very sorry," he said in a funeral voice. "But what's to be done? You can't expect me to lose this money. But, look here, Mr. Chester, it needn't come to selling up. You must have friends—"

Mr. Chester shook his head.

"I—I have no friends," he said huskily; "no friends at all. There is no one who would lend me this money to save my life. I have no one but my daughter—"

His voice broke. "You—you cannot, will not turn us both into the streets—a young girl—"

He covered his face with his hands.

"Tut, tut!" said Mr. Jarvin, in his dry, raucous manner. "This is very—er—disagreeable, it is indeed. I'm very sorry for you and the young lady; but what can I do?" and he spread his hands out with an injured air. "I do hate to do business with unbusinesslike persons! Just remember, Mr. Chester, that I'm only asking my fair due. Come, I'm sure you can get this money somehow. You must have had some money sometimes; what have you done with it?"

Mr. Chester looked up with a half-frightened, half-guilty air.

"I—I saw an advertisement of a limited company—the Bongalaboo Tramway Com-

pany—and I—bought some shares. They were paying ten per cent."

Mr. Jarvin looked at him with a fine combination of pity and contempt.

"You went and invested in shares!" he said. "And you know as much about limited companies as I know about—the mountains in the moon! And I suppose they're gone down now, eh?"

Mr. Chester bowed his head mournfully. "Yes," he said almost inaudibly; "I—I read in the paper that they had. But—but—" with a feverish wistfulness, "they may have gone up again—increased in value! I have sent for a newspaper—I shall see—"

Mr. Jarvin rose.

"Dear, oh dear! Well, all I can say is, Mr. Chester, that people like you don't deserve to have money, they don't indeed! To go chucking good coin away on companies! Why the most knowing of us get bit, but you—" His feelings appeared too strong for adequate expression. "Look here, I'm afraid you're in a mess; but perhaps these shares may turn out all right, and I'll wait a bit and see. I'll give you a fortnight."

Mr. Chester expressed his gratitude in broken, almost inarticulate words.

"Well—yes, it's unbusinesslike," remarked Mr. Jarvin, almost as if he were ashamed of his leniency, "but I'll do it. You shall have a fortnight; but mind, that's the limit. You'll have to find the money by that time, or really I shall be compelled to—"

He coughed, and polished up his hat on his sleeve, and Mr. Chandos removed his eye from the keyhole, and softly drew himself up the stairs as far as the landing, where he knelt down and watched through the banisters.

Mr. Chester either forgot to offer any hospitality or Mr. Jarvin declined it, for the man of business came out a moment or two afterwards and left the house.

Mr. Chandos crept up to his own room, softly rubbing his back—he had got a crick in it from long kneeling—and his eye, which was chilled by subjection to the draught through the keyhole, and waited and listened with a thoughtful smile.

Half an hour later he heard the gate opened and Lyra's step in the hall. He crept down to the lobby again and listened.

"I have brought you the paper, father," he heard her say. Then she stopped, and in a tone of alarm exclaimed, "Father! What is the matter? Are you ill?"

"No, no!" he faltered. "Give me the paper!"

Mr. Chandos could hear it rustling in the shaking hands, and knew, though he could not see her, that she was bending over him in tender anxiety. Then came a low cry of despair and grief and a faint scream from Lyra.

With the proper expression of concern and consternation Mr. Chandos limped downstairs and into the room. Mr. Chester was lying back white and unconscious, and Lyra was kneeling by his side, almost as white as himself; the paper lay beside the chair, where it had fallen from the limp hands.

Mr. Chandos behaved like a ministering angel.

"Don't be alarmed—pray, pray don't be alarmed, dear, dear Miss Lyra," he murmured. "He has only fainted. It is nothing serious. Yes, some water—" for Lyra, after the first moment of paralyzing terror, had frown for some. "He will be all right presently. See, he is coming to. Now don't, pray don't be alarmed. Remember, I am here," he added, as if he were the whole College of Physicians rolled into one man.

"Oh, what is it?" said Lyra, with her arm round her father's neck, his head on her bosom.

"It is only a fainting fit; I'm subject to them myself," said Mr. Chandos, bathing Mr. Chester's forehead, and deftly pushing the newspaper out of sight under the chair.

Mr. Chester, with a deep sigh, came back to the world which we somehow or other manage to make a very troubled one; and as his eyes rested on Lyra he moaned, and let his head sink on her breast. For the first time in his life, perhaps, he was conscious of all she was to him.

"My poor girl!" he murmured, as she pressed him to her in an agony of apprehension.

"What is it, father?" she besought him.

"My poor child!" he moaned again.

"Lyra—" but Mr. Chandos's suave voice slipped in.

"I don't think you should exert yourself by talking, my dear sir. Keep quite

quiet for a few minutes, and then we will help you to your room."

Mr. Chester, after a glance round the parlor, as if he expected to still see the odious figure of his creditor, sank back.

"We will get him upstairs, dear Miss Lyra," murmured Mr. Chandos, "and—ahem!—I don't think I would permit him to talk at all to-night. We will send for the doctor—pray do not cry." There were no tears in Lyra's eyes, her grief and terror being beyond tears. "I cannot be too thankful that I am at your side in this hour of trouble."

Between them—Mr. Chandos still keeping up his limp—they got the stricken old man to his room.

"I will send Mary to you the moment she comes in," murmured Mr. Chandos, "and Griffith shall go for the doctor. And be sure you do not let him talk and excite himself."

His spurious sympathy was rewarded by a look of gratitude from Lyra's eyes; and feeling quite like a good Samaritan, he went down to the parlor—without the limp—and pulling out the newspaper from under the chair turned to the money article.

Running down the stock and share quotations he came to the Bongalaboo Tramway Company. Its shares had gone down to zero, and Mr. Chester was indeed a ruined man.

Mr. Chandos read the disastrous information with a complacent smile of profound satisfaction; then carefully tore out the portion of the paper which contained the money news and popped it on the fire.

"What a piece of luck!" he murmured, his pale eyes glistening, his thin lips smiling. "Yes, my dear Miss Lyra, I think it will be my turn to laugh presently."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AN AMUSING MISTAKE.—An English paper tells the following story about Dr. Holmes: When he was in England, in 1886, he found himself on one occasion at a "crush" in London among a great mass of people, including several royal personages. He sat quietly in a corner, but presently, feeling a little faint, and observing refreshments in the distance, he turned to an elderly personage standing near, whom he supposed to be a butler or something of that kind, and asked for a harmless beverage. The supposed servant brought this with great alacrity and remarked: "I am very glad to meet you, Dr. Holmes." The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table was a little taken aback, and the stranger added: "I am Prince Christian." "Dear me," said Holmes, alive at once to the joke, "I have not had much acquaintance with princes, and, do you know, I took you for the waiter!" At this Prince Christian went off into a burst of merriment. "Where is my wife?" he said. "I must tell her this. She admires you immensely." Off went Prince Christian to fetch the Princess, and the genial American philosopher was soon the centre of a circle of royalty, greatly delighted by the incident.

EXPRESSED BY PANTOMIME.—The jurors of the Paris Exhibition who had the judging of the wines exhibited by the various countries, were very much puzzled when they came to a number of samples from China. Not one had any experience of Chinese wine, and there was no standard to go upon. They were totally unlike European wines, resembling rather liquors in sweetness and consistency, but nobody could tell which was the best and which the worst.

At last a brilliant idea struck one of the jurors.

"Why not," said he, "have in some of the natives from the Chinese village in the grounds, and try the effect on them?"

The suggestion was approved. A couple of Chinamen were for, but when they arrived the trouble wasn't over, for the Chinamen could speak no English and the jurors were ignorant of Chinese, and eventually the experts had to express by pantomime their rapture, dislike or indifference, as the case might be.

In this way the Chinese wines were judged, but at the expense of the heads of the critics, who were carried back to the village in a condition which was the envy of all their countrymen.

A PASSENGER who escaped uninjured from a serious railway smash, seeing a fellow-traveler searching anxiously among the wreckage with a lantern, offered to assist in the search, and thinking the old man had lost his wife, asked in sympathetic tones: "What part of the train was she in?" Raising his lantern and glaring at the kindly disposed passenger, the old man shouted with indignant distinctness that triumphed over physical infirmity: "She, sir! she! I am looking for my teeth!"

Bric-a-Brac.

GLASSES.—The custom of setting several glasses before each person for the different wines that are to be served belongs to the nineteenth century. In the eighteenth century the glass was dipped at each new wine into small earthenware vessels filled with water which were placed upon the table within reach of the guests.

CHESTNUTS.—In Tuscany and many other parts chestnuts are ground into flour after a month's drying before a slow fire. Hence the farina dolce of the poorest peasants in the mountains, who just manage to keep body and soul together on this not very nutritious food, when meat or maize is not to be had. They work it up into thick porridge, or into soup or cakes, and get it down with the help of a little cheese, stock-fish, or pickled herring.

WHEN THEY MIGHT CUT DEEP.—The late Professor Henry Morley once told his class in University College, London, that it was possible to fix the date of a certain writer pretty exactly from an inscription carved with a knife on a school desk. "Now," said the genial Professor to his hearers, "I don't want you to begin to carve your names on these desks; but if any of you know that you will become famous, you may cut them as deeply as you like."

RUSSIAN SIGNS.—Russian merchants do very little advertising, principally because the great majority of the humbler classes cannot read. And this is not to be wondered at, as there are thirty-six letters in the Russian alphabet, which seem to have the combined difficulties of the Greek, Chinese and Arabian characters. The signs on the stores in Russia are mostly pictorial. For instance, the dairy signs are cows; the tea signs, Chinamen sipping tea; a barber's sign, a bare armed man shaving another, etc.

"ON TICK."—There are few people who can conscientiously say that they have never heard those two most suggestive words, "On Tick," and possibly there are many to whom the sight of them may recall unpleasant reminiscences. It is a term, however, in very common use, especially among the impecunious class; in fact, some of them may be said to live on the practice so named. "Tick," for credit, is a word at least as old as the seventeenth century, and is corrupted from ticket, as a tradesman's bill was formerly called. The phrase was originally "on ticket"—that is, things taken to be put in the bill.

BEEN NEARLY FOUR THOUSAND YEARS OLD.—There were found not long since, in an old pit in an Egyptian village, several mummies, one of which was supposed to be the Pharaoh in whose reign the ten plagues befell the country. This mummy was removed to Cairo for examination. In unrolling the linen, many flowers that had been buried with the king dropped out, and a number of bees in a mummy state were also found in a small urn. The bees were of the same size and bore the same markings as the Ligurian, or Italian, bee of the present day. If we put the Pharaoh's date at, say, 2000 B.C., these mummy bees must be nearly four thousand years old.

COURT-MARTIALING AN ELEPHANT.—It is the business of a court-martial to try soldiers and sailors accused of offence, but sometimes strange prisoners come before it. At the battle of Sabraon, Feb. 10, 1846, the 9th Lancers were required to escort some 24 pounders, which were to be dragged by elephants into position. One of them turning obstinate and refusing to draw, the men in charge of the animals had it brought before them, under the guard of two other elephants, to be tried. The court sentenced it to twenty-five lashes, which were duly inflicted by a fellow-elephant. Taking a big double chain on its trunk, at the word of command it gave the rebel elephant five-and-twenty tremendous whacks. The culprit was thoroughly cowed, and no longer declined to draw the gun.

FIRING BACK THEIR OWN BULLETS.—The use of a dummy to "draw" an enemy's fire is a device not unknown to the writers of story-books; but according to the Duchess of Buckingham and Chandos, the Maoris actually resorted to such a plan for the purpose of getting bullets when their supplies ran short, during the war between the British and the natives of New Zealand many years ago. As soon as the dummy appeared it was warmly peppered with bullets, and then pulled down with a rope. Presently it was put up again, and again it was fired at, and again it was permitted to be slain. This went on until the rope itself was struck and cut in two, when the dummy fell down with a bang, and none of the real live Maoris durst climb the tree to tie on a new rope, as they would certainly have been killed. Meanwhile the bullets having been dug out of the earth-bank behind the tree, the enemy were able to resume active hostilities and fire at the British with their own shot.

"No, GEORGE," she said, "I can never be yours." "Then I am rejected?" he moaned. "No, dearest, not that; but I am a woman's suffragist and cannot be any man's. You, however, may be mine if you will."

ONLY A WOMAN.

BY J. C.

Only a woman, shrivelled and old!
The play of the winds and the prey of the cold!

Cheeks that are shrunken,
Eyes that are sunken,
Lips that were never o'erbold.
Only a woman forsaken and poor,
Asking an alms at the bronze church door.

Only a woman! In the old days
Hope caroled to her her happiest lays;
Somebody missed her,
Somebody kissed her,
Somebody crowned her with praise;
Somebody faced up the battles of life
Strong for her sake who was mother or wife.

Somebody lies with a tress of her hair
Light on his heart where the death shadows
are;

Somebody waits for her,
Opening the gates for her,
Giving delight for despair.
Only a woman—nevermore poor—
Dead in the snow at the bronze church door.

WIFE OR SISTER?

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE WYCHFIELD HORROR," "AN ANGEL UNAWARES,"
ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER V—(CONTINUED)

MISS LUXTON let her cold glance wander to Eva's face, and for a moment read there as much bewildered discomposure as she wished to see; but it was for a moment only. All the pride, the wilfulness in the younger woman's nature were roused, and she was ready to say or do anything reckless or that might seem like a defiance to Regina Luxton.

"Oh—very well, as you please!" she replied carelessly; then, turning to Mr. Venables with a brilliant smile, she went on with what Miss Luxton inwardly stigmatized as "audacious coquetry." "You do not mind a tete-a-tete meal, Jack? It will not be the first we have had together."

Miss Luxton saw, though Eva did not, the quick passionate glance with which Jack Venables answered the saucy challenge, and her heart throbbed with a wicked exultation as she left the cousins alone.

"Why should I hate or plot against the empty-headed butterfly creature?" she asked herself, as she made her way to the room in which Jessie lay tossing and moaning in her feverish unrest. "She will not be long in my way. Mr. Jack Venables dislikes and distrusts me, I know, but none the less is he my best friend and ally. They will be mine again soon—Jessie, Redmond, and all. Oh, I can wait—I will wait patiently!"

Jack Venables' heart beat fast as the door closed behind Miss Luxton, and he knew that for some hours at least he and Eva were to be alone. He was not a man easily made nervous, or likely to excite himself about trifles, but he felt now that a crisis in his life was at hand, and for the moment he was unprepared to meet it.

As much as it was in him to love any one he had loved Eva Ellison; and, perhaps, the very fact that he had lost her made Redmond Forrest's wife more absolutely charming in his eyes than Eva Ellison had been.

He looked at her as a man who had been despoiled of some precious jewel might look when he saw his lost treasure in the hands of another—with angry covetous eyes—hardly thinking it impossible to regain it, yet unable to tear himself away while the faint chance of recovery remained.

"Eva," he said at length, breaking the curious silence with a nervous laugh, "is a third person absolutely necessary to make conversation for us two? Can we not find a word to say to one another now we are alone?"

She looked hurriedly round from the window out of which she had been staring with fixed intensity, and he saw that the brown eyes were full of tears.

"Eva!" he bent forward, suddenly seized her two hands, and gazed with desperate beseeching earnestness at her pale troubled face. "You are crying. Have I offended you by what I said?"

"No—oh, no, not you?" she answered, shrinking back, and trying to release herself from that close clasp.

"Who then? No, Eva, you shall tell me; I have a right to ask! I am your cousin, the nearest relation you have, and more than that. You are not happy, Eva?"

"I have not said that," she protested,

raising her head a little haughtily, but looking resolutely away from the beseeching eyes. "I—I am not very well, Jack, that is all. You know I always felt the hot weather, even in the old days."

He dropped her hands suddenly, and moved a little away from her with the pained air of a man who has received some undeserved rebuke.

"I know you used to trust me in those old days," he remarked, with a sigh; "and I forgot how everything has changed since then—everything but my care for you!"

The reproach cut the girl to the heart.

"And mine for you, Jack!" she exclaimed eagerly, clasping her hands upon his arm, and raising her sweet face to his. "I do like you, I do trust you still, Jack, only I—I could not speak of what troubled me; it would sound like complaint."

"And have you nothing to complain of? Are you happy in your marriage?—in your new home? You, so accustomed to love and worship, Eva—you, who were like a little queen always to your father and to me!"

A sob rose in Eva's throat, and a few big tears brimmed over the black lashes and rolled down her pale cheeks.

"My poor father!" she murmured brokenly; and yet it seemed as though she welcomed the change of subject, because it excused the tears she could not repress. "I think he spoiled me, Jack."

"He could not do that; but he loved you very dearly—taught you to expect love as your natural right, and made you perhaps unfit to cope with hard, selfish, and unsympathetic people. He was very careful of his darling Eva, and yet perhaps he did not guard her very wisely after all. When he refused you to me and chose Professor Forrest for his son-in-law he little guessed—"

"We are not talking—we will not talk of that old-time folly!" Eva interrupted, her tone very firm and resolute, and her eyes almost angrily bright. "My father loved and trusted Professor Forrest before all men, and he was worthy that trust. Be sure that, when I was weak enough to admit a vague unhappiness, I was not regretting my marriage or complaining of my husband to you!"

The young man bit his lip, his fingers trifled nervously with his long drooping moustache, and there was a sudden malignant gleam in his eyes before he answered, with a forced smile—

"You are very loyal, Eva; but, in any case, you would be firm to the pride that was always your strongest point. However, granting that your husband is the preux chevalier you would have me consider him, I cannot think that you are happy, or that your father would be content could he see the position you hold in your own home."

"It is my own fault," she answered coldly and wearily. "She was too loyal to let her husband be even indirectly blamed, too truthful to deny the fact that was patent to all."

"Is it your own fault that you are too proud to struggle for that which should be accorded you as a free-will offering—the respect and obedience of all within your husband's walls, Eva? Is it right that Miss Luxton should be mistress here?"

"Yes, Jack, it is right, or, if it is not, the fault is all my own. She wished to give up her keys and leave the house the very day Redmond brought me home, but I asked her to stay."

"Why? Because your husband wished it?" Jack asked slowly; then, as the girl turned her crimsoning face aside, he broke into a curious jarring laugh—"I see, that was the reason. Why should he wish it, Eva? Why should he in all things prefer her to and place her above you?"

"He does not," Mrs. Forrest answered proudly. "A man places no one above the woman he chooses for his wife!"

Jack Venables gave a grave compassionate smile that irritated, pained, and bewildered the girl all at once. Then he said irrelevantly—

"His choice was limited—at least, I mean the law of the land stepped in. I do not say that such a thought ever crossed his mind; but one thing is certain—however much he might admire and respect, and in a philosophical professor-like way love Miss Luxton, he could not possibly marry his sister-in-law. Eva, my dear, what is it?"

For she had dropped into the nearest chair with a little bewildered cry. Her hands were tightly clasped, her face was very pale, and there was a strange stunned look in her eyes.

"Oh, nothing, nothing," she exclaimed, waving him impatiently away; "your fancy amused me—that was all! Miss

Luxton may be very clever, and she has been handsome, I think, but she is old—almost an old woman. No one would be jealous of her in that—that foolish way."

"And is Redmond Forrest a young man? They have grown old together, nourishing perhaps one hope, doomed to one disappointment, and resigning themselves to the inevitable at last."

The luncheon-bell broke prosaically in upon Jack Venables' carefully weighed words. He muttered a malediction on the inopportune interruption; but Eva hailed it with intense relief.

"Come in to luncheon, Jack," she said, her cheeks and eyes bright, her tones full of feverish gaiety; "and afterwards you shall take me to the 'Grosvenor,' the Academy—anywhere for a little amusement! I am so tired of these old people and this dull house!"

CHAPTER VI.

I AM so glad to see you, Redmond! It was wrong perhaps to summon you at once, but I am always uneasy about Jessie; she is so delicate!"

Miss Luxton came out on the landing at the sound of her brother-in-law's step, and stood with her back to the door, almost as though she were guarding it against him. He could hardly distinguish her face in the dim light; but he was struck by something strange in her tone, and also by the fact that she did not take his outstretched hand or to offer to go near him.

"You were right; and I came instantly. The conference business can wait," he replied impatiently. "But where is Jessie? Is she worse than usual?"

"She is very ill, Redmond."

"Has the Doctor seen her? But of course he has! What does he say?"

Before Miss Luxton could answer, there came through the doorway the wailing feverish cry with which her ears were familiar, but which sent a keen pain to the father's heart.

"Eva! Where is Eva?" the voice cried wearily, yet with pathetic impatience. "Eva is cruel not to come!"

Professor Forrest looked keenly into the woman's face.

"It is fever!" he exclaimed; and Miss Luxton inclined her head.

"Yes—it is scarlet fever. No, Redmond—you must not go into that room—indeed you must not! Doctor Redfern has given strict orders for our isolation. He will be here again presently."

She could not say more, for Redmond Forrest put her quietly aside and took the handle of the door in his hand. He did not however enter immediately, but asked with a faint yet noticeable change in his manner—

"Is Eva with her? Has Eva seen her to-day?"

"No," Miss Luxton answered curtly. It was gall and wormwood to her that he should in such a moment spare a thought to his young wife; but there was compensation in remembering the answer she could give.

The man's face brightened as he said gratefully—

"I have to thank you for that, Regina. Eva is so young and thoughtless that she would never have taken the necessary precautions against infection. Thank you for keeping her away!"

Miss Luxton favored him with a blank stare.

"Pray do not give me thanks and praise to which I am in no way entitled!" she returned disagreeably. "Mrs. Forrest has been too well amused during your absence to wish the dull role of nurse. She certainly has not forced herself upon us; I doubt if she even knows that Jessie is ill."

The tone more than the words irritated Professor Forrest, and, notwithstanding his strong will and resolute convictions, filled him with a vague fear. Even he could not be blind to the fact that his sister-in-law did not and never would like Eva, despite the unexampled patience with which his wife had yielded and deferred to her. But, himself strictly truthful, he did not think Regina Luxton base enough to invent a deliberate falsehood against the person she most hated in the world.

"No—she has misconstrued Eva, as usual," he thought, with a sigh; then aloud he said gravely—

"I do not think poor Eva has too much amusement, Regina."

"She had not perhaps until her cousin came," was the quick answer.

Redmond frowned, but went on, as though he had heard it—

"And no one can call her a bad step-mother. Jessie and she are always together."

"Or were until her cousin came," ob-

served Regina, with savage zest. "Since then everything that she should care for has been thrust into the background. Oh, you may frown and bite your lip, Redmond; but it is true! Hark! Can you distrust that evidence against her unconsciously as the poor child gives it?"

She raised her hand to enforce silence; and again through the closed door came the faint accusing cry—

"Eva! Why does not Eva come?"

The strong man shuddered as he heard it, and Miss Luxton's eyes brightened and dilated with a pitiless triumph.

"That has gone on all day," she informed him, with passionate intensity. "Mrs. Forrest's victory over me has been complete. She won both you and Jessie from me, and you see how she treats the child. While Jessie has been longing for the sight of her face, she down-stairs has been singing, playing, talking nonsense, and lunching alone with her cousin, who, unless I greatly mistake, was once her lover and is still."

"Stay!" Professor Forrest interposed imperatively. His tone was low but stern, and his eyes flashed in the shadowy gloom. "I will hear no more. My wife is accountable to me and to me only for her actions; we will not speak of her. And, for the rest, do you mean that Mr. Venables is in the house still?"

"I do not," Regina answered, after a sullen pause. She resented the rebuke bitterly, and for a moment thought of refusing to speak again; but that determination was promptly reconsidered and dismissed. She had not yet made all the mischief she intended. "But neither is Mrs. Forrest. They went out together immediately after luncheon, and they have not yet returned."

Redmond Forrest was not easily made jealous; but his face grew very pale, and a quickly stifled cry that might have been either an imprecation or a sob rose to his lips. But, if Miss Luxton hoped for any outbreak of passion, any wild imprecation, she was doomed to disappointment. He recovered himself almost immediately, and said, with a perfect self-control for which she admired him almost as much as she hated the girl for whose sake he exerted it—

"Immediately after luncheon; and it is now eight! Eva is very imprudent; she knows nothing of the world's ways. But I must explain to her that such excursions are neither usual nor allowable."

Miss Luxton listened in disgust. All efforts to traduce Eva only showed the savagely-jealous woman how securely her young rival was throned in the man's strong true heart.

"And Mr. Venables?" she queried, her sharp voice quivering with anger, despite all her efforts to steady and control it. "Is he too so innocent, so delightfully ignorant of the world's ways?"

"No—he is not. But I know how to deal with him," Redmond answered quietly; but, for all that quietude, something in his look and manner assured his sister-in-law that he did not mean to take things quite so patiently as she had at first imagined.

"You will do nothing rash, Redmond?" she asked. "Hark—they are here now!" she exclaimed, her voice trembling with agitation and excitement, as a carriage drove up to the door, and she caught the sound of voices and heard light laughter in the hall below. "Listen how merry they are! How well they understand and amuse each other! Redmond, remember our old and faithful friendship, the years we have spent together! It was my duty to warn you. But you will do nothing rash?"

Professor Forrest shook off the long thin hand she had laid upon his wrist.

"Assuredly I will do nothing rash," he rejoined, in a cool matter-of-course tone that half bewildered her. "But you are right, Regina. I will wait. Doctor Redfern is coming. I will not pay a visit to my poor Jessie until I have seen my wife."

He turned and descended the stairs with the light firm tread that always seemed like the step of a young man. Miss Luxton stood at the head of the stairs looking after him, her hands tightly locked, a malicious gleam in her hard bright eyes.

"He thinks always of and for her," she thought with anger that would fain have been contemptuous, but was only fierce. "Even in his just and righteous anger he can remember the danger of infection and guard her against it. Oh, the power these shallow, empty-headed selfish dolls have over the hearts of men!"

Meanwhile Professor Forrest had reached the door of the long dimly-lighted drawing-room, in which, less than a year ago, Regina Luxton and Jessie had awaited the home-coming of him and his bride. A

sudden vivid remembrance of that scene—of Eva's shy grace, Regina's sternness, and his little Jessie's honest loving welcome came to and oppressed him. He paused for a second with the half-raised portiere in his hand, struggling for the self-control that he would not willingly lose. And, while he waited, voices came clearly to his ear, rousing him to the necessity of instant action.

"Well, so end all things—so ends our pleasant holiday!" Jack Venables said, with a sigh that made Redmond Forrest grate his teeth and mutter an angry word or two. "Well, it was a pleasant one while it lasted—eh, Eva?"

"Very pleasant," replied Mrs. Forrest, with a nervous laugh; "but I am rather tired, and— Oh, Jack, you forgot my rings!"

"I wish to Heaven I could forget one ring!" returned Jack Venables, with a fierce outbreak of passion, squeezing the slender hand still more tightly, regardless of his captive's pitiful little cry. "Eva, it must be good-bye now!"

"I think it must." The low stern voice coming from out the shadow fell like a thunder-clap upon the ears of the pair, making them instantly start asunder, wringing a startled cry from Eva, and something very like a malediction from Jack.

The gas, though lighted, was burning low. Redmond Forrest turned it up, and its rays fell upon the three faces it revealed—two of them marked with a confusion that might well have passed for guilt, the third composed, but very pale and stern.

"Redmond!" faltered Eva confusedly. "I—I did not think you would be here tonight!"

"No?" Redmond just glanced at her; and, meeting that glance timidly, Eva thought that, so far as she was concerned, there was much more pity than anger in his eyes; but they hardened instantly as they turned towards Mr. Venables.

"I do not blame you, Eva—I know how ignorant you are of the world's ways; but you will understand later that what you have done to-day is unusual if not absolutely wrong."

Eva's eyes dilated like those of a frightened child, her lips parted, and her face, throat, and ears became suffused with scarlet.

"Oh," she cried passionately, the tears starting to her eyes and glittering on her long lashes, "what have I done? Why should you speak to me like that? I was miserable at home, so Jack drove me to Richmond and back—that was all."

Face, eyes, and tone were so innocently appealing that Professor Forrest felt the slight doubt he had ever entertained of his young wife's absolute guilelessness vanish. He smiled and touched with caressing gentleness the little hand that trembled on his arm.

"You have been a foolish child, Eva. Now dry your eyes and listen quietly. What I have to say must and will pain you; but all the same it must be said."

"I fail to see why," Jack Venables broke in, with an insolent drawl.

He was tired of the silent role that he had hitherto played; and, as he saw, in his own vernacular, that "a row was on hand," he decided that he would rather hasten than retard the crisis, and know at once how matters stood.

The old chap seems so awfully spoony that Eva will find him easy enough to manage; but it will be quite another pair of shoes with him," he reflected, with amused perplexity, as he stood twisting and twirling his long soft moustache and revolving various projects in his mind. "I wonder if I had not better bully him a bit. At any rate, I think I will have a shy. Injured innocence is about the most dignified pose I can think of at the moment."

Thus determining, he threw back his handsome head, and, regarding Redmond Forrest insolently through his half-closed eyes, repeated, with an aggravation of his usual drawl—

"I entirely fail to see why. Poor little Eva does not stand bullying well, Professor. She never was accustomed to it in the old days, and I do not see why she should put up with it now! She—well, to put it plainly, she has no duties and few pleasures in her husband's home; and so, when I offered her the mild dissipation of a drive to Richmond with her cousin and old friend, she accepted it, thinking no harm. If there was any wrong-doing—which I deny—blame me—call on me for an explanation!"

"I intend to do so," Professor Forrest answered, as quietly and sternly as he had listened to the long and rambling speech.

"Or, rather, I blame you entirely in the matter. As to any explanation, it would be alike useless and unnecessary. I do not ask such persons as you, Mr. Venables, to 'explain' a gross and patent breach of hospitality; I simply forbid them my house!"

"Forbid me the house?" Jack repeated indignantly. "You are mad or dreaming, sir! Such words are nothing less than an insult to your wife!"

"Your presence here is an insult to her and to me, and an insult to which I am not disposed much longer to submit! You were bidding your cousin 'Good-bye' when I came in. Complete your leave-taking, for I mean this to be your last meeting."

Eva, paler than the white flowers at her throat, and trembling from head to foot with agitation, looked with dim bewildered eyes from one fierce face to the other.

"What is it?" she cried piteously. "Jack—Redmond, what does it all mean? Have I made you two quarrel? Is it about me?"

Even in the midst of his passion and inflexible resolve Redmond Forrest found time to pity and soothe her passionate distress.

"No, no!" he replied, resting one hand on her shoulder, and smiling the grave sweet smile that thrilled to Eva's aching heart. "Calm yourself, Eva! You are not to blame; you have made no quarrel. She looked up gratefully into his face, and that look made Jack Venables merciless.

"Do not believe him, Eva!" he exclaimed, with a cruel laugh. "He is ashamed of his mad causeless jealousy, as well he may be, and would try to persuade you and the world, and no doubt himself, that he has some other cause of dispute with me. But, when people hear that he has forbidden me—your cousin, and only living relation—to see or speak to you—he paused, smiling and stroking his soft moustache in full enjoyment of the sting he meant to give—"I am afraid, Eva, the world will misconstrue the action and misjudge you."

"I care very little for the world's opinion," observed Redmond Forrest, meeting that insolent glance with a look of calm dignity that made the other feel desperately uncomfortable; "but it would hardly blame me for closing my door upon a forger and a thief, even though my wife has the misfortune to call him cousin! Shall I take the world into my confidence, Mr. Venables?"

CHAPTER VII.

A DEEP silence succeeded the quietly-spoken words, which was broken only by Eva's passionate, imploring, heart-struck cry.

"A thief! A forger!" she echoed, her lips quivering, her eyes flashing with indignant incredulity. "It is not—it cannot be true! Oh, Jack, cannot you speak and defend yourself from such a horrible accusation?"

Jack Venables raised his head. He had stood until then with one hand clutching the chair-back, trembling like a frightened child, speechless and evidently cowed before the man he had so insolently defied a moment before. Eva's appeal seemed to arouse what little strength and manliness were left in him; but his face, as he turned it to her, made the girl's heart sink, for in its ghastly pallor, in the shifting restless terror of the great dark eyes, she read a miserable confirmation of her husband's words.

"Is it necessary to depend myself?" he asked, speaking with an affectation of difference that was worse than a confession of guilt. "No one but a madman—a man driven mad by the jealousy that is an insult to you, Eva—would dream of making such an accusation!"

"And I should not have brought it," the Professor answered calmly, and, for all his anger, there was a touch of pity in his grave full tones, "but it is necessary that Eva should know you as you are. It was her dying father's wish."

"My father's?" Eva ejaculated incredulously. "Oh, Redmond, did papa think—did papa know?"

"Don't interrupt the story, Eva!" remarked Jack, a mocking smile upon his livid lips and an evil light in his dark eyes. "It is an ingenious romance, and does its author great credit! You see, a dead man is to bear witness against me; it is so easy to appeal to, so hard to confute the dead!"

Eva neither looked at nor answered him. Her eyes sought her husband's face as though life itself hung upon his reply. He noticed the piteous doubt in her eyes, and felt with an acute sympathy the pain he must inflict.

"Forgive me, Eva!" he said gently. "It is not for me to wound your pride and your affection; yet I must do both, if only because it is your father's will. He did know of your cousin's crime, Eva, and he placed the knowledge of it as a weapon in my hands, to be held in reserve and used only for your defence."

"Defence against what?" Jack Venables asked, with the same air of over-acted indifference and exaggerated contempt. "Did my worthy uncle spend his last moment in calumniating me? I beg your pardon, Eva, but I really must ask the question. Or did he rouse your jealousy by telling you all that I had been to Eva and she to me before he parted us? No—do not look at me with those agonized eyes! I at least speak only the truth, and truth is a bitter pill sometimes. You see the man whom a strained sense of filial duty forced you to marry may well feel a vindictive grudge against the man whom that same sense of duty forced you to give up."

Eva's face was hidden in her clasped hands, and only the quick shiver that ran through the slender figure showed that the words had reached her ear. As for Professor Forrest, he was to all appearance absolutely unmoved, and proceeded quite calmly.

"He told me all, and Heaven knows what it cost the proud old man to tell the story. Nothing but care for his daughter's safety could have led him to touch upon the family disgrace. It was just one week before he died. You remember the day, Eva? He sent you out for a long walk, and he and I spent the afternoon together."

Eva inclined her head. How plainly she remembered that day, her solitary walk, the fears and painful memories that accompanied her every step, and the bewildering surprise that awaited her on her return!

Jack Venables broke into a sneering laugh.

"So you were banished, Eva," he remarked, "and the accusation was without witnesses? How charmingly convenient—was it not?"

"Without witnesses, but not without proof," observed the Professor significantly; and Mr. Venables' fine brows gave a nervous twitch. Then Redmond turned again to his wife, and his voice involuntarily softened in addressing her.

"Your father was very ill—that morning the doctor had forbidden him to hope—and he knew that the end was at hand. He had but one thought in the shadow of death, Eva, and that was for you. 'I have been selfish to my child, Forrest,' he said, with pathetic self-reproach and wistful regret. 'She has spent her life in wandering with me, and now, when I must leave her, she has no friends. Eva never had but one companion of her own age, and, alas, he is her greatest danger now! I was touched to the heart by my old friend's helpless pain, and I told him— But I will not dwell upon that now; this is neither the time or place for such a story. Besides, I have other things to tell.'"

"It is a pity," Mr. Venables interpolated, with an air of affected regret, "for I presume you were about to tell the story of your wooing, and it lacks romantic interest as yet!"

"I asked your father to leave you in my charge, to trust you to me, Eva, and he gladly and freely agreed."

"Handed you over like a piece of furniture bought and paid for across a counter?" Jack Venables exclaimed, with savage sarcasm. But the remark passed as unheeded as its predecessor, and the Professor continued his narrative.

"Speak to her, Redmond, at once. Let me know that I leave her in your care, and I shall die happy," he said, with a tremulous eager earnestness that almost frightened me. "Eva is so young, so lonely; I could not rest in my grave if I left her without a friend." "Has she no relations?" I asked; and his whole face seemed to darken with a cloud of grief and shame as he answered slowly, "Yes, she has one—her cousin Jack Venables, my sister Clara's son. Once he was as dear to me as my own, and I had hoped that he would be Eva's husband. Now it is my most earnest prayer that those two may never meet again!"

"The great drops that gathered on his forehead told how much it cost him to speak on the subject. Then he continued hurriedly—

"Redmond, it is quite possible that when I am dead John Venables may come back from America, and, by playing upon Eva's old affection for him, either rob or make her miserable. That you may guard her from him as I have done I tell you the

story of his crime and place in your hands the proofs that would convict him."

"And then he told me all; how the nephew to whom he had been almost a father had first wearied him by reckless extravagance, and then robbed him and forged his name."

"Thank Heaven, I discovered the last shameful sin in time to save my child," the poor Colonel told me, "in time to break off the engagement to which, in a weak moment, I had given my consent! I told Eva nothing; I could not look in her innocent face and deal her such a blow; but I sent for the unhappy boy and told him!"

"Enough, enough!" Jack broke in, with a fierce energy that was as real as his scorn and indifference had been affected. "The story is a little too much. Rather than listen any longer I would confess to every crime in the calendar. Eva, since it must be—good-bye!"

Mrs. Forrest raised her pale tear-stained face and her agonized eyes to his. She looked like one crushed by some cruel blow, and almost old and haggard in her distress.

"It is not true," she said, in a dull mechanical way. "Oh, Jack, it cannot be true! Say that it is not, and I will believe you!"

She hardly knew what she was uttering. But the words were like a blow to Redmond Forrest, and they brought a flush of passionate exultation to Jack Venables' face. His eyes, glittering with insolent defiance, flashed one triumphant glance at the man who held the power to crush him, and who yet was for the moment foiled; then Venables turned to Eva again.

"My own true-hearted Eva!" he exclaimed, his tones thrilling for once with no assumed passion. "My loyal cousin and friend! It will take all their proofs to convince you, as it took all your father's power to make you give me up. Say 'Good-bye,' Eva! We have said it once already, when it almost broke our hearts; now it is a form only."

He held the little trembling hand in a close grasp. But the girl did not echo his farewell, she only repeated, in a broken agitated whisper—

"Jack, it is not true! Oh, say it is not, or my heart will break!"

"True or false, what does it matter?" he asked impatiently. "We must part now in any case. Your husband, whose generous allowance of your rights allows him clearly to define your duties, forbids me his house—"

"And you had better go!" Redmond Forrest exclaimed, with rather threatening quietness. He came forward as he spoke and stood by Eva's side, tall and stately-looking. "You understand, Mr. Venables, that I have spoken for the first and last time upon this subject, unless you make any further effort to molest my wife."

"Your wife!" Jack snarled viciously. "How grandly you pose as her champion and protector! And yet, between you and Miss Luxton, I fancy she does not find much happiness beneath your roof. Eva, once more, for the last time, good-bye. I may not even contribute to your happiness, my dear—your father's mad fancy spoiled your life and mine—but I hope your husband will make you as happy as he can, and as his all-powerful sister-in-law allows!"

He went; and, as the door closed behind him and his step ceased to echo in the hall, Eva's head fell forward on her outstretched arms, and all the pent-up misery of her thoughts found vent in a passion of tears, in the heartbroken cry—

"Oh, Jack, Jack—even you! I have not one friend now in the wide world!"

Her husband's grave face contracted as with a sudden spasm of pain. He knew that the girl had either forgotten or was unaware of his presence, that the cry was wrung from her only by her desolate agony; but none the less did it strike him as a keen reproach.

"Not a friend, Eva?" he queried in grave tender tones. "Have you forgotten your husband, child?"

Eva started at the touch of the hand laid upon her shoulder, and raised her agonized face. She tried to brush her tears away, but they would gather and fall again.

"My husband!" she repeated, with what sounded in Redmond's ear like an echo of her cousin's mocking laugh. "Oh, yes, I have my husband—or so much of him as Miss Luxton will allow!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

YOUTHFUL ASSASSINS.—It is a subject worthy of special consideration that nearly all the worst assassins of recent years have been very young men. The murderer of President Carnot was 22 years of age, and other recent Anarchist murders were quite young men. To go back a few years, three of the Phoenix Park assassins, who were hanged were Timothy Kelly, aged 18 years; Michael Fagan, 24; Thomas Caffrey, 24. Three young men who were sent to penal servitude for life because of their attempt to blow up a part of London by nitro-glycerine, a few years ago, were Alfred Whitehead, 23; Henry Wilson, 21; William Ansbrough, 21. The Anarchist who attempted to take the life of the French Premier (M. Jules Ferry) in 1893 was only 18; and Albert Young, who threatened the life of the Queen in 1885, was only 17 years of age.

HOME-SICK.

BY M. ROCK.

Last eve the swallows northward flew;
They longed, I know, to see
The budding woods, the violets blue,
The daisies on the lea.
Heart-sick am I for hazel dells
Where robin-redbreasts sing,
Where azure mists of sweet blue-bells
Beneath the beech-boughs spring.

I long to see the mountains tall
Rise 'gainst a dappled sky,
To hear the cuckoo's joyous call,
The corn-crake's whirling cry—
To see the friends of long ago,
To touch a friendly hand,
To feel the evening breezes blow
Above my native land!

Cupid Wants Spectacles

BY L. R.

ON a certain Sunday in July an unusual animation, not the result of the pastor's eloquence, seemed to pervade the congregation in the church of Sorby, a quiet little hamlet in the South of Ireland. A stranger was among them—and a strikingly beautiful one, thought some younger members of the flock.

Old Jimmy Wrag, the churchwarden, had shown the mysterious lady to a seat; and she had joined in the service unconscious of the tremor of excitement her presence caused.

"Can she possibly be Dorothea?" whispered Mrs. Stapleton to her maid Pilley.

"Not a bit of it, ma'am! She's a lodger at Pawson's—come last night; Robin told me her name, but I've forgotten it. She's nobody at all in particular, ma'am."

"Is she a widow or some kind of nun?" wondered Mrs. Clegg. "I never saw a bonnet and veil like those before. The bonnet is certainly very becoming; I wish I could get a good look at the front!"

Mrs. Clegg had lately lost her husband, and, being rather good-looking and not inconsolably bereaved, the subject of becoming habiliments of well-interested her deeply.

Mrs. Stapleton, the owner of a pretty place called Trown Lodge and the queen of Sorby society, looked uneasily at her son, a tall fair young man a little over twenty-five, her only child, and the centre of all her hopes and ambitions.

Ever since Fred Stapleton's return from Eton he had been an object of adoration to all the young ladies within miles of Sorby; but Mrs. Stapleton had higher aspirations for her son, and Fred was unquestionably struck with the grace and beauty of the new-comer, for he held his hymn-book upside down and went astray in his responses.

Connected with the parish of Sorby was a large estate called Barnascone Priory—sadly neglected now, but nevertheless very beautiful and of great value when rightly managed. The sole heiress to this fine property was a descendant of Lord Berrieston, who had been born in Italy and brought up in that country and America. She had married a very rich American, who had died three months after his marriage, leaving her his entire fortune.

Now, at the age of twenty-two years, the beautiful Mrs. Hadfield was intending to visit for the first time in her life her Irish inheritance, Barnascone Priory, and to make acquaintance with the friends of her long-since deceased parents.

All these particulars Mrs. Stapleton learned from a friend, Lady Josephine Parr, who lived at Florence and was a confidant of Mrs. Hadfield's. Mrs. Stapleton's fancy had composed a charming idyl in which her son was master of Barnascone, with its beautiful mistress as his wife—the alien could not fail to lose her heart to Fred when she made the much-talked-of visit to Sorby, and Fred was luckily free of any other entanglement. Now her plans were menaced by a great danger in the person of the mysterious stranger who from the first seemed to fascinate Fred.

The next day Miss Pilley, Mrs. Stapleton's maid and confidant, sought her mistress's presence with signs of high dudgeon on her florid face.

"What do you think, ma'am?" she said indignantly, "Mrs. Douglas, as she calls herself, is in the rose-garden at Barnascone, with one o' them best tea-roses in her button-hole; she is pryin' and pokin' about everywhere, lookin' in at the windows and aakin' Patsy all sorts of impertinent questions. If she was mistress of every inch of the ground, she couldn't give herself more airs; her wiles and

guiles and half-crowns where a shilling would be too much have made that fool Patsy and the rest of them ready to stand on their wooden heads for her!"

In Mrs. Stapleton's mental vision Barnascone Priory was so nearly in her son's possession that she allowed herself an occasional liberty within its sacred precincts, but for other trespassers she had little mercy.

"We must warn Nanny at the lodge against admitting suspicious looking persons," she said, with considerable warmth.

"That won't an' it all that she ought to be, I'm quite sure!" continued Pilley, with a wise shake of the head. "Mrs. Pawson tells me she has taken a fancy to that low-lived disreputable Trizzie Walsh, and lets her wait on her and follow her about like a dog. 'My beautiful Madonna!' Trizzie calls her. Such vulgar absurd nonsense! I wish we were well rid of the whole underbred lot!"

Beatrice, or Trizzie Walsh was a half-tamed gipsy of Italian blood who had been left a baby at the door of a farmhouse near Sorby. Charity and chance had brought her up to young womanhood guiltless of any special misdemeanor; but people looked at her askance and predicted a bad ending for her because she delighted in bright colors and was often found dancing to her shadow in the moon-light.

One day the pretty dark-robed stranger, Mrs. Stapleton's detestation, stood on the bank of a lake within the Barnascone domain, trying in vain to reach some water-lilies.

"Let me help you!" said a voice from the laurel walk; and Fred Stapleton hastened down to the water's edge.

"Oh, thank you; but I'm afraid you will wet your feet!"

"Terrible risk, is it not?" replied the young man, as up to his knickerbockered knees he plunged in boldly among the sedge and reeds. He returned with an armful of splendid lilies, which he laid reverently at the lady's feet.

Though he had seen her only a few times by chance and had never dared to speak to her until now, Mrs. Stapleton's son and heir was deeply in love with the fair stranger in widow's weeds. Life seemed but to have begun for him since she came, and would last just so long as the light of her presence shone upon dull Sorby.

"We are both trespassers in these grounds, I suppose?" the lady said, in the course of the chat into which they fell as easily as if their acquaintance had existed for years.

"That need not cause us uneasiness, as the owner is an incorrigible absentee."

"Do you know the owner Barnascone?"

"I have not that pleasure, and I find existence quite bearable without it."

"Is she pretty?"

"They say so. All women with her wealth are pretty and charming, you know. She has never been here, and I cannot vouch for her appearance or manner."

"Rich and beautiful—what an enviable condition for most women! How I wish such good fortune were mine!"

They said nothing which Pilley might not have heard and repeated, yet their looks and the tones in which their commonplace were uttered portended danger.

"Trizzie has just been here, ma'am, in great grief because she has no mourning to wear at Mike Finnegan's funeral," said Eliza, Mrs. Douglas' attendant, when Mrs. Douglas returned from her stroll.

"Why didn't you give her something of mine?"

"There is the first every-day costume you bought; it has grown rather shabby for you."

"Yes, let Trizzie have that—bonnet, veil, and all; a complete outfit for the funeral will go far to assuage any grief she may feel."

A day or two before Mike Finnegan was "waked" and buried, Trizzie arrayed herself in Mrs. Douglas' garments, and by the aid of a mirror saw that the effect was good. She was of the same height as her benefactress and very similar in figure.

"I look like a lady," she muttered. "How I wish Larry could see me! I will go to Clover Bend and show myself to him."

Larry Whelan was a fine-looking young scapegrace employed about the grounds at Barnascone. He never seemed to fatigue himself with hard work, and he always managed to wear good clothes. "He and Trizzie had a half-quarrelsome, half-jealous liking for each other, a well-matched pair

of ne'er-do-weels," the better portion of Sorby called them.

Arrayed in her sable robes, Trizzie betook herself to Clover Bend, to the cabin of Granny M'Clory. This old crone, who turned many a penny at fortune-telling, was Larry's aunt and the source of most of his pocket money.

It happened that on the afternoon chosen by Trizzie for masquerading in her mourning-clothes Mrs. Stapleton sent Pilley to Clover Bend with a bundle of flannels for a certain washerwoman's baby. As Pilley passed old Mother M'Clory's cabin, she could not resist the temptation to glance in at the open door. What she saw took away her breath.

"I was that struck of a heap, ma'am, that I almost dropped Molly's flannels in mud!" Pilley said to her mistress when she returned to Trown Lodge. "Looking in at that dirty dishonest old witch's door, who should I see—ettin' at the table with Larry Whelan and Mother M'Clory, with a filthy pack of cards spread out on the table and a jug of porter for the three of them—who do you think sat there, ma'am, but the woman who gives herself such airs and calls herself Mrs. Douglas from Boston?"

"Impossible, Pilley; you must be mistaken!"

"Not a bit of it, ma'am! Is there another such papist looking black dress and veil in all Sorby? Wouldn't she be known for miles around by the little peaked bonnet? To be sure I didn't see her face; but the shape of her shoulders and back I know already too well from seeing them in church, which is no fit place for such as her!"

"Mother," said Fred, entering at the conclusion of one of Pilley's explosive sentences, "aren't you or some of the ladies of the parish going to call upon Mrs. Douglas and invite her to the lawn-party next week? It is a church affair, and her mourning garb would not be out of place. It is very inhospitable not to include in your church festivities strangers who go to church."

"Indeed, Mr. Fred," exclaimed Pilley, "the likes o' her isn't wanted in the company your mother keeps! Listen till you hear what I saw to-day;" and the irate woman repeated the history of her visit to Clover Bend.

"What preposterous nonsense!" exclaimed young Stapleton angrily. "You women are disgustingly jealous of one another. If Mrs. Douglas were not the beautiful high-bred creature she is, there would not be a word uttered against her!"—and he left the room, too indignant to say more.

"Dear, dear," said Mrs. Stapleton, "the boy is completely infatuated by that woman! The mistress of Barnascone may arrive at any time now; and Fred is quite capable of taking up the cudgels for this disreputable foreigner, and then alas for his chances with Dorothea!"

In the quiet grounds of Barnascone Fred Stapleton sought balm for his injured feelings in the company of Mrs. Douglas, and the scene he had just passed through inclined him to a special tenderness of manner. Never before had she seemed so lovely and desirable or so gentle and confiding. She was sitting under a wide-spreading oak, making a cowslip ball. Fred, lying on the grass at her feet, watched her deft fingers and the changing expression of her lovely face, conscious that he could know no happier hour than the one that was passing.

A sudden breeze sprang up, and was the cause of a painful interruption to their tete-a-tete. A gardener had carelessly left hanging in the branches of the oak a sharp-toothed rake, which was blown down, and in its fall would have dealt Fred a serious blow had not his companion seen the danger in time to divert the course of the iron teeth. The handle of the rake struck Mrs. Douglas' plump white wrist, inflicting a bruise.

"You have hurt yourself, and for my unworthy sake!" the young man exclaimed, impulsively seizing the wounded wrist and kissing it tenderly. He then bound it up in his silk handkerchief and, full of solicitude, escorted the fair sufferer through the park, finally leaving her in the hands of her faithful attendant Eliza.

Having once worn her pretty benefactress' clothes with fine effect, Trizzie was emboldened to repeat the performance, particularly as the fascinating Larry commented warmly on her distinguished appearance.

Mrs. Douglas' bruised wrist kept her a prisoner in the house on the day after the mishap with the rake; and Trizzie took ad-

vantage of this fact to don the black robes again. At nightfall she ventured forth on her second escapade, and betook herself to the Laurel Walk at Barnascone.

It was not until dusk that day that Fred Stapleton was at liberty to go to inquire as to the extent of Mrs. Douglas' injuries; then he plunged through a portion of the shrubbery at Barnascone as the shortest way to his destination. In the Laurel Walk he caught a glimpse of two slowly-retreating figures—those of a woman and a man. The appearance of the woman immediately arrested his attention and set his heart beating rapidly. Unseen, he drew a few yards nearer.

Were his eyes playing him a trick? No; he saw clearly and unmistakably the black draperies and nun-like bonnet of the lovely woman who filled all his thoughts. It was impossible to fail to recognize the costume of chaste elegance and the graceful slender figure. Her companion was none other than the village reprobate, Larry Whelan.

Why was she talking with such a fellow at nightfall in the retirement of Barnascone? Fred watched the pair narrowly, with jealous distrust rising in his heart. Pilley's story of the scene in Granny M'Clory's cabin assumed a hateful aspect. Gradually the man's arm stole round the black-robed waist, and then the widow's bonnet found a resting-place on her companion's shoulder.

Stapleton was fully satisfied; with an imprecation, he dashed back by the way he had come, uttering to himself—

"Arrant fool that I am! I may at least spare myself the trouble of making any kindly inquiries about her health; her presence here speaks for her recovery. If it had been any other man, I might have borne it; but Larry Whelan, that vulgar fellow given to glass jewelry—amazing!"

Mrs. Douglas lay on her couch, with Eliza attending to her wounded wrist. The day had been long, and the fair sufferer was disappointed because no one had come to ask about her welfare.

"He might have shown a little compassion, when I was injured in shielding him," she said to herself, with quivering lips.

The elite of Sorby were on their way to and returning from a garden-party at Mrs. Clegg's, and Mrs. Pawson's lodger found a qualified pleasure in watching them until Fred Stapleton sauntered past with Miss Branson, when the pleasure gave place to something akin to pain.

Lucy Branson was a pretty girl, and, next to the stranger heiress of Barnascone, the best matrimonial catch in Sorby, judged from a pounds-shillings-and-pence point of view. Fred looked unusually handsome and seemed in the best of spirits. The pretty sufferer on the sofa turned away her face with a sigh.

"People are not very hospitable here, are they, Eliza?"

"Indeed and they're not, ma'am—a stuck-up, stiff, underbred lot! It's hot with rage I am, watchin' them dowdy women goin' to their tea-parties and tennis-playin' without havin' the decency to ask you, as if the worst o' the likes o' you wasn't better than the best o' them! Not one o' them even had the civility to call on you."

"Still, Eliza, we must remember that we have not been quite straightforward with them. We are here under false colors, you know."

"They don't know that, ma'am; you have behaved yourself as a lady ought, and they should have treated you like one."

"We cannot do better than remain faithful to the villa at Fiesole for a while longer, and let Sorby take care of itself. To-morrow, if my wrist is well enough, we will go away."

As her handmaid withdrew to attend to the welcome work of packing, Mrs. Douglas fell into a reverie.

"They little suspect," she amused, "that the heiress of Barnascone is among them incognito, reviewing her possessions, and trying to learn something of the characters of the people among whom it might be advisable to pass a great portion of her life. I wonder what they will say when they know the truth? I had a foolish dislike of being worshipped as the rich proprietress of the best estate in the county; I hoped I might be liked for myself alone—more than liked perhaps. I let him believe that I had very moderate means; he did not seem like the ordinary fortune-hunter. Ah me, I have been punished for my deception! I love him, and he has cast me aside like a torn glove. One parting shot they shall have—a womanish vengeance perhaps, but very sweet."

So, saying, Mrs. Douglas made a neat package of the handkerchief which had been bound round her wrist, and addressed it to "Frederick Stapleton, Esq., Trown Lodge." Accompanying the package was a brief note of thanks, to which she appended her full name, "Dorothea Douglas-Hadfield, nee Berrisford, of Barnascone."

On the following day the notice "Rooms to Let" again hung in Mrs. Pawsen's window; her lodgers had gone she knew not whither.

That day the consternation of Mrs. Stapleton and Pilley knew no bounds. Fred had dropped Mrs. Douglas-Hadfield's note into his mother's lap, with some witheringly sarcastic remark about women's ability to judge each other. The maddening perplexities of the whole affair rendered him well-nigh beside himself. What could it all mean? The handwriting was that of a lady, the style faultless, and the paper bore the Barnascone crest.

In a fever of doubt and perplexity he ordered his horse and gave it free rein. It took him across country to Bawsett. Passing the Fannagans' humble dwelling, Fred was electrified by a tableau that met his gaze. Mike's mourning relatives and friends were disporting themselves on the grass. One of them, who wore black garments the cut of which was painfully familiar to him, was at that moment, amid shouts of merriment, taking a whiff at a short black pipe, the smoke from which partially veiled the white crape cap inside the girl's bonnet.

"What infernal jugglery is this?" muttered the amazed Fred to himself, as he suddenly pulled up his horse.

"How came you by those clothes, Trixie?" he asked of the rose-faced lassie with the cutty pipe in her brown fingers.

Young Mr. Fred was a favorite with the gipsy maiden, and she was always ready for a chat with him.

"Mrs. Douglas gave them to me—the saints bless her soul!"

"Where has she gone? Do you know?"

"To a place where there ain't no streets, nor horses, nor nothing—where they goes about in long black coats, and dances in the moonlight all night. My eyes, but I wish she had taken me too!"

"Venice!" Fred exclaimed half audibly, with a deep sigh of relief.

Not until months later did Trixie understand what she had done to earn the bright gold sovereign which Mr. Fred dropped into her brown palm.

A week later, as Mrs. Douglas-Hadfield sat in the Piazza San Marco listening to the music, a gentleman approached and begged the favor of a few moments' conversation. The gentleman was Fred Stapleton, and his request was icily granted.

Gradually the ice melted however, and a smile of amusement illuminated Dorothea's beautiful face.

"Dine with me this evening, Mr. Stapleton, and then you can give me every particular of your most entertaining story," she said at the close of their first interview on Italian soil.

A few months later Sorby was wildly excited over the preparations for fitly welcoming home Mr. Fred Stapleton and his lovely bride Dorothea, mistress of Barnascone.

FAMOUS JEWELS.

THOUGH the Phœnicians from their early commerce with India must have been well acquainted with the diamond, they probably found no market for it in Europe, nor is it classed with the rich equipments of the period. Yet the Jews must have been acquainted with the diamond, for it appears in the breastplate of judgment in Exodus as one of the twelve jewels of mystic significance, that is if the Hebrew word be rightly translated. But it is also significant that it does not appear among the twelve precious stones that form the foundations of the New Jerusalem in Revelations.

The first diamond necklace that appears in history is one given by Charles the Eighth of France to Agnes Sorel; who it is said bitterly complained of the weight and sharpness of the ornament, rather an instrument of torture than a jewel. Charles replied by a phrase which if not then proverbial has become so since: "Il faut souffrir pour être belle."

With the opening of the route to India by the Cape, diamonds came into fashion. There was no thought then that an inexhaustible supply would be found at the half-way house.

The Tudors loved diamonds as well as jewels of all kinds; and Henry the Eighth,

as he vied with the splendor of Francis, the French King, on the Field of the Cloth of Gold, wore a pour-point covered with diamonds and rubies, a collar of fourteen rubies, the least as big as an egg, and a carbuncle the size of a goose's egg. Ann Boleyn was there and danced one night, masked, with King Francis, also masked. The gallant King next morning sent his fair partner a beautiful diamond in the shape of a tear, and worth fifteen thousand crowns. Henry looted that, no doubt, when he cut off poor Ann's head.

Francis behaved more shabbily to his future daughter-in-law, Catherine de' Medici, for the diamond he sent her soon after was only worth some five hundred crowns. But Catherine was ill-favored, and she was only a merchant's daughter after all—as her daughter-in-law, the beautiful Mary Stuart, did not fail to remind her. However, the other "merchant's daughter," Elizabeth, disposed of poor Mary Stuart, and Catherine watched the tragedy from afar, grimly and without sympathy for its victim.

An episode in this tragedy is of some interest from the jeweler's point of view. Mary Stuart's pearls, captured by the Earl of Morton in 1567, were secretly brought to London and offered for a price to Queen Elizabeth. These pearls had formed part of Catherine's bridal parure. She had given them to her son Francis, and he to his young and beautiful bride.

Catherine was anxious to regain her pearls, and the French Ambassador in London moved in the matter, but Elizabeth, who, like her father, was greedy of jewels, bought them for twelve thousand crowns, and we may be sure she kept them. Yet although the virgin Queen loved jewels, she sometimes gave them away to her favorites.

The famous ring which she gave to Essex, and which was shown at the Tudor Exhibition a few years ago, was indeed more remarkable for beauty of workmanship than intrinsic value. But she dismissed her princely suitors with rich gifts of jewels, and she sent a valuable emerald to Henry the Fourth of France, with the reminder that "it breaks not till faith is broken."

This legendary property of the emerald, which should render it in demand for engagement rings, for which it is in many other ways appropriate, has its counterpart in many other precious stones. The opal is said to show, in its diminished lustre and fire, the approaching illness or death of its wearer. And this imaginary property has had the effect of causing this beautiful gem to be unduly neglected, especially since Sir Walter Scott diffused the notion in his novel, "Anne of Geierstein."

The most splendid opal ever known in the world of jewels was formerly in the possession of the Empress Josephine. It was called the "Burning of Troy," from the wonderful play and brilliancy of its fiery lustre. That might be held to justify the current superstition as to opals, as Josephine's divorce speedily followed her acquisition. But that was not the worst misfortune that might have happened to her, and her lot was happiness indeed compared with that of the poor Queen whose diamond pendant Josephine used sometimes to wear. And Marie Antoinette's passion, as everybody knows who has read the story of the Necklace, was for diamonds.

The story of the Diamond Necklace has been too often told to bear repetition. But the history of the other beautiful diamonds of the Crown, with which the unhappy Queen in the days of her greatness shone radiant on occasions of state, is not without interest.

Chief of those was the Sancy diamond, an historic gem to which all kinds of legends were attached. It was the identical stone, said some, that was lost by Charles the Bold at Granson or Morat. A soldier had picked it up and sold it for a few groschen to a priest, who, guessing its value, disposed of it to the Fuggers of Amsterdam, who had in turn sold it to Henry the Eighth of England. Henry's daughter Mary gave it as a love gift to Philip of Spain, and thence it had come round in some unexplained way to Monsieur de Sancy, the friend and financial agent of Henry the Fourth of France.

It had often been pledged to help Henry in his struggle for the crown, and once had been nearly lost, a faithful servant to whom it was confided having been attacked and killed by robbers. But he had contrived to swallow the stone in his last moments, and De Sancy, sure of his man, found the jewel by cutting open the corpse. All this is more or less legendary, and the authentic history of the Sancy diamond

begins with its purchase by James the First, and its subsequent fate illustrates an interesting period in its annals.

The splendid collection of Royal Jewels inherited by Charles were dispersed in the Civil Wars. Some fell into the hands of the Parliament and were sold, but the bulk of the most valuable were carried abroad by the Queen, and sold or pawned by her, to supply arms and ammunition for the Royal troops.

Among other jewels, the Sancy diamond, and another called "The Mirror of Portugal," had been pledged by Henrietta with the Duc d'Epemon to secure a large sum advanced. As the fortunes of the Royal cause in England declined, the Duc became uneasy about his money, and one day the poor Queen found a "sergent à verge," or what we should call a sheriff's officer, in possession of her apartments at the Palais Royal, with a demand for money owing, and orders to wait till it was paid. The unlucky Queen, who had come to be often in want of a dinner, and who had sometimes to stay in bed to save firing, could only weep and protest her inability to pay.

The matter was arranged by Cardinal Mazarin, who was at the bottom of the affair, and who took the diamonds and paid off D'Epemon. The Cardinal bequeathed the jewels with others to Louis the Fourteenth, and with the Crown Jewels of France the "Sancy" remained till the Revolution.

The subsequent fate of the Sancy was connected with that of the famous blue diamond, perhaps the rarest and most beautiful jewel in the world. It was brought from India by Tavernier, with other splendid stones, and he sold it to the Roi Soleil, who was the only monarch rich enough to purchase such a gem.

At the Revolution, and after the sack of the Tuileries, the Crown jewels were removed to the Garde Meuble, and thence they were stolen, in what is generally recognized as a "put up job," the authors of which were probably well known at the Jacobins Club. The best part of the jewels were immediately restored, but the blue diamond and the "Sancy" were missing, and were never recovered.

Either of them was worth a King's ransom, but in this case it seems probable that they formed the ransom of a nation, and accomplished the destruction of a King.

There is little doubt that the real instigator of the robbery was Danton, then the master spirit of the Revolution. The moment was one of supreme peril for France and her defenders. The army of the confederate monarchs who had undertaken to crush the Revolution and reinstate the monarchy was already quartered in a French province.

The Duke of Brunswick, trained in the school of the great Frederick, was in command; his troops were the finest in the world, and with them served nearly all the best officers of the old Royal Army of France. To oppose them, there were only disorganized regiments and tumultuous levies, more formidable to their chiefs than to the enemy, and ready to cry "Treason!" and disband at the first cannon shot. As far as the military situation was concerned, the campaign was lost to the French, and Brunswick might have marched on and laid Paris in ruins, if he would.

But the Duke, it was well known, was averse to the part that had been assigned him: that of desolating and destroying unhappy France in the interests of a dynasty. The King of Prussia, too, who was with the army, recoiled from the horrors of the impending struggle, with no glory to be won and no profit for the Prussian monarchy.

Danton, the tribune, and Dumouriez, the general-in-chief, who had no illusions as to the position, were anxious rather to negotiate than fight. The chief point insisted on by King and Duke was the safety of the Royal Family. Danton and Dumouriez, who seemed to hold France in their hands, gave the most solemn pledges in that behalf. And as a pledge, rather than a bribe, there was the famous blue diamond.

The Duke retreated. France was saved. She only wanted time to organize her resistance, and it was gained by the blue diamond. But the Royal house was doomed to destruction. Ah! they are treacherous things, these diamonds.

From that moment the fate of the jewel remains obscure. If the Duke of Brunswick had it we may conjecture that he gave it to his daughter, the unlucky Caroline, the disowned consort of George the Fourth. And if so, she probably sold it in the course of her struggles for vindication. Anyhow, connoisseurs are generally agreed that the blue diamond in the Hoop collection of jewels is the same gem recut, and it also probable that the "blue drop," which the late Duke of Brunswick possessed, was a chip broken off in the cutting.

GET RID OF ONE COLD before you contract another on top of it, or you may securely establish the seeds of a serious Lung Complaint before you are conscious of danger. Better prudently resort to Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant, an effective cure for Coughs and Colds, and helpful also for its healing influence on the Lungs and Bronchial Tubes.

Scientific and Useful.

IRON ON STREETS.—Cast-iron blocks are being tried in some of the most frequented streets of Paris, instead of the granite blocks usually placed alongside tramway rails.

SEARCH LIGHTS.—Search lights are such good targets for the enemy's guns that the Germans are arranging to throw the light first on a mirror and thence on the enemy, thereby concealing its real source.

POOL.—R. W. Wyatt, an Australian, has invented an attachment for a pool table consisting of inclined roads or tracks running beneath each pocket to the "spot" end of the table, in which roll the balls that fall into the pockets.

WHALEBONE.—Artificial whalebone is now being made from leather, which is soaked for two or three days in sulphate of potassium, then stretched, slowly dried, subjected to a high temperature and then to a heavy pressure, which makes it hard and elastic.

MUSHROOM POISONING.—Dr. T. Taylor, Chief of the Division of Microscopy of the Department of Agriculture, says that there is but one antidote known for mushroom poisoning, and that is sulphate of atropin. The dose may be administered either by means of hypodermic injection or by the mouth, in the usual way.

PETROLEUM FUEL.—It has been decided to use petroleum as locomotive fuel on the Baltic Railroad, which is significant, because this line is almost the most distant of any in Russia from the oil wells. Great reservoirs are to be built in St. Petersburg and Reval and three other stations, which will hold in the aggregate about 5,000,000 gallons.

TESTING A HORSE FOR LAMENESS.—When examining a horse with a view to purchasing, says a contemporary, always have him led down a steep or stony descent at the end of a halter, and with no whip near him. Many horses, when brought out of the stable, are excited by the presence of strangers, and become still more so at the sight of a whip. A slight lameness may therefore be momentarily overlooked by the horse himself, just as a man, under strong excitement, will sometimes forget a sore foot. Leading the horse down a slope will show any defect in his fore-quarters, and running him back will develop any weakness that may exist in his hind-legs.

Farm and Garden.

COWS.—One good cow will serve the purpose of two inferior ones, and where space is limited every additional quart of milk or pound of butter is quite an item with the keeping of a single animal.

FEEDING.—An experienced feeder claims that ground grain is the cheapest form in which nutriment can be given to the working teams; but to secure the best results it should be mixed with cut hay, in order to make it more porous in the stomach, and in this way more easily digested.

SHEEP.—In breeding to improve sheep, two items must be kept in view; one is the carcass or form, and the other is the fleece or wool; and neither should be improved without carefully considering the other. Neither can receive too much attention, if in caring for it the other is not neglected.

FODDER.—Corn fodder may not be equal to good hay, but corn fodder, cut into short lengths and improved by the addition of ground grain, will be relished by all classes of stock. In winter it may be steamed or scalded, so as to be fed warm, and will prove valuable in enabling the hay to go further.

SEED.—About five pecks of seed wheat per acre is the amount usually seeded, and the average yield per acre is a fraction over 14 bushels. This average is too low and should be increased. In Europe a farm that produced so little wheat would be abandoned, as such a small yield would not even pay for the rent of the land.

SUCCULENT FOODS.—So far as is possible, succulent foods should always be provided in winter as in summer as this kind of food is productive of the largest quantity of fat in the milk and also has the effect of causing the cream to separate more readily from the milk and the butter globules from the cream and leaving less fat in the buttermilk; to a more or less extent it also increases the flow of milk.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it to be a curable disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address—F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, etc.



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THE POST'S NEW FORM.

We are pleased to inform our readers that THE POST will shortly appear in a more compact, convenient and improved form, giving more reading matter and many up-to-date improvements. It is the intention to make the number of pages twenty-four instead of sixteen, as at present. In the general character of the literary matter there will be no change, but in its arrangement it will be much easier in the reading, besides having the additional advantage of being more neatly presented. THE POST in its new form will be stitched at the back and cut and trimmed at the edges, thus doing away with the need of turning the paper inside out to get at the continuation of the stories. We ask our readers that they give the new Post a critical examination, and having done so may feel more than ever justified in recommending it to their friends, as we promise to render it worthy every way of their highest praises.

Charity and Home.

The plain statement which forms the title of this essay is one that has been, for the last two hundred years at least, often in the mouths of most men. It is an uncommonly good saying, that is, a truth beyond the common run of truths; but it has been sadly perverted. It means really no more than it says, that the common affection in which it is required, not only that a religious, but that a wise, man should hold all his brethren, takes root, and begins at home, in his own home.

It is tantamount to saying that a man who is not good at home is seldom good elsewhere. Few will doubt it, when expressed in this way; but, after all the truth and goodness of the saying, the devil, who, as Rowland Hill said, managed to take "all the best tunes," certainly has taken the best of sayings, and surely this one, for almost all men pervert it, and apply it selfishly.

But this one thing is certain, that if Charity is only confined to home, it is a good thing spoiled. If it once begins in any man's bosom, it does not long stay there; for we may as well try to confine the lightning, or any volatile gas, or a perfume, which, being liberated, will give a pleasant odor to the whole house, as to confine Charity. Once let it begin, and it will increase. But the meaning of most of those stingy fellows who

quote the proverb is, that they would save the lightning, and cut it up into rushlights; that they would tie down and confine the gas, and put the tightest of corks into the bottle of sweet scent. That is not our reading, although we want to treat of Charity as beginning at home, and to insist upon more affection, more courtesy, more politeness, and more attention to the feelings of others, being paid in a man's own house and his castle. It is a very narrow house, and a very small castle, if it has not Charity in it. But with it, home is indeed home, a cottage is better than a palace. Without it, again, how many a splendid house is but a miserable brawling place; how many a beautiful form assumes a mean bearing; how many a noble brow is furrowed with angry lines, and instead of growing like an angel, grows much more like a devil!

And what is Charity? There are so many definitions given of this word, so many and so beautiful, that we could fill this paper with them easily, and perhaps wisely. Charity is simply love, Christian love. Here we have the virtue exalted into a divinity, or proof of divinity, since true Charity of the most exalted kind makes beautiful with divine and everlasting love the face of the Saviour. It is well, then, that it should begin at home.

But, does it always do so? Is it not too often absent entirely from our homes? Do we not try to worry each other, to be pleasant only in company? Do we always forbear and speak kindly? Are not we men often "blown" at home with the ireful pride of mastery? Are not women full of a railing spirit, of a stupid obstructiveness, of a method of harrowing their husbands and their servants? Do we all live together in peace?

Beautiful, indeed, is the sight of a united and happy family; delightful is it to see brethren living together in unity! Wonderful is the strength of that home-love, and, alas! wonderfully rarely is it to be met with.

Most homes have a Blue chamber; and, in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred, if this chamber were opened, the skeletons in it would be merely the dried mummies of angry tongues, the ghosts of hot, foolish contentions, the remains of "last" words in disputes of no moment, and the terribly decayed body of a contentious disposition, which, being determined not to rest itself, would let no one else rest. Sad folly! Great want of ordinary common sense and patient wisdom; and the result, alas, how terrible!

And one thing is certain, that Charity must be introduced into the family, or that family will be split up into the most miserable of domestic shams, polite when strangers are present, and wrangling and contentious when by themselves. How these contentions "loosen the very foundations of love, and about what miserable, worthless things do they not commonly begin! A smoked cup of tea, a shirt button, a waste of coal or soap, a dirty or a frayed collar." Oh, what little people we are! How few of us try to govern our tempers, and to live, not like the saints, sanctified or holy ones, but as good heathen people. And for such—for "this miserable sort of trash, very good, very generous, and very religious people will sometimes waste and throw away by double handfuls the very thing for which houses are built, and coal burned, and all the paraphernalia of a home established—their happiness."

Of this miserable, contentious state of things—this dirty, foggy, drizzle of foolish words—Charity is the real cure. It is the best and the only one. The wife should have charity with the husband's irritability, and he, in his turn, with her want of special training.

Both should sit down after being married, having first prayed heartily to God while they were being married, to aid them and put into their hearts good desires, and into their heads capacity to

carry those desires out—both should sit down and say, "Now I determine to do my duty; I am resolved to be brave, patient, watchful, and cheerful; not to go out to meet ill-luck, but not to be afraid when it does come; to be happy, for God made us to be so, and he delights both in the temporal and eternal happiness of all; to base that happiness only on goodness; to subdue self; therefore the life-companion He has given me shall be first in all proper times and seasons, and I will devote myself to that companion's happiness."

That would be a charitable resolve; we sometimes find it carried out; and where it is so found, what a pleasant home is that. One such home we knew, with many a comical result. Wife and husband, both educated gentlefolk of good taste, often surprised themselves with services, wall-papers, and carpets not quite "the thing," to use a significant vulgarism. But it turned out so far from being contentious, the husband secretly chose the paper because he thought his wife liked it; and she accepted it because she thought, and with wonder, that he saw something beautiful in it; and thus an ugly paper, or an ungainly chair in the drawing-room, became beautiful, because a standing monument of love.

When charity has once begun at home, let us extend it to all in the home. The servants especially want it; how should we like our own little girls scolded for every fault, and brought from a lower to a higher sphere amidst things of which they know nothing, troubled and worried for their stupidity. Mr. Ruskin treats his servants especially with a ceremonious cordiality, and every gentleman will thank the servant who opens the door to or performs any office for him.

Brothers and sisters, particularly when they are big boys and girls, need a great deal of this character. Petted so long as they are young and pretty; often beaten, abused and neglected when they grow out of the magic circle of their childhood, early youth is to them a season of misery and trial, and often sours the very wine of life, and turns a sweet mind into a bitter, brooding one. Firmness, principle, determination, and a mind to perceive, and a will to govern, will co-exist with the sweetest charity. Youth is proverbially awkward; the very voice of a boy and the figure and complexion of a girl are changeable and unmanageable. The young trees want training; the vigorous shoots something to cling to and to be bound by; but, most of all, they require love and gentleness in the operation; gentleness which will prevent the tender buds from being broken off, and love which shall train them sweetly and guide them in the true way. All this father and mother can and will furnish, if they once determine on the true meaning of "charity" and "home."

LORD COKE wrote the following, which he religiously observed: "Six hours to sleep, to law's great study six, four spend in prayer, the rest to nature fix." But William Jones, a wiser economist of the fleeting hours of life, amended the sentiment thus: "Seven hours to law, to soothing slumber seven, ten to the world allot, and all to Heaven."

LET your charity begin at home, but do not let it stop there. Do good to your family and connections, and if you please, to your party; but after this look abroad. Look at the universal Church, and, forgetting its divisions, be a Christian. Look at your country, and be a patriot; look at the nations of the earth, and be a philanthropist.

DIFFICULTY is a severe instructor, set over us by the supreme ordinance of a parental guardian and legislator, who knows us better than we know ourselves, as he loves us better too.

THE flattery of friends and enemies would do us very little harm, if we didn't unfortunately flatter ourselves.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

BOUNCING B—The piano may be learned to a certain extent without a teacher, but you will find instruction necessary as you go on, unless you have a thorough knowledge of music in theory.

J. A. L.—Certainly there was a "Siege of Vienna," it was besieged by the Turks in the year 1648. John Sobieski, then King of Poland, did the Austrians good service in repelling the enemy.

M. D. I.—To bleach sponge, soak it in diluted muriatic acid ten or twelve hours; then wash it with water and immerse it in a solution of hyposulphate of soda to which a small quantity of diluted muriatic acid has been added. Wash and dry it.

P. L. S.—Engagement rings are very much a matter of taste. The fashion of having what Shakespeare calls a "posy" on them has rather revived of late. Rings are to be bought with mottoes on them, but a "Mizpah" ring answers every purpose, and the inscription is telling, with the merit of being only one word.

W. I. T. D.—Nothing can be done except by patience and perseverance; the open air is the best place for practicing deliberate speaking. Do not give in because the cure seems slow in beginning; it may take you months to master the very commencement of it, but if there is no imperfection in the muscles of your mouth and throat it will come in time.

KATHLEEN M.—"Rhabdomancy" is a divination by rods, which were held downwards, and twisted and twirled, if water or gold was sought in the earth; the magicians who opposed Moses practiced this witchery. "Belomancy," divination by arrows, was followed by the Scythians; the arrows were marked, put into a bag, and drawn out haphazard.

N. O. D.—We should be very happy to give you any advice in our power, but it is difficult to counsel a young lady who announces herself in love with two gentlemen at the same time. Make up your mind which of the two you mean to encourage, and have nothing to do with the other one afterwards; you are not acting honestly by either of them at present.

G. F. R.—It is said that a piece of lemon bound upon a corn will relieve it in a day or so. It should be renewed night and morning. The free use of lemon juice and sugar will always relieve a cough. A lemon eaten before breakfast, every day, for a week or two, will entirely prevent that feeling of lassitude peculiar to the approach of spring. These valuable properties of the lemon should be better known.

DORA S.—Lichens have no roots, but live on air, and fasten themselves to almost everything where dryness and moisture can be found. They are found all over the world; on the rocks of newly-formed islands, in the ocean, and on the summits of the highest mountains. They are sometimes called rock moss and tree moss; but they are not mosses, which have separate stems and leaves. Lichens grow where nothing else can grow.

C. H.—We can only help you to the titles of three of Richard Lovelace's poems—"Orpheus to the Beasts," "To Lucrecia, on Going to the Wars," in which the much quoted lines occur—

"I could not love thee, dear, so much
Loved I not honor more."
and "To Althea, from Prison," in which are the well-known lines—

"Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage."

Perhaps the lines may help you in your search for the book. We have heard of the poem you mention, but have no idea where it is to be found.

BESS.—If you, yourself, were instrumental in breaking off the engagement, you have no right to feel annoyed now at the young man consoling himself with the society of another girl. It merely goes to prove that he was not altogether heart-broken at your desertion, and finds no difficulty in transferring his affections. You can do nothing that we can see, but leave the young people alone. You probably had good reason for ending your connections with the gentleman, but having done so, you must abide by the consequences. It would hardly be dignified to interfere with him now. If you feel that you cannot live near him and watch his paying attentions to this other young lady, we should advise you to remove to some little distance, where you will not be continually annoyed by the sight of them together.

WOODCOTE—"A square mile" and "a mile square" is the same quantity expressed in two different ways; it means simply the area or surface of a square, whose four sides are each one mile in length; or more exactly, it is the area enclosed by four straight lines, each one mile in length, the extremities mutually joined at right angles. The expression "a square mile" is no doubt the correct one; the other expression, "a mile square," is never used by scientific men. Amongst mechanics "an inch square" is a common expression, and means the same as "a square inch;" and it is probable that this has given rise to the expression "a mile square." There is also in solid geometry a solid called "a cubic mile," which means a cube or solid six-faced figure, each face of which being a square mile in surface. This might as reasonably be called "a mile cube," which would sound very offensive to the ear, and convey no meaning.

THROUGH THE DOOR.

Lo! The garnered corn is lying
In rich, golden glooms;
In the churchyards all the sighing
Is above the tombs,
And the leaves but wait the blowing
Of the spring's sweet breath;
Man goes forth to meet his springtime,
Through the door of Death!

My body ages, form and hue;
But when the spring winds blow,
My spirit stirs and buds anew,
Younger than long ago.
Lord, make me more thy child, and more,
Till Time its own end bring;
And out of every winter sore,
I pass into thy spring!

Of the Vane.

BY H. M. K.

FROM out the pine-clad hills which guard the entrances to the Schwarzwald there issue several rivulets, that in their downward course presently run together and form the swift-flowing River Dreisam. This river pours its waters into a valley which throughout is composed of a series of pictures abounding in romantic beauty and grandeur.

Near the entrance to the valley lies the Pearl of Breisgau, with its glorious spire standing out against the sky like a pinnacle of delicate lace-work; and then a little further on, just where the valley begins to close in, you come to a little village nestling among the sweet-scented pine-woods.

A lovely spot, this little village, peaceful and quiet; hardly a sound to be heard at any time, save in the far distance where a water mill hums and whirrs with a delightfully dreamy sound, or when there comes the lowing of cattle from some neighboring farmstead.

But one day all this was changed, and the usually peaceful little village was thrown into a perfect frenzy of excitement; nearly all the inhabitants had collected together in the market-place; some were standing in little groups talking in subdued voices; women ran hither and thither wringing their hands in despair, while others, almost shouting in their excitement, argued and gesticulated with their neighbors.

"El!" exclaimed one old woman to another, "this is a bad affair. And," lowering her voice, "no doubt a wrong has been done, and he did it to avoid suspicion."

"Yes, I'm sure you're right," replied the other. "It's shocking, and methinks this is a judgment sent down from above." And on this point most of the villagers seemed to agree.

To give some explanation to all this it will be necessary to go back several weeks, to the day when Max Schmidt and his great friend Otto were working together in one of the picturesque saw-mills on the banks of the Dreisam.

Max was a well-built stolid German, clumsy, and stupid enough to drive one almost to distraction, yet withal one of the kindest-hearted souls that ever trod the fatherland. Now Otto his fellow-worker, though of the same build as Max, was in all others respects entirely different; for he was a handsome young fellow, bright and active and a favorite in the village; he generally wore a broad-brimmed hat topped with a hawk's feather and placed jauntily on the back of his head.

Poor Max was not liked among the villagers, for he had the unhappy knack of blundering over everything he undertook. Whenever he tried to do a good action it was sure to be misinterpreted. For instance: One day he found a little dog harnessed to a cart four times as large as itself; so out of kindness of heart, and without thinking of the consequences that such an act involved, Max at once stooped down, unfastened the harness and set the little animal at liberty, and the dog to testify its gratitude, insisted on following Max; with the result that a report ran through the village that he had tried to steal the dog, and the voice of popular indignation rose loud against him. Poor Max tried in his dull way to explain matters, but all in vain; the villagers said there could be only one reason for loosing the dog: but here Otto came to the rescue, and in the face of the ridicule of the whole village took Max's part.

As it has been said before, Max and Otto were firm friends. It seemed curious that a friendship should have sprung up between two men of such opposite dispositions, but it happened in this wise: Otto was fond of praise; he loved to hear his friends say, "Bravo, Otto," and nothing rejoiced his heart more than to play bowls

in the biergarten, and he the centre of an admiring crowd; for there he would stand with his hat well on the back of his head, thereby showing a mass of dark curls in front; one of his dapper little feet placed firmly in front of him and his body thrown back; then the bowl shot out from his hand, hit the goal fairly in the centre, and he was proclaimed winner amid the plaudits of his friends. "Ay, that was a good throw," said Otto, looking proudly round and carefully brushing off a speck of dust from his coat.

And so it was from no feeling of affection, but to gain the praise of the villagers that Otto first resolved to befriend the unfortunate Max; for he said to himself: "The people will say, 'How good of Otto to look after that fellow Max.'" But to his great surprise as this went on, he became quite fond of his so-called friend, and gradually began to understand his quiet retiring nature, and his warm-heartedness, and to see in him far more than he had suspected. And Max in his turn was full of gratitude to Otto, and looked up to him as his protector.

So when Otto's father left him the little saw-mill he made Max his assistant, and these two friends worked together.

As weeks went on a change came over Max, he became brighter, and for him quite talkative, and several times astonished Otto by whistling lively little tunes, a thing he had never been heard to do before.

"Why, Max, what makes you so gay?" asked Otto.

"Such fine weather makes me feel happy," said Max in his slow way.

But Otto was puzzled; he couldn't quite see how the weather could make such a marked difference in his friend; so with a shrug of his big shoulders he gave up guessing, and consoled himself with the thought that the reflection of his own genial disposition must have worked this change; and after a game of bowls at his favorite biergarten, he took the earliest opportunity of telling his friends of the good he had done Max.

"Yes," said a man standing near to Otto, "Max ought to be mighty thankful to you, Otto; yet I wouldn't mind betting this tankard of lager that he's not a bit grateful for your trouble."

"Don't say that," replied Otto loftily; "you mustn't say anything against my friend Max, for he's a good fellow, though a bit stupid at times."

But Otto little guessed the real cause of Max's happiness; it was the very last thing he would have thought of. Max loved Marie who lived not far from the village; pretty Marie with her blue eyes, and the two bewitching little plaits that hung down her back, and Max was for once in his life lucky, for his love was returned. Unlike most of the other villagers, Marie saw that Max, in spite of his awkward ways and his blunderings, was as kind-hearted and true as ever a man could be. And this was the secret of the change in Max.

So the following Sunday Max, all of a flutter and arrayed in his best, started out to ask Marie to be his wife. On his way to the little cottage he passed a spot where the lilies of the valley grew wild.

"I'll gather a bunch for Marie," he said to himself. "I know she is fond of them." So he plucked a few; and was so busily occupied in making them into a bunch that he never heard footsteps approaching until they were quite close upon him.

It was Otto. He looked first at Max, and then at the flowers.

"Hello, Max!" he said, "where are you going? why, you're quite smart to-day, and I do believe you're making yourself a button-hole; you are nearly as tidy as myself, and that's saying a good deal. But where are you off to, lad?"

Max hesitated, and then said: "To that cottage yonder, to see Marie; these flowers are for her; and"—another hesitation—"I am going to ask her to be my wife."

If someone had told Otto he was ignorant of the game of bowls, or that there had been a flood and washed away his saw-mill, he could hardly have been more astonished. He positively gasped with surprise. Why, here, Max, whom he was patronising, whom he had taken under his wing, had fallen in love with the very girl he had himself set his affections upon! Then slowly he took off his hat, which was as usual placed on the back of his head—because he was well aware how it suited him at that position; he turned it round in his hands meditatively, all the while staring at Max; he seemed at a loss to know what to say, and there was an ugly scowl on his face. Poor Max little guessed what a storm was brewing. Then an idea came into Otto's head; he tried to shake it off, but it

was the only way out of the difficulty; he could not let Max stand in his way. So he brushed back his curls, and putting on his hat with an air of determination, he said:

"Max, you're a greater idiot than I ever took you for! what made you imagine that Marie cared for you? Why, she likes you about as much as this stone"—and he kicked the stone viciously; "so it's no use asking her to be your wife. Besides," he added, and this time speaking the truth, "perhaps I am going to ask Marie the same question myself in a day or two; so now you can just go back the way you came. Can't you hear, lad? don't stand staring at me like a moonstruck owl!"

Yes, poor Max had heard all, and he turned home a sad and dejected being; the one bright period of his life was now a thing of the past, and it was his friend Otto who had taken this happiness away from him.

It never occurred to him to stand up for his own rights, and he was too simple-minded to believe for one moment that Otto was fooling him; so he trudged sadly back to the village.

"I felt sure Marie cared a little for me," he said to himself; "but Otto says no; and perhaps it's natural that she should like Otto better, he is so handsome and clever. So good-bye to you, Marie," and as he threw away the bunch of flowers he had just gathered, the trees and the fields around him seemed suddenly to become quite blurred and misty.

Whiz, swish; whiz, whiz; was the sound that came from the saw-mill, and then a gentle swish, swish, as the saw caught the wood sending out showers of pine-scented dust. Max was hard at work. He was just pushing a fresh log towards the saw when Otto came striding in. He was in the very worst of tempers, and barely nodded a response to Max's greeting. The fact was that his pride had received a severe shock at the discovery that Max was preferred to him, for Marie had shown pretty clearly that she was not pleased to see Otto, so he knew that it was Max whom she had expected to see; he was furious at the discovery and no longer felt that same affection he had always had for Max. He looked round for something to find fault with, "Himmel, Max!" he exclaimed, "look at this plank; it's cut crooked!" and seizing a stick he hit Max sharply across the shoulders. Max sprang up to his full height, and flushing crimson, looked for one moment as though he were going to return the blow with good interest. Otto shrank back; he was not prepared for this; but Max turned away and continued his work without a word.

And so the friendship of these two men came to an abrupt end; and Marie was the unconscious cause of it.

Max went on mechanically with his work, Otto silently continued his; and the wheels whirled on.

At last the day's work was over, and the two men parted without a word.

Max walked slowly home. There was no one to console him there, for his father was old and deaf and generally had a grievance; so he sat by the fire and pondered and brooded in silence over his misfortunes.

All this time Otto was disporting himself in far more genial society, for he was at the biergarten revelling in a game of bowls.

"Well," asked someone, "how is your friend Max?"

"Oh," laughed Otto, "I am going to treat him differently in future, for he gets stupider every day; and now that he imagines himself in love there's no knowing what to do with him."

At this the men laughed hugely; the idea of Max being in love tickled their fancy immensely.

"And what is this treatment to be, friend Otto?"

"Severity, my friend, severity; but now for one more turn at the bowls, and then I must be off."

• • • • •
Otto was one of those people who have the utmost confidence in their own powers, and he fully expected that when Marie found Max never came to see her he would have no difficulty in persuading her to be his wife.

So the next day, full of his own conceit and pride, Otto asked Marie the old question; but she tossed her pretty head, and gave him a most emphatic "no." No eloquence on his part could move her, and he was obliged to go away and content himself with feeling very wroth with Max.

When he arrived at the mill he found that Max had not come, which made him still angrier; and in the meantime he began to set everything in motion; the

wheels were soon flying round, and the logs placed against the saws were rapidly cut up into little white planks, smelling sweet and fresh.

Presently there was a step at the door; it was not Max, but one of the stonemasons, a friend of Otto's.

"Hello, Otto!" he said; "have you heard the news?"

"No, I've not."

"Well, the Burgomaster has sent word to say that one of us is to climb up the minister spire yonder to see if the new weather-cock is quite safe, and to clean it at the same time. The only way is outside the spire, and it's nasty climb; however, it has got to be done; one of us must go; so we are to draw lots for it now."

A few minutes later Otto and six other men with beating hearts and anxious faces were standing round a table in the biergarten; they all tried to look unconcerned, but inwardly one and all fervently hoped that he would not draw the unlucky number, for there was naturally a certain amount of danger in making such an ascent.

"Now, are you ready?" said the chief mason. "The one who draws the piece of paper with the points of the compass written on it climbs the spire to-morrow; you draw first."

A good-natured looking yokel stepped solemnly up to the table, and dipping a very fat finger and thumb into the hat drew out a folded piece of paper; he opened it, and the grin on his face proclaimed that the paper was a blank.

Then another came forward, and by the relieved expression that came over his features they knew that he also had been lucky.

And after that came Otto's turn; he unfolded the piece of paper he had drawn, and there the letters N. S. E. W. met his eyes. He held up the unlucky ticket for the others to see, and then threw it down with an oath. "Just my luck!" he muttered, and turning abruptly away, left the biergarten.

The next morning all the village was astir, for it was the Grand Duke's birthday; flags were flying everywhere, and there was a profusion of bunting displayed from most of the houses.

In a small village new travels fast, so by this time most of the people knew that Otto was to climb the steeple. It formed quite a pleasurable little excitement for them to look forward to after the everyday routine, as it was quite a new custom, this climbing of the steeple; so shortly after mid-day they flocked out of the village and began to congregate round the church. The Burgomaster was there too, standing on the balcony of the townhall partly to watch the people, and partly to witness Otto's ascent; for it was his idea and proposal that the weather-cock should be cleaned and generally looked after every year, and that it should take place on the Duke's birthday.

So the people eagerly awaited Otto's advent.

At last one o'clock struck. "He will be coming now," said the villagers, but they waited and Otto did not come.

The quarter past struck and Otto did not appear.

And now the crowd began to show signs of impatience; they asked one another if anything had happened; and all the time people came pouring in from neighboring villages, and seeing the crowd in the market-place stopped to watch Otto make the ascent.

Another quarter rang out from the steeple and still Otto did not come. The Burgomaster, standing imposingly on his balcony, also became impatient. "Why is Otto so late?" he exclaimed irritably.

At last a summer of "There he is!" ran through the crowd, as the well-known figure appeared on the turret immediately below the spire. His broad-brimmed hat with the hawk's feather was as usual placed on the back of his head, the only difference being that the brim was turned down over his face to keep the dazzling sun from off his eyes.

He waited one moment, and then very slowly and very carefully began to climb the outside of the spire, and the crowd with upturned face watched his every movement. On he climbed until at last he reached the top.

There was a murmur of applause from the crowd when they saw him gain the weathercock; and there at the dizzy height of 300 feet, he drew from his pocket some pieces of cloth and proceeded to brighten the vane, until it shone again, sending out flashes of light each time it caught the sun.

"Bravo, Otto! Otto has climbed well!" shouted the people. And then once more

there was silence when the crowd saw him begin to make the descent, which was a far more difficult task than the ascent; but as last he safely neared the turret, and the crowd began to move away; some back to their villages, some remaining for the fete.

When suddenly a pigeon, frightened by the unusual noise so near to its nest, flew out with a whirr and a flutter of wings close to the climber's feet, who threw up his hands in sudden alarm, missed his footing, gave one wild clutch at the stone-work, and then fell heavily into the turret below.

A scene of fearful confusion followed.

"He has fallen! Otto has fallen!" shouted the villagers, and many rushed up the steps that led to the turret.

For a few minutes there was a hushed silence of anxious expectation, and then swiftly the news ran from mouth to mouth, from ear to ear that it was Max who had climbed the spire, not Otto, and that he had been disguised in Otto's clothes.

This announcement brought the excitement to a climax; the crowd, horrified at what they had just seen, surged backwards and forwards; people ran hither and thither shouting and gesticulating in their excitement.

Then there was a movement in the crowd, and something was carried slowly into the townhall.

"El!" said the villagers in awestruck tones; "who would have thought that it was Max climbing the spire! It's wonderful! But oh, it is terrible to fall like that!"

And then followed the natural question: "Why had Max climbed the spire, and where was Otto all this time?"

Two whole days passed by, days of gossiping, doubt and conjecture; for Max, still unconscious, hovered between life and death, and no trace could be found of Otto; he had disappeared mysteriously and suddenly, no one knew where. The police were sent out in all directions. First of all the mill, now deserted and silent, was searched; they looked into every nook and corner, peered into the dark waters of the mill stream, investigated the village and the neighborhood; but all in vain.

The matter then became serious; the officials hinted at foul-play, and the only person who could have thrown any light on the subject was Max, for it was with him that Otto had been seen last; and then gradually, little by little, the suspicion that had been in the minds of many now began to be spoken out openly, and this suspicion fell on Max. Every circumstance seemed against him.

The third day there was still no news of Otto; and the excitement in the village had in no way abated, but rather increased, when it became known that Max had recovered consciousness, and that the Burgomaster intended questioning him about Otto. So a number of the villagers assembled outside the kaufhaus, and great was the speculating and conjecturing that went on as to what Max would say, and whether he would confess his guilt. Marie was among the crowd, pale and wan after days of anxious waiting; her hands were clasped nervously together as she stood preparing herself to hear the worst.

Presently the Burgomaster came out; there was a troubled look on his face, and as he passed through the crowd someone ventured to ask him what Max had said; but drawing up his small person to its fullest height he waved his hand majestically, and sweeping on, vouchsafed never an answer.

This was decidedly unsatisfactory to the crowd who had been standing long under the heat of a mid-day sun, and were eagerly waiting to the result. However, their patience was at length rewarded, for the solution to this mystery came in a sudden and entirely unexpected manner. Thrusting his way through the dense crowd, pushing people aside in his haste, parting with exhaustion, came Otto!

For a moment the crowd thought it must be the ghost of the man they had thought dead; women screamed and crossed themselves hurriedly, but they soon saw that it was Otto in substantial form. What a change from the Otto of only a few days ago. His clothes were torn and bespattered with mud, he wore no hat, his unkempt hair hung dank and damp over his brow, and terror was written on every feature of his face.

"Where is he? where is Max?" he exclaimed in a hoarse voice.

"In the kaufhaus," said the crowd, pressing round him and still gazing at him in bewilderment.

"And is he?"—continued Otto, looking from one face to another in an agony of fear—"is he?" but he could not finish

the sentence; he dared not, and those standing near guessed his meaning and said: "Yes, poor Max is dying."

"Himmel! if he dies I shall have killed him," cried. He never meant to speak aloud his thoughts, but in the horror of that moment the words escaped him unwittingly.

Immediately a dozen voices exclaimed "Why?"

There was a long pause; Otto looked round for some means of escape; he would have given worlds to avoid the humiliation that was in store for him; but it was impossible with that of sea faces around him, and the thought that his friend was dying checked the lies that came glibly to his lips, and which could have saved him from this ordeal. Seeing that everything must be known sooner or later, Otto made up his mind to put a bold face on the matter and tell all, fondly hoping that his frankness would favorably impress the crowd.

So he recounted how that he had induced Max to climb the spire, and confessed, with a fine assumption of shame in his voice, that he was afraid to climb the spire himself, and had persuaded Max to impersonate him; how that he had hidden in the woods for fear of being found out when he saw Max fall, and unable to bear the suspense longer, had now returned to the village, and ended by saying, with an air of bravado, that he hoped they would all forgive him.

But he was mistaken, for it now began to dawn upon these stolid German yokels that their ideal and hero, Otto, was after all a fraud and a miserable coward, and the lofty pinnacle on which they had set him fell rapidly to the ground. An indescribable murmur of indignation ran through the crowd. Otto heard it, and his face became livid with fear. Looking wildly round, he caught sight of an opening; through this he fled, and rushing down a narrow street for his very life, escaped; and by the time that the shades of evening had made the dark woods of the Black Forest still darker, Otto was tramping wearily through the forest, miles away from the little village.

For days Max's life hung by a thread. Then slowly but surely he began to recover and to regain his strength, and at last was so far convalescent as to be able to descend the old steps of the kaufhaus, walk slowly through the town, along the cool meadows until he came to his village; and great was his surprise to find that the villagers who had once so disliked him were now pleased to see him. Pleased! pleased was not the word for it, they were delighted; people were shaking hands with him every moment, crowding round him, clapping him on the back, shouting "hoch! hoch!" wondering all the time how they could have misjudged him so.

But somehow Max's steps soon turned in the direction of a certain field where the lilies of the valley grew wild; and then past that to a little cottage; and it is not difficult to imagine the rest. For a few months later Max and Marie were wedded; and great was the rejoicing when it was known that the Burgomaster had so arranged matters that Max became master of the saw-mill where once he had only been an assistant.

On that wedding-day everything seemed brightness itself; the village and the dark pine-woods were bathed in sunshine, the bridal procession was a stream of bright coloring and the bells a peal of joyful music; but in the distance could be seen through the trees the spire of the Pearl of Breisgau, and there was something upon it that glittered and glistened in the sunlight and which shone out more brightly than all the rest, and that was—the vane.

And thus it happened that the brightening of the vane—Max's deed of love—was a blessing in disguise, for it revealed and showed up the real characters of two men, and it was for Max the beginning of a brighter and a happier life.

This custom of climbing to the vane from the outside of the spire still continues to the present day, though never, perhaps, has the climb been so eventful, or the interest taken in the ceremony so great as on that day when the ascent was made by Max.

A SELF-IMPORTANT little country gentleman entered Baron Hausmann's office in Paris one day, having some complaint to make, and proceeded to state his errand in a pretty lofty tone and without taking off his hat. The officer was equal to the occasion. "Wait a moment," he said, and he rang a bell. A servant answered the summons. "Bring me my hat," said the Prefect. The hat was brought, the officer put it on, and turned to his caller. "Now," said he, "I will hear you."

Donald's Choice.

BY H. H.

COME IN!" exclaimed the Captain, a trifle irritably perhaps, for we were nearing the conclusion of a hard-fought game, and my antagonist was just about to make a critical move. Casting a rapid glance at the telegram which the servant had placed on the table, he once more turned his attention to the chess-board; but I noticed with surprise a nervous twitching of the lips and a trembling of the usually steady fingers.

For nearly a quarter of an hour after the brief interruption the game continued, and then by a brilliant strategic move he broke up my defense, and exclaimed, with a dry chuckle—

"You are beaten, Menzies; it is a mate in four moves."

I congratulated him heartily, and was about to seek consolation for my defeat in another pipe, when, tossing over the telegram, he said abruptly—

"Read that!"

A mist rose before my eyes and obscured my sight as I read the brief message and understood the terrible significance of its words.

"If you are not afraid of small-pox"—so the words ran—"come to Descato, Minn. Co., Texas. Don is dying."

"HESTER PROVIA."

Don is dying! For a time I could not get beyond that. Far away in a distant land, among strangers and aliens, dependent on the care of one weak loving woman, our gallant lad lay dying—and unforgotten. Ay, there was the rub—to die with his father's enmity still hot against him!

My thoughts went back to the time when I first met the beautiful woman who afterwards became the wife of Captain Provis and Donald's mother.

He had never guessed my secret, and put the love I bore towards Donald down to our own ancient friendship; but in her tender eyes, sweet soul, I had read long ago a kindly pity for the blow she had unconsciously dealt me. I stood beside them at the altar, for the Captain was my oldest friend; and then, when the ceremony was over, I wandered off, heeding little whither my wayward footsteps carried me. Occasionally, through some chance rencontre, I learned that they were well and happy, and with that I was content.

One day however terrible news reached me, and I hurried back to England, to find Captain Provis in a wild delirium of grief. Alas, his happiness had been of short duration; in giving birth to her child his beautiful wife had laid down her own sweet life. Provis was inconsolable, and for nearly five years he took scarcely any notice of the little one whose advent had caused him such bitter agony. By degrees however the pretty little fellow, with his artless prattle and loving ways, twined himself around the tendrils of that bruised heart, and the Captain became passionately fond of him.

The years glided swiftly away, and Don reached manhood. The Captain and I were inordinately proud of the handsome stalwart young fellow, and many were the fanciful dreams we wove in our stupid old heads concerning his brilliant future. One day he left us with a light heart and heavy purse to join some friends on a touring expedition. His father had given him a free hand, and the young rogue took full advantage of the Captain's generosity.

It was more than twelve months after his departure when, with pleased surprise, I saw him one morning stroll into my breakfast-room. He had already breakfasted, he said, and had taken advantage of his father's temporary absence to come and seek my advice.

"The fact is," he said gloomily, but plunging at once into the middle of the business, "there is something my father must know, but which I scarcely care to tell him." I looked up in surprise. "Oh," he said hesitatingly, "it is nothing disgraceful; but there—you may as well know it at once! I am engaged to be married!"—and he bent his head sheepishly. This statement made me groan audibly. "You see," he went on, "my father has a notion that I am going to marry my cousin Alice, and I am afraid this news will be a trifle unwelcome. But I cannot draw back; my word is pledged; and, besides, I love the girl."

Of course I gave him all the encouragement possible, and promised to go over to Billingshay Manor in the evening; but a shadow of fear lay across my heart as I thought of the Captain's cherished scheme,

shattered at one blow into atoms. I knew too well how strongly his mind was set on the union between Don and Alice Graythorpe to imagine for one moment that he would consent to see his pet plan upset without a desperate struggle, and I trembled for the result.

I watched my old friend's face as, that evening, after dinner, Don told him his story. I knew that the haunting fear that had possessed me all day had not existed without a cause. The Captain listened without moving a muscle; but his features were stern, and there was a look of obstinate anger in his eyes which boded ill for Don's peace. Presently he spoke, and his voice sounded harsh in the silent room.

"I do not know what you expect from me," he said coldly; "but there is only one course open—you must give the girl up."

Don bit his lip savagely.

"That is impossible," he answered. "My word is given; and you would not wish me to sully my honor."

Then the storm burst. For almost the only time in his life Captain Provis lost his temper, and in the bitterness of his soul poured forth a volume of cruel stinging words, every syllable of which carried dismay into the heart of his son.

"There is nothing more to say," he concluded. "You may make your choice; but remember, if you marry this girl, you are no longer son of mine!"

The lad's eyes moistened, but there was no sign of hesitation or wavering in his quiet words.

"I acknowledge my error," he said, "and it grieves me to see your disappointment; but there is no way out of it. I should never marry my cousin Alice, and Hester Turrough is my affianced wife."

It was in vain that I strove to alter the Captain's resolution; he remained obdurate; and one morning—ah me, the bitterness of that time clings to me even now!—Don bade me farewell and passed completely out of our lives.

And this was the end of it—dying, perhaps dead, in a foreign land!

"Come," I said, rising and seizing the Captain by her shoulder—"pack a few necessary things. Leave me to find out about a steamer;" and, hurrying from the room, I hastened home to make a few arrangements.

A score or two of miserable-looking houses, half of them closed and deserted, one or two ruined stores, and a dilapidated hotel—these constituted the township of Descato. It was about twenty miles from the nearest railway-station, from which we had driven. We got down in front of the dreary-looking hotel, and, followed closely by the Captain, I made my way into the deserted saloon. A lank cadaverous man with shrunken cheeks and hollow eyes emerged from an inner room and stared at us with an air of ludicrous astonishment.

"We beg your pardon," I said, "but we are strangers in Descato. Can you tell us where to find Donald Provis and his wife?"

A look of intelligence dawned suddenly in the hitherto dull eyes of the stranger, and, throwing off his air of languor and utter weariness, he stepped eagerly towards us.

"Yes," he said slowly, after a brief examination of our features—"I recognize the likeness; you are the Captain, and you"—with another glance at me—"are 'uncle Ralph.'"

I looked at my friend; the perspiration stood in beads on his forehead.

"Quick, man!" I cried. "Good or evil, tell us your news! Anything is better than this suspense!"

The landlord straightened himself and, grasping the Captain's hand, and warmly.

"Britisher, I congratulate you! The boy lives, and his wife too; and a nobler couple or one with more real downright grit you will search for in vain throughout this State! Look at me—nothing very substantial just at present; but that there is anything due to them. When the plague struck us and we were scared almost out of our existence, they went to work to fight it. Nothing tired, nothing daunted them. There are few people in Descato to-day who do not owe their lives to them. Then, when the work was done, the lad fell sick."

"Hiram," he said to me, "don't get frightened, but it had seized me at last. Promise, if I should go under, to look after Hester, and send her safely back to the old country." It was a near thing, gentleman—a very near thing," Hiram continued sentimentally; "and nothing but that woman's devotion pulled him through. I never saw anything like it. Even when matters were at their worst and we all

thought the poor young fellow was slipping through our fingers, she still showed a brave countenance, though her heart must have been like a stone. And how tenderly she nursed him, never murmuring, never thinking about rest! For weeks she literally lived in that sick-room, and it was impossible to keep her out! I don't know much about angels," the worthy Hiram concluded, "but, if that woman ain't a true angel of mercy, then I'm mighty out in my reckoning—that's all!"

Don and Hester—somehow I had already begun to think of her as "Hester"—were located in the upper part of the building. Our host disappeared for a few minutes, and, on returning to lead us up-stairs, whispered—

"Remember, our patient is very weak still. You must prepare yourselves for a great change."

Truly he was altered, the handsome stalwart man whom we had known in the glory of his strength. He was reclining in a large comfortable easy-chair, and looked what indeed he was—a man snatched from the very jaws of death.

The Captain tottered across the room; in this supreme moment his fictitious strength deserted him, and, with a sob drawn from his very heart, he cried, "Don, my boy!" and then burst into a flood of tears.

In that one brief moment all the pride and bitterness of the past were swept away. There was no need for questionings or explanations, all was understood and forgiven in the silent but mighty language of the heart. Presently he raised his eyes from Donald's face and gazed uneasily round the room.

"Where is she?" he whispered; and, almost as if in answer to his question, Hester Provis came into the chamber—a tall magnificent woman, with a grand oval face framed in black silken hair, and with large eyes dark as sloes.

Captain Provis rose to meet her.

"My dear," he said gently—and his voice shook, a little with emotion—"I have been very cruel and unjust; will you forgive me? Will you pardon an old man's pride and prejudice, and come to me as my daughter?"

She gave him her hand, and in a soft caressing tone she answered—

"There is nothing to forgive. You did not know me, and we—perhaps we should not have acted so; but then I loved him very dearly, and life without Donald would have been a dreary thing. And now let us say no more, but let me try to prove in the years to come that Donald did not make an unworthy choice."

We are in England now; our boy has recovered his former strength; and sometimes in the evening, when the Captain and I sit down to commence a friendly contest over the chess board, a tall beautiful woman will peep in, while a wee toddler crosses the floor to look at grandfather's pretty men and hold up his innocent face for a good-night kiss. We never revert to our hurried journey across the Atlantic, but I know sometimes, when there is a knock at the door, my old friend thinks of that terrible night when Hester's telegram reached his hands.

THE SALEM LEK.

THAT the life of the Sultan is monotonous to the last degree, is known to most people; and when you think that he leaves his palace once a week for but three-quarters of an hour, and always with the same object—namely, a state ceremony, even that ceases after a while to be any change for him. It is considered the orthodox thing for each Sultan when he comes to the throne to build a palace for himself.

The present sovereign, Hamid II., has built a nice but unpretentious one on a hill behind Bechtische, about a mile and a half from Pera. All the roads over which His Majesty is ever likely to pass are kept in fairly decent repair; the others must be seen and felt; description fails to picture the ruts, holes, boulders, stones, and crevices that you encounter in going along the roads and streets of Constantinople. If it rains heavily for twenty minutes, you have seas and lakes of mud, to pass over which is almost an impossibility. The road leading up to Yeldiz, however, is delightful to ride on; everything here is "fair to sea." Before you arrive at the palace, you come to the Mosque of Yeldiz, where the Sultan goes to service every Friday.

Exactly opposite the mosque is the Pavilion, a house which belongs to His Majesty, where visitors go to witness the "Salemlek, or Sultan going to mosque."

To get a good view of all that takes place, you must be at the Pavilion two hours before the time the Sultan appears, for the windows get very quickly appropriated.

Every Friday there are from eight to ten thousand soldiers stationed round the mosque, guarding all the approaches. Among such a number of men, you can imagine the variety of uniforms. In one regiment the soldiers wore blue uniforms, with, of course, the universal red fez; they carried small red and white pennants, and all the horses were white. Another regiment had the same uniform and pennant, only the horses were black.

The sailors wear a pretty dress in summer, consisting of white cotton suits, with blue cuffs and collars, a bright red sash round their waists, and the red fez. They look nice and cool. In winter, blue clothes are substituted for the white ones. There are always eight or ten bands present, generally two or three playing at a time. Some of them are very good; but, as a nation, you cannot say the Turks are musical; and after our military music a Turkish band is not a treat.

The procession of the Sultan consists, firstly, of the ministers and high officers of State walking slowly two and two; then comes His Majesty, driving in a gorgeous carriage, dark red in color, but with a great deal of gold about it, drawn by a pair of magnificent Arab horses.

The coachman also was richly apparelled. Seated in the carriage opposite to the Sultan was the (then) Grand Vizier, Osman Pasha. After the carriage came more officers and soldiers. At the gate of the mosque, the ministers form two lines, when the Sultan drives between them up to the door of the mosque, bowing right and left to every one. As he approaches the mosque, a priest on the minaret calls the Faithful to prayer; and, among other things, he cries to the Sultan: "Oh, you think yourself a great man; but know that there is one greater than you, one Allah." As the bands are playing and the bands are playing and the troops shouting a Turkish "hurrah"—which is done according to command, not spontaneously or heartily—very little of this reproach is heard. I had a good look at His Majesty. He had an anxious, sad expression, and looked quite twelve years older than his age. After remaining about twenty or thirty minutes in the mosque, he reappears; and sometimes he holds review, when the ten thousand soldiers pass before him.

He never returns to the palace in the same carriage as he came; his riding-horse and an elegant park phaeton are waiting, and he chooses whether he rides or drives himself home. If he drives, the Pashas ride round his carriage. If he rides, every one else walks; nobody does the same as the Sultan. When I saw him he was not in uniform. He looked like any ordinary gentleman, only he wore the fez. Sometimes—perhaps once in six or seven weeks—he sends out at the last moment to say he is going to another mosque—one situated on the Bechtische Road—then soldiers, visitors, etc., have to scamper down hill as fast as they can, to be ready to receive His Majesty. Here the ceremony loses much of its grandeur and importance, owing to the locality and want of space round that mosque. For over thirteen years, the present Sultan has never missed to appear one single Friday to his subjects. If he did not show himself, they would think something was wrong.

The same state and ceremony take place year after year, till I should say that both men and horses can go through their duties blindfold.

DUCKS AND WINKLES IN FORMOSA.—The ingenuity of Chinese methods of fishing is well known. The British Consul at Tamsui, in Formosa, describes a method of fishing there for small winkles which are required in large quantities for feeding the thousands of ducks that are bred there artificially. A crowd of boats may always be seen at flood tide, each with one man in it, who is constantly engaged in hauling up his peculiar net, discharging its contents into his boat, and then pitching the net out again. A large stone carries the net to the bottom; and it is so nicely arranged and balanced as to cause the net to stand on the bottom of the river at the most convenient angle for the reception of the winkles, which are swept into it by the tide. The Consul also describes the artificial duck-hatching above mentioned, which is a great feature in the local native industries. A long low shed is built, mostly of wattle and mud, with a thick thatched roof. Along the inside walls are arranged rough troughs, which are filled up with grain and roasted paddy-husk, on which the eggs are placed as fast as they are laid. In the summer no particular precautions are taken, but in the winter the eggs are covered over with quilted coverlets; and far more care is taken to exclude cold draughts than is ever dreamed of in a native dwelling-house. The grain,

which is sprinkled with a little warm water, sets up fermentation, and that, with the help of the warm paddy-husk, which is continually being changed, hatches the eggs in about thirty days. By this simple and inexpensive process the breeder is enabled to sell young ducklings at about one penny each. Many flocks of ducks, averaging five hundred to the flock, can always be seen up river at low tide, feeding on the mud banks, and attended by a man in a small boat, who occasionally feeds them with some of the winkle, and guides them about from place to place by his voice and by the movements of his boat.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

The falling off in the value of common horses is largely explained by the fact that, as their places have been taken by electricity and the cable of street cars the demand has been much curtailed. The life of a car-horse, as is well known, is very short, about 18 months of regular service, and while they were in general use the demand for animals available for that kind of work was always steady, and therefore, the price of them was kept up.

Labor questions in Russia are decided by a judicial process of even-handed justice between employer and employed. In the case of a strike, the party who has broken the labor contract is imprisoned. If an employer finds it necessary to reduce the rate of wages or to dismiss a large number of his workmen, he sends private information beforehand to the governor and factory inspector, who endeavor to find employment for the discharged workmen.

A foreign military paper gives the rate of suicides in the German army as 6.33 per 10,000; in the French army as 3.33 per 10,000, and in the English army as 2.07. Suicides in the German army are said to be caused by the exaggerated sense of honor in the soldiers of that nation, the fear of punishment, and, lastly, ill treatment. The soldiers from Silesia and Prussian Saxony afford the largest number of suicides. It is noted that suicides are more common, both among civilians and soldiers, in Germany than in other European countries.

The South Carolina Presbytery at a recent meeting received into its membership, after examination, Rev. D. James Woodrow who has been under a cloud for some time on account of certain views about the descent of man which he is supposed to have entertained. He was asked if he believed the Holy Scriptures contained the Word of God, and he answered that he did. Further: "Do you believe that Moses wrote the Pentateuch?" "Most of it, sir." "What portion do you think he did not write?" "The account of his own death."

The vineyards of Europe cover 22,973,902 acres. Italy comes first with 8,575,000 acres, followed by France with 4,592,500, Spain with 4,012,500, Austria and Hungary with 1,637,500 and Germany with 300,000 acres. The annual average production of the European vineyards is put at 2,652,300,000 gallons: Italy producing (in round numbers) 697,000,000 gallons, France and Spain 608,000,000 each, Austria-Hungary 208,000,000 and Germany 51,000,000 gallons. Spain exports most wine (200,000,000 gallons), but it is chiefly of a common kind.

The insect foes of the farmers are to be experimentally studied in a new department of the Pasteur Institute in Paris, with a view to better protection against them. Attention will be given to the collection and cultivation of all the pathogenic microbes of insects and animals destructive to crops, to the study of the conditions of development of these microbes, to the direction of field experiments and to the control of practical applications of the results. A committee of specialists will consider the best means of applying these results to the benefit of agriculture.

In the meat shops of towns in New Mexico and Arizona the visitor from the East is apt to notice that the dressed carcasses of sheep have a tuft of wool still attached to the head and the tail. This is left by the butcher to assure the customer that it is mutton and not goat flesh that he is buying, for in these Territories many flocks of goats are reared and pastured by the small Mexican ranchmen to be killed for food for the poorer natives. Roast or stewed kid, with chili pepper sauce, is an esteemed dinner dish at the tables of many well-to-do American and Spanish-American citizens.

"Stealing a type-writer," said a man who looks after the rental department of a large Eastern type-writer house, "is grand larceny and a State prison offence; yet this and the further fact that an immense number of these culprits have already been sent to penitentiaries in different States do not deter dozens of others every month from making like thefts. We have a standing list of from one to two hundred type-writers that have been stolen from our branch offices and agents in various sections of the country. Every type-writer has its own number, which cannot be effaced, and whenever we hear that a machine is missing we immediately communicate its number to our representatives in

this country and abroad, with instructions to seize the machine when found and to prosecute the person holding it. It is only a matter of time when any type writer will need adjusting and repairing and will be taken to a repairer, and then the thief is easily apprehended. Thus we actually lose few or no machines."

A recent writer in speaking of the decadence of old sects in this country said that "even the Quakers seem to be dying out." To this statement a remonstrance has appeared in which it is said: "If the Quakers seem to be scarcer than in former years it is not because there are fewer of them, but because they are giving up their peculiarities of dress and speech, and are less readily identified by these outward tokens. Conclusive evidence that it is merely the Quaker peculiarities that are dying out, and not the Friends themselves, appears in the statement made at the Friends' Congress at the Parliament of Religions held in Chicago last fall that in 1892 there were 85,000 Friends in America, as against 52,000 in 1860."

A SINGULAR PHENOMENON.—A singular phenomenon occurs on the borders of the Red Sea at a place called Nakous, where the intermittent underground sounds have been heard for an unknown number of centuries. It is situated at about half a mile's distance from the shore, whence a long reach of sand ascends rapidly to a height of almost 300 feet. This reach is eighty feet wide and resembles an amphitheatre, being railed in by low rocks. The sounds coming up from the ground at this place recur at intervals of about an hour. They at first resemble a little murmur, but before long there is heard a loud knocking, somewhat like the strokes of a bell, and which, at the end of five minutes, becomes so strong as to agitate the sand. The explanation of this curious phenomenon given by the Arabs is that there is a convent under the ground, and these are sounds of the bell which the monks ring for prayers. So they call it Nakous, which means a bell. The Arabs affirm that the noise so frightens their camels when they hear it as to render them furious. Scientists attribute the sounds to suppressed volcanic action—probably to the bubbling gas or vapors underground.

"Was there ever a love like ours?" he murmured. "Of course I can't judge your case," she cooed, "but with me the symptoms seem about as they have in my other attacks."

PATENTS

NOTICE TO INVENTORS.

There was never a time in the history of our country when the demand for inventions and improvements in the arts and sciences generally was so great as now. The conveniences of mankind in the factory and work-shop, the household, on the farm, and in official life, require continual accessions to the appurtenances and implements of each in order to save labor, time and expense. The political change in the administration of government does not affect the progress of the American inventor, who being on the alert, and ready to perceive the existing deficiencies, does not permit the affairs of government to deter him from quickly conceiving the remedy to overcome existing discrepancies. Too great care can not be exercised in choosing a competent and skillful attorney to prepare and prosecute an application for patent. Valuable interests have been lost and destroyed in innumerable instances by the employment of incompetent counsel, and especially is this advice applicable to those who adopt the "No patent, no pay" system. Inventors who entrust their business to this class of attorneys do so at imminent risk, as the breadth and strength of the patent is never considered in view of a quick endeavor to get an allowance and obtain the fee then due. THE PRESS CLAIMS COMPANY, John Wedderburn, General Manager, 618 F Street, N. W., Washington, D. C., representing a large number of important daily and weekly papers, as well as general periodicals of the country, was instituted to protect its patrons from the unsafe methods heretofore employed in this line of business. The said Company is prepared to take charge of all patent business entrusted to it for reasonable fees, and prepares and prosecutes applications generally, including mechanical inventions, design patents, trade-marks, labels, copyrights, interferences, infringements, validity reports, and gives especial attention to rejected cases. It is also prepared to enter into competition with any firm in securing foreign patents.

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Our Young Folks.

DICK'S SIMPLE PLAN.

BY A. L. DUDENEY.

"I'll take baby now, Pollie." Mrs. Clark gave a last flourish round with a duster as she spoke. "The room looks as bright as a new pin," she went on. "Friday ain't cleaning-day by rights, but my husband's going to take me and baby to Epping Forest to-morrow for an outing. You've never been in the country, have you, Pollie?"

"No, ma'am; but I've heard it's beautiful."

"I should think it is, child! It's just what you want to put a bit of color in your cheeks. Why, baby—bless him!—has gone to sleep!"

Pollie's arms were aching; they were weak, and the baby was heavy. Mrs. Clark put him in the cradle, while she took from her cupboard a plate of dainty looking custard. She gave it to Pollie with the remark—

"It looks beautiful. I made it on purpose for your mother, thinking she might fancy a bit. Take it down to her now."

"It's very kind of you, ma'am; but"—the child's eyes grew wistful—"mother don't seem to relish anything lately."

"Poor soul! She wants a change—from this."

As Mrs. Clark spoke she pointed towards the window, through which could be seen row after row of dirty, closely-packed houses, and, hanging heavily over them all, the thick smoke of London.

"Ponder's Court isn't a nice place to live in," she said, a little bitterly; "and your mother's country-born too, Pollie. No wonder she pines. If she could have a run to the country, now—or, what's better, the seaside—it would do her a world of good."

Pollie carried down the custard thoughtfully.

"Country," "seaside," were only words to her—whose home, so far back as she could remember, had been Ponder's Court; but she felt sure they were words which stood for something wonderful.

Pollie's mother rented two rooms in the house where Mrs. Clark lived. It was a house in Shoreditch, which is not a very pleasant part of London. She earned her living by making waistcoats for a tailor in the City. But though she worked very hard, she could only make one waistcoat a day, and she did not get paid much for that. Pollie, who was ten, earned a shilling a week by minding Mrs. Clark's baby after school hours. Her brother Dick, who was only eight, was too young to earn anything.

For a long time Pollie had noticed that her mother was slow over her work, and dreadfully tired when she had finished it. When the hot weather came she gave up going backwards and forwards to the shop in Cheapside, but sent Pollie to fetch the waistcoats instead.

"Something must be done," thought the little girl, as she saw her mother push kind Mrs. Clark's custard away without tasting it.

She talked the matter over in whispers with her brother Dick that evening, as they sat together on the doorstep.

"How can we get money enough to send mother away?" she said anxiously. "It would cost a lot, I expect. The shilling Mrs. Clark pays me goes towards coal. The lady who lives at the top of the house said she'd give me sixpence a week to run her errands. But it would take ever so many sixpences to give mother a holiday, even if I saved them up."

"We might save up. I could sell even- ing papers after school. I know a boy who made lots that way."

"But you are so small, Dick. And perhaps mother wouldn't like it."

"We need not tell her. I don't think that would be wrong, do you?"

It was a tiresome point. The children could not decide it. They sat silent on the step for a minute or two, until Dick jumped up and startled his sister.

"I've got it!" he said excitedly, and his eyes were dancing with delight and mischief. "I've thought of a way to send mother to the seaside!"

"How?"

Pollie's eyes were shining too.

But Dick grew mysterious.

"You'll see," he said, "to-morrow. I'll take you and show you."

"What?"

"The way: that's all. You wait."

And with this Pollie had to be content. Next day was Saturday, and a holiday

from school. The children left Ponder's Court quite early, and trudged along the broad, busy road which leads from Shoreditch to the City.

"There!" said Dick triumphantly, stopping at last before an advertisement board- ing. "Didn't I tell you I'd found a way? Look at that picture!"

Pollie looked where her brother pointed. She saw a big steamship on a blue sea, and above and below she read these words:—

"Excursion—Sea Trip to Harwich. Apply at the offices of the East Coast Steamship Company, Fenchurch Street." (This last was printed in smaller letters.)

"But that doesn't help us."

"Doesn't it?" Dick pointed to the word

"apply." "That means ask," he explained.

"It means pay," contradicted Pollie

sadly. "Oh! Dick dear!"—she was almost

crying—"we've come all this way for no-

thing. And I might have been helping

mother clean the rooms out!"

"Apply means ask," persisted Dick.

"If they meant 'pay,' they'd say so. Come

on to Fenchurch Street, and see who is

right!"

And Pollie went, though she felt that

mother's chance of a holiday was as far

away as ever.

When they found the offices, the splen-

dor of the building frightened her. She

wanted to turn back, but as Dick marched

on quite boldly, she followed—through a

mahogany swing door, up flights of stone

stairs, and into a room with a long polished

counter, behind which sat some gentle-

men.

"If you please, sir," said Dick, catching

the eye of one, and coming at once to the

point, "will you give me a ticket for mo-

ther to go to the seaside? And please will

you tell me what time the boat starts?"

"Wait a minute, little man. Did mother

give you the money for the ticket?"

"No, sir."

Dick's face fell.

"Oh, if you please, sir," faltered Pollie,

"I knew it must be wrong. We're very

sorry—aren't we, Dick?—and we'll go

away at once. We should never come,

only mother wants a change so bad, and

we thought—"

"That she might go to Harwich for the

asking?"

"Yes, if you please, sir."

Pollie was about to run away, dragging

Dick with her, but at that moment another

gentleman came from an inner room, and

on being told the story, talked to her and

her brother very kindly, and ended by

giving them three tickets for the sea trip.

"I was right, after all," said Dick, as

they went downstairs.

"Only half, Dick dear," said his sister.

They hurried home in high glee. When

they burst into the room where their

mother sat, the wonder was that she looked

quite bright and happy, as though—which

was clearly impossible—she already knew

of the treat in store for her.

When the children gave her the tickets

and told her what they had done, she

kissed them both; and then she cried a

little, though she did not seem to be sorry

about anything.

"A sea trip will be a great treat," she

said.

"And will it make you well?" asked

Pollie anxiously.

"It will help to," laughed her mother.

She seemed such a bright, happy mother

that day.

"I have very good news for you," she

went on. "A lady has been to see me to-

day. Once, a long time ago, I was her

servant. She wants some one to take care

of a cottage in the country, and has offered

me the situation. I shall get quite well."

And so she did; for it was nothing but

the stuffiness of Ponder's Court and the

toil of stitching at waistcoats which had

made her ill.

The trip to Harwich, you may be sure,

they all enjoyed very much. And when

last I heard of them they were settled in a

dear little cottage, and Pollie and Dick

were learning about birds and bees and

flowers, and many other delightful things,

of which they had never even heard while

they were living in Shoreditch.

PRECIOUS STONES.

Buying jewels is as hazardous as buy- ing horses, and could anything possibly be more risky than the latter? White sap- phires have occasionally been sold as dia- monds, and as a proof that white topaz may easily be confused with them, one has only to recall the fact that the largest diamond in the world, the Braganza, be- longing to the Crown of Portugal, and valued at fifty-eight millions sterling, is by many considered to be only a topaz. Carbon, in a pure crystallized state, is in every color of the rainbow, red, orange, green, blue and even black, and occasion- ally the colored are as valuable as a bril- liant of the same size. The jewels next in hardness to the diamond are the sapphire and the ruby, called by experts corun- dum, or crystallized clay. Blue corundum is called sapphire; red, ruby; green, oriental emerald; orange, oriental topaz; and violet, oriental amethyst. The word oriental distinguishes these from real emerald, topaz and amethyst, which are distinct minerals.

The largest and most famous ruby in the world forms part of the Imperial State Crown made for Queen Victoria in 1838. It is believed that this ruby was worn in front of the helmet of Henry V at Agin- court. The most precious sapphires and rubies, when cut and polished, show rays from the centre to the sides, in the form of a six-pointed star. On this account they are called star sapphires or rubies. It is difficult to produce a gem upon these stones on account of their exceeding hard- ness, but there are a few good intaglios and cameos extant in both; one, a cameo of Cupid, by Isler, on a sapphire; another, a front face cameo of Diana on a ruby, by Piastucci. Topaz is the next jewel in de- gree of hardness. It consists of about half clay, one-third flint and the rest fluorine acid. The best are yellow, with sometimes a greenish tinge. Some found in Brazil are perfectly colorless, and are called "nova mina" diamonds. They are more brilliant when polished than any jewel. There are a few blue topazes found—these are taken by the uninitiated for sapphires.

The emerald is supposed to be particu- larly lucky to those born in the month of May. She is also to be wealthy, and to possess an eloquent tongue. The cat's-eye belongs to June, the ruby to July, the moonstone to August, the sapphire to Sep- tember, and the opal to October. The name may be regarded as a synonym for hope, in the belief of the ancients. The topaz is November's stone, and the turquoise December's. The humble garnet is Jan- uary's, and the pearl belongs to February, the jacinth to March, and diamonds to April. Strangely enough, this most mag- nificent and costly of jewels is known as the emblem of innocence, probably owing to the purity of its exquisite whiteness. Lapis lazuli, a peculiar stone, varying in shades from sky blue to dark blue, comes from various parts of Asia, and has usually specks of yellow or white iron pyrites, which some authorities believe to be gold or silver. The fine blue color for painting, called ultra-marine, is made from lapis lazuli by grinding it powder and purifying it from pyrites and other substances which are mixed with it in its natural state. The amethyst is the softest of the stones called jewels. It is crystallized flint, otherwise rock crystal, tinted in various shades of violet, this color being produced by iron and manganese. The cause of the unpopu- larity of amethyst for jewelry is that it loses its color at night. Moonstone is a sort of felspar. Cat's eyes of similar com- position and appearance, but darker in color, the light always being in a line, whence it derives its name, that of the moonstone, on the other hand, diffused. This curious stone is popularly supposed to bring good luck to the wearer. It looks best when set in diamonds. Beryl or aqua marina is first cousin to the emerald in nature and composition, though rather harder. Its color is bluish or sea-green, and it is often set in cheap jewelry with a green foil behind it to look like emerald. The chrysoberyl is sister to the beryl, but has more yellow in the green. Another beautiful stone which resembles both is called chrysolite, a pure lucid green char- acterizing it. Peridot is another name for chrysolite. This mineral is harder than glass, but less hard than quartz. It is often transparent, but sometimes only translucent. Olivine is a variety of this stone in a bottle-green color. Jacinth re- sembles garnet, through lighter in color and with more of a golden-brown tint in the red, which may almost be defined as orange. Tourmaline is a mineral in brown, blue, green and red varieties, the two latter being much esteemed in jew- elry. Tourmaline is also black. When heated crystals of this stone exhibit elec- tric polarity.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

Artificial ice was first made in 1783. Wood pulp is used for adulterating yarn.

In New Zealand cats are used to de- stroy rabbits.

A Chinese newspaper has been started in New York.

Physicians' carriages have the right of way in Berlin.

Two thousand oil wells are in opera- tion in West Virginia.

In India a native may board comfort- ably for 6 cents a day.

The raw silk from Kansas cocoons is said to be the best in the world.

Japan sends to the United States nearly 40,000,000 pounds of tea annually.

Iceland, with 70,000 inhabitants, has as many papers as the Empire of China.

Danish lighthouses are supplied with oil to pump on the waves during a storm.

The total area of the coal fields in the world is estimated at 471,800 square miles.

In treaties with China the United States is called Mel kwo, the beautiful coun- try.

Two-thirds of the gold now in use in the world was discovered during the last 50 years.

Over 27,000 pounds weight of edible birds' nests are annually shipped from Java to China.

A camera especially adapted for the photography of meteors has been invented by a Boston artist.

Public shower baths have been largely adopted in Germany. They are said to be well patronized.

A radish 44 inches in length and 22 inches in circumference is on exhibition at Winter Haven, Fla.

Nearly 60,000 acres have been re- claimed in Ireland during the past year from bog and marsh lands.

Since 1840, 37 vessels, of which a part of the name was "The City of," have been wrecked or lost.

The Chinese, Japanese, Malays, Si- amese, New Zealanders and North American Indians are beardless.

A retired naval officer has invented a rifle which is capable of firing two kinds of explosive bullets at once.

A devilfish having a mouth with a lat- eral spread of over five feet was recently captured in the Gulf of Mexico.

In a Western village the church col- lection is taken up in a bag at the end of a pole, with a bell attached to arouse sleepers.

A square Scandinavian copper coin, struck in the sixteenth century, is nearly half an inch thick and weighs a pound and a quarter.

Japanese doctors never present bills to their patients. They await the latter's in- clination to pay, and then accept whatever sum is offered.

The smallest people in the world are the natives of the Andaman Islands. The average height is four feet, and their weight about 70 pounds.

Hot milk is a regular recognized drink in some of the German cafes. It is served in a cup with a saucer, and two lumps of sugar always accompany it.

Since our annexation of Alaska the habit of getting drunk has, unhappily, in- creased among the natives, both along the seaboard and further inland.

Sea-bathing causes many diseases of the ear. A medical authority advises that cotton should be put in the ear when it is the intention to submerge the head.

The edible dogs of China are known by their bluish-black tongues. They never bark and are very taciturn. Four million and a half are slaughtered annually.

Stringent efforts are being made to re- forest Switzerland. More than 40,000,000 young trees, it is officially reported, have been planted in that country in the last seven years.

Cremation, which was the regular mode of disposing of the dead among the an- cient Romans, has had a revival in popular favor in modern Italy, where there are now 22 crematories.

A bluebook has recently been issued in which is summed up the statistics of ghost- seeing. Of 17,000 persons questioned, 1634 as- serted that they had seen ghosts at different periods in their lives.

In Italy there are more theatres in proportion to the population than in any other country, there being in Catania one to every 2800 inhabitants. In London there is one theatre to every 145,000 inhabitants.

In France the Government, fearing that enemies or foreigners may use the car- rier-pigeon for carrying secret information, has passed a law by which those who keep pigeons without license shall be punished. The carrier-pigeon is every day growing more and more important.

ONE SUMMER EVE.

BY ST. GERMAIN.

Doest thou remember how, one Summer eve,
We sat together in the old church porch,
A time to make the lightest hearted grieve,
Thinking on life, and Death's inverted torch?
Before our eyes the grassy hillocks spread,
Swathed down with osiers, where, in peace
and rest,
The tillers of the soil slept sound beneath,
With wife and child together on earth's
breast.
Then, silently, did I my bones bequeath
Unto that quiet home. Hear my bequest:
And, if I go before thee, lay me there,
Where thou wilt pass me as thou goest to
prayer.

OF FOSSIL MEN.

The Drift period followed the Glacial age. Before the Glacial age the temperature of Northern Europe was much higher than now. The great forests locked in ice in Greenland and the fossil vegetation in Iceland and Spitzbergen bear witness to a warmer climate than has been known there within historic times. From unknown causes the Glacial period set in.

The Glaciers ran down into central and Southern Europe and over a part of North America. At the end of the Glacial age a rainy period followed. The rivers worked out the valleys. There were great floods, and in Belgium the waters rose four hundred feet above the present level. The debris was carried down into the valleys and deposited in what is known as the river gravel. It is in this gravel-bed that we have the first positive evidence of the presence of man.

The paleocœmic men have been divided into different races. The grounds of the division are the skeletons, the character of the implements, the different strata in which the human remains sometimes appear and the predominance of different species of animals. The division cannot claim to be anything more than probable. Less than fifty skulls and considerable parts of skulls and less than a dozen complete skeletons have been found. The races in their leading types appear successively in Europe, but were for a considerable portion of the time contemporaneous.

The earliest race was the Canstadt. The celebrated Neanderthal skull belonged to this race. Two skeletons found in the grotto of Spy in Belgium are the last known specimens. Their appearance is thus described by Dawson: "The head long but low, with projecting eyebrows and receding forehead, a somewhat large brain case, high and wide cheekbones, massive jaws, and receding chin."

It was a savage face. They were about five feet, seven inches in height. Their bones were thick, with marked protuberances for strong muscular attachment, and they were, therefore, very robust and athletic. They were hunters, and left few traces of settled dwelling places. At one time they probably occupied nearly the whole of Europe.

The second race in Europe was the Cro Magnon. Dawson pronounces them contemporaries of the Canstadts, but their local successors. They may have absorbed the Canstadts; at least they survived that race many years. At Grenelle the Cro Magnons are found in a stratum above the Canstadts. They fed upon the bear, the mammoth, and, to some extent, the hyena and lion, but their chief food was the horse and auroch. Only the feeble, such as old men, women and children, when left alone, stooped to take birds and small animals.

We have several skeletons, besides a number of skulls and isolated bones, from this race. The bones of three men, a woman, and a child were found near Les Eyzies in the valley of Vézère. The famous Engis skull is Cro Magnon. The race was tall and robust. The men were from five feet ten to six feet in height, and their bones were thick and strong. They had large foreheads and aquiline

noses. The brain cavity was larger than the average European of to-day.

The Canstadt race are the oldest men known to geology. They were savages, but they were men. They have been called simian and brutal, yet they are very far above the highest known ape. In Haeckel's human tree the two parts next to man are unknown. Huxley has said that "to deny the gap would be as reprehensible as absurd." The Neanderthal skull is called by Huxley the most brutal known, but it is a human skull, with a brain capacity equal to that of the Malays. The Canstadt type of skull reappears not unfrequently in our own race. Quatrefages says Robert Bruce's belonged to it.

The geologic period of palæolithic men has been determined, but the chronological age remains unsettled. It is certain that the river gravel man in Europe was not the first man. There are scientific as well as historic reasons for believing that man originated in Asia. When he came to Europe is unknown. Quatrefages avows his belief in pliocene man. But Dawson examined on the ground the facts upon which the opinion as to pliocene and miocene men is based, and says positively that the human implements and bones in the pliocene strata are due to landslides. According to the belief of a large majority of scientific men, man does not appear in geology earlier than the latest tertiary.

The probable age of the gravel beds has been estimated from 9,000,000 years down as low as 20,000. Tylor says of these estimates, "They were guesses made when there was no scale to reckon time by." Dawson does not hesitate to express belief in a period that will harmonize with the Biblical history.

Scientific men of established character have recently said that the close of the glacial period may not have been more than six or seven thousand years ago. There is evidence that the peat beds formed much more rapidly than has been usually estimated (three feet, instead of one inch, per century), and Tylor assures us that the two gravel beds were formed at the same time.

So far as has yet been established in regard to fossil men we have no reason for giving up our Biblical history.

Grains of Gold.

The best remedy for worry is trust.
Hope is the twin brother of happiness.
To a small soul a dollar always looks big.

Never break any promise you make to a child.

As long as a sin can hide its head it feels safe.

It isn't the biggest tree that bears the best fruit.

Borrowers of trouble never have to go far to get it.

We cannot sow bad seed and reap a good harvest.

There is no deception so dangerous as self-deception.

When we fail to justify ourselves, we lose our self-respect.

One man living a godly life will make many others want to.

The man who lives only to please himself has a hard master.

The blossoms may smell sweet and yet the fruit be very bitter.

There are men who help the world a great deal when they get out of it.

Men are made rich, not by what the world can give, but by what it can't take away.

Treasure laid up in heaven don't stop drawing interest when the bank down here breaks.

There is no use in trying to reason with people who are governed by impulse or appetite.

Be not righteous overmuch, lest you use up the supply of a lifetime in a single season, and have not sufficient left to leaven the rest of your years.

A dead man can drift down stream, but it takes a live man to pull against it. That is the time that tries a man's soul—when the tide is against him.

Femininities.

Japanese women are almost wholly vegetarians.

Rose-leaf jam is a common dish in Roumania, where roses are grown by the million.

Miss Susan B. Anthony's next birthday (her 75th, and she doesn't care who knows it) falls February 15th next.

Miss Sherman, the Senator's only (and adopted) daughter, is to be married to a young Washington man next month.

Remember that if the opportunities for great deeds should never come, the opportunity for good deeds is renewed for you day by day.

Miss Gould, of London, is England's only female recruiting sergeant. She works among young thieves and the very poor, and has done much good.

In Dutch Guiana the women carry upon their person all the family savings, in the shape of heavy bracelets, anklets, necklaces, and even crowns of gold and silver.

Archduchess Elizabeth, daughter of the Crown Prince of Austria, is said to own the smallest dog in the world. It weighs about half a pound, and is seven inches long and seven inches high.

At some of the Queen's dinner parties a quaint custom is kept up. As each course is placed on the table one of the clerks of the kitchen solemnly announces in loud tones the name of the cook who prepared it.

In Holland the peasant girl who is without a beau at fair time hires a young man for the occasion. As good dancers command a high price, two maidens sometimes club together to employ the same swain.

Mrs. Nurich: "How is my daughter making out in her art studies?" Artist: "Very well; only she lays the colors on too thick." Mrs. Nurich: "That's all right; her father can afford to let her have all the paint she wants."

In Switzerland girls on arriving at the age of fourteen are regularly employed as porters, and during the season in that country may be seen daily carrying the baggage of travelers up and down the steep mountain paths.

Down in Atlanta they say that Miss Ellen Dorch, who did active work for Governor-elect Atkinson, is to become his private secretary, a position which, in Georgia, carries with it a Major's commission. Miss Major Dorch is the comely editor of a weekly paper.

Miss Wrede is Finland's prison angel. For the past 12 years she has visited every prison and every prisoner in Finland at least once a year, and many of the most hardened criminals have been reclaimed to useful lives through her efforts. Her mission absorbs her entire time.

The costliest fur in the markets of the world is that of the sea otter, and it is year by year becoming more expensive. At the London spring sales of the present year one of these beautiful skins brought \$1050; and yet the size of it was only about six feet long by two feet wide.

A New York landlady, finding two of her tenants undrestable, asked them to leave. This they refused to do, and, as she had found dispossession proceedings too expensive in the past, she got three pans of sulphur which she set on fire in the room beneath. In less than an hour the two boarders left.

A story is told of a wealthy but parsimonious woman who was not easily affected by the appearance of misery. Being informed that a hungry beggar was eating grass in the front of the house, she exclaimed: "Poor man; take him to the back yard and let him eat the grass there. It grows higher."

A German professor urges the encouragement of the habit of making stamp collections, on the ground that it develops the color sense, teaches children to observe minute differences, and makes them familiar with the names of various countries, thus stimulating their interest in geography.

The strangest market in the world takes place every year in Teltow, Germany. It is called the marriage market, and deserves its name. All the young men and girls of the surrounding towns and villages come to Teltow, and dances, as well as other amusements, are arranged. Match-makers are very busy in that week, and numerous engagements are the result.

Dr. Douglass Hogg, of Paris, recently requested in the columns of a Paris paper the opinions of medical men as to whether bicycling was healthy or injurious to women. He has received 45 answers to his question from distinguished English, French and other physicians. Of these 36 approve the exercise, if practiced in moderation, three recommend it under certain conditions, while nine are totally opposed to bicycling for women.

Rather a neat thing in the way of advertising was recently done by the publishers of a German novel. They caused to be inserted in most of the newspapers a notice to the effect that a certain nobleman of wealth and high position, desirous of finding a wife, wanted one who resembled the heroine in the novel named. Thereupon every marriageable woman who saw the notice bought the book to see what the heroine was like, and the work had an immense sale.

Masculinities.

Doctors state that after the age of 50 the brain loses weight.

The hardest work any man can undertake is to try to manage himself.

The standing army of Hawaii consists of 64 men, 3 of whom are generals.

There are signs of the revival of the old fashioned silhouette as a society fad.

All kinds of fish, except the cheaper sorts eaten by the poor, are taxed for revenue in France.

King Oscar of Sweden has composed a new symphony, and will oversee its performance.

There is a man living at Stillwater, Minn., who has not worn a hat for 40 years, winter or summer.

Cincinnati has started a barber school for girls, where a free hair cut and a shave can be had for the asking.

We love to expect, and when expectation is either disappointed or gratified we want to be again expecting.

In Turkey the house a man lives in cannot be seized for debt, and sufficient land must be left to serve to support him.

Mr. Bayard has remarked publicly that he did not, during his whole sojourn in England, hear a story that would offend the most delicate ear.

Commander-in-Chief Yamataga, of the Japanese army, is of very humble origin. His father belonged to the lowest of the Samurai castes in Japan.

The Prince of Wales takes interest in all kinds of machinery, and has recently ministered to his taste by installing a Remington typewriter in Marlborough House.

Lord Rosebery, the English Premier, is said to be one of the most reserved men who ever lived. He takes few men into his confidence, perhaps none completely.

Judges in Morocco receive either no pay at all or not enough to live on, so that justice is not administered, but sold. He who is most liberal to the judge always wins his cause.

England has the advantage of us in safety of railroad travel. In 1903 not a single passenger of the 40,000,000 conveyed during the first six months of the year was killed while on the trains.

The sending of a message and reply between Manchester, England, and Victoria, British Columbia, recently, occupied only 90 seconds. The total distance by wire, out and return, is 18,000 miles.

Every Japanese barrack has a gymnasium, and the Japanese soldiers rank among the best gymnasts in the world. In half a minute they can scale a fourteen-foot wall by simply bounding on each other's shoulders, one man supporting two or three others.

To repress drunkenness the Governor of St. Petersburg has just ordered that the names and addresses of all persons found intoxicated in the streets, regardless of rank or sex, shall be posted in certain public places in the city and also printed in the Official Gazette.

A peculiarity of the blind is that there is seldom one of them who smokes. Soldiers and sailors accustomed to smoking, and who have lost their sight in action, continue to smoke for a short while, but soon give up the habit. They say it gives them no pleasure when they cannot see the smoke.

Binkerton: "How does Radstock come to get so many invitations for evening parties?"

Pilgric: "Well, you know, a man who can stimulate the flow of conversation is always a welcome guest."

Binkerton: "But Radstock is no talker."

Pilgric: "He doesn't talk himself—he sings."

Botanists have found that names which have no relation to the characters of the plants they bear are less likely to mislead than those which have connection, and hence it is a custom to give the names of new plants to the discoverers, or in honor of some individual. Professor Ed. Greene, notes that 125 American genera commemorate American citizens. Washington and Jefferson are in the list.

A Scotch nobleman, seeing an old gardener of his establishment with a very old, patched, though not ragged coat, made some passing remarks on its condition. "It's a verger gold coat," said the honest old man. "I cannot agree with you there," said his lordship. "Ay, it's just a verger gold coat," persisted the old man; "it covers a contented spirit, and a body that owes no man anything; and that's mair than mony a man can say o' their coat."

The Chautauquan says: "Absinthe is the customary drink before dinner of fully one-third of the adult population of Paris. Taken to excess, that is, habitually four or five glasses a day, there is probably no more brain destroying liquor in the world. Few, however, go beyond one glass, and this does not seem to do any harm. In fact, the French as a whole are a remarkably temperate nation, and it is a very rare thing to see an intoxicated man who is not a foreigner."

LATEST FASHION PHASES.

Of course those interested in fashions of dress are also interested in dress ornamentation of which jewelry is a part. Under this head may be classed the latest novelty produced by the Parisian jewelers—namely, an unconventional scroll arrangement, through which is drawn the wide velvet necklet that obtains so largely nowadays, either as a finish to a high bodice or as a separate ornament for the neck when the bodice is low. The scroll in question is in point of fact a modification of the Czarina buckle worn last winter, only it encircles the folds of material instead of lying on them. I have seen two varieties; in the one the scroll is formed by the lithe bodies of two serpents with gems in their heads; in the other the stems of two jeweled flowers are twisted so as to compose a compressed spiral, the flowers, like the heads of the reptiles, composing the motif in the centre of the necklet. Of course, it is a jewel of price only within reach of the minority.

The collar form of necklace is the one that fashion favors most this season, and the riviera must be no larger than the exact size of the throat and fit it exactly.

Jeweled ornaments for the hair often assume the form of an aigrette, such as a couple of quill feathers fastened by a floating ribbon, or two olive leaves with berries, executed in clustered diamonds. Some pretty jeweled clasps are made to secure the ostrich plumes worn for court dress, brilliants mounted on the tips of the finest platinum wires mixing with the feathers. This method of mounting is carried out with single brilliants of great size and beauty; these solitaires trembling in mid air above the coils of hair have a beautiful effect.

Small pearl and diamond buckles are made oblong, circular, oval and heart-shaped. There is quite a furore for these little trinkets, which will be introduced into the trimming of dresses this year to make glistening centres for bows and rosettes, and to fasten the draperies of a low bodice, while larger ones are provided for gathering up the folds of skirts.

Never was fashion more general than that of the pin inserted at the waist to keep bodice and skirt in place. It is worn by all, elegantes choosing it, of course, in gold. There is really nothing to distinguish a gold pin from one of ordinary metal, which is somewhat hurtful to the feelings of those who are not content with being extravagant without reason, so that the addition of a polished stone inserted in the bar of the pin is a decided advantage for all parties. In some cases simplicity may be carried too far.

In respect to watches this fault certainly does not exist. The small jeweled timepieces worn suspended to a pin, fastened to the bodices of the dresses, are often gems of beautiful workmanship. Numbers of these exquisite trinkets are to be seen everywhere. Enameling figures largely in their decoration. The backs of some of the Louis XV. watches are Dubarry pink or Sèvres blue, framed in a circle of diamonds or pearls, little touches of the same color reappearing in the true lover's knot, which forms the brooch to which they are suspended.

Crimson and dark blue enamel shaded, so as to imitate flutings of satin, has a very pretty effect. The globular form of watch, a ball with a slice cut off where the face is inserted, is the dernier cri; this, too, will be enameled in delicate or rich tones. It suits the Renaissance style of ornament best, and therefore, the pin will have a handsome scroll instead of a bow. There are other conceits, thumb-nail watches inserted in lozenge-shaped cases, semi-spherical watches suspended to a short hinged chain, that have somewhat the appearance of miniature banjos, studded with small diamonds on a background of enamel. Of course it is preferable that the watch and pin should be designed one for the other, but brooches are provided with a ring and swivel, to which any small gold watch may be attached, and if the watch is not quite small it is better to wear it hung at the waist by a hook—a style which has come in again. Jewelers are showing some very handsome and jeweled hooks, often in the form of a twisted serpent, which will do duty for a watch or a fan.

Black steel watches are now made as small and as dainty as gold ones, and for wearing out of doors they are certainly more appropriate. The pin to which they are suspended is also in black steel, and both may be ornamented with diamonds. Innumerable trinkets and knick-knacks are made of this steel—pins, brooches, skirt buttons, sleeve-links, and the heads of the pins, portemonnaies, cardcases, and

match boxes, the sheaths of pocket knives, button hooks, mustache combs, and cigar cutters, cigarette and cigar cases, tablets, pocket mirrors, and powder boxes, the tops of vinaigrettes, and the handles of umbrellas, parasols, and sticks, cigarette and cigar holders with amber mouthpieces, and chain purses. A favorite way of decorating black steel is to stud the smooth surface with tiny diamond points or with little stars. Whatever style or decoration is adopted, it is generally carried out in diamonds. The effect may be a little funereal, but has the advantage of novelty.

Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

Potatoes à la Holland.—Cut cold boiled potatoes into dice. Make one pint of rich cream sauce. Put a pint of milk in a double boiler, rub two heaping tablespoonfuls of flour and two of butter to a cream, add a little of the boiling milk and stir this until smooth; turn into the milk and boil till thick, season with salt and a dash of cayenne. Put a layer of the sauce in a baking dish, then a layer of potatoes, sprinkled with a little minced parsley. (A tablespoonful will be enough for a pint of sauce). Then another layer of sauce and so on, till all is used. Cover the top thickly with grated cheese and bits of butter. Bake in the oven till a nice brown.

Salt Rising Bread.—The day before baking, put into a quart bowl or jar one tablespoonful of sugar, one teaspoonful of salt, one pint of warm milk, and flour to make a stiff batter. Set in a kettle or pail of warm water and keep covered till the batter rises very light; then stir in a little flour and set the bowl in a cold place. In the morning, after standing in hot water, it will rise rapidly. Prepare a sponge of one quart of water or new milk, and just before adding the yeast, stir in a little soda. When very light, mould into loaves. It usually takes one hour for the loaves to become light. Bake in a moderate oven.

Jumbles.—One pound of butter, one pound of sugar, granulated or powdered, the juice and grated rind of two lemons, six eggs and flour enough to make a soft dough. Cream the butter and sugar, add the eggs well beaten, the rind and juice of the lemons and flour enough to mould them into shape with your hands but not enough to roll. Dip each one in cracked loaf sugar, drop a blanched almond on each, and press in the centre of the jumble. Great care must be taken to prevent burning while they are baking. The above quantity makes a large number of jumbles.

Handy Pudding.—Fill a well-greased pudding dish with fruit, fresh or canned; cover with a rich, sweetened, biscuit dough. Serve with or without cream or other sauce.

Some cooks never know just what to serve with different meats as a relish. Following is a table of things considered the proper caper: With roast beef, grated horseradish; roast mutton, currant jelly; boiled mutton, caper sauce; roast pork, apple sauce; boiled chicken, bread sauce; roast lamb, mint sauce; roast turkey, oyster sauce; venison or wild duck, black currant jelly; broiled fresh mackerel, sauce of stewed gooseberries; broiled bluefish, white cream sauce; broiled shad, boiled rice and salad; compote of pigeons, mushroom sauce.

If your furniture is dull and needs its lustre restored, try a polish made from two parts of raw linseed oil and one of turpentine. Mix thoroughly by shaking, apply a thin coat with a flannel cloth, and rub thoroughly and briskly with a dry cloth. This polish is used by furniture dealers.

Coffee pots on a damask cloth may be removed by a mixture of warm water, the yolk of an egg and a few drops of wine. After the application the cloth should be washed, when the stain will be found to have disappeared.

To prevent the juice from pies running over, thrust little funnels of white paper into the cuts on top, through which the steam may escape and the juice boil up, and run back into the pie again when it stops cooking.

A delightful novelty has been provided for the ginger ale bottle. This consists of a silver slab on a tankard, with a round hole in the middle, which the bottle just fills.

To remove ink spots from furniture wipe them with oxalic acid; let it stand for a few minutes, then rub well with a cloth wet with warm water.

Velvet that has become crushed may be restored by placing the lining side of the dress over a basin of hot water.

Tumblers that have contained milk should never be washed in hot water as it clouds the glass permanently.

Old putty on window frames may be removed by passing a red hot poker slowly over it.

Straw matting is best cleaned with a cloth wet with salt water. Wipe dry.

Onion water applied with a soft brush will keep flies off gilt frames.

Chloroform is excellent for carpet bugs.

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup is sold everywhere and it always cures coughs and colds.

ANIMAL ANALOGIES.

Analogues and homologues are words with a practical ring about them, but they cannot always be dealt with in a practical manner. The analogies of the creation teach us everything is spun of the same stuff and upon one plan. Let a powerful example of this fact be taken in hand at once, and some portion of the animal creation be utilized. Now, we have all of us necks, some of us graceful necks, some of us apoplectic necks, and others no necks at all to speak of; again, the giraffe has a very long neck, the elephant a very short one, and the porpoise apparently stops short of one altogether, but in each and every case we find seven cervical vertebrae—and seven only. Again, they, and human beings also, all have the same number and variety of muscles and ligaments. Some of them certainly are simply mere representatives; for instance, the powerful ligamentum nuchæ of the horse is but very feebly represented in man. "Padding" accounts for all the rest—a little more or less of fat and cellular tissue. Our limbs form beautiful subjects for comparison. Throughout the vertebrates they never exceed four in number. They are all modifications of one type, whether we take the fins of fish, the wings and legs of birds, fore and hind legs of quadrupeds, or arms and legs of man. Comparing the leg of a bird with the leg of a man, we see that the complete leg of a bird shows first the thigh bone, then the tibia or lower leg bone, and then in the place of the tarsus and metatarsus a single bone, with, at its lower extremity, a small bone supporting the four toes. Primarily the analogy between the last five bones of the bird and the so-called tarsus, metatarsus and toes of man does not seem very complete, but if the chick in the egg be examined, its leg will be found to consist of the thigh bone, of the tibia, of two tarsal and three or four metatarsal bones, and the toes or phalanges. The upper tarsal bone subsequently becomes ankylosed with the tibia and the lower one with the consolidated metatarsus. Now the analogy becomes much more complete.

The skin with its appendages forms a beautiful story of analogy. Our own microscopical epidermic scales are strictly comparable with the cells that make up the scales of fish and of reptiles; their further development into hairs and nails again compares with the feathers of birds and the hoofs and horns of animals. We call ourselves a hairless race, but everywhere on our bodies are the small lanugo hairs. Stimulation will readily cause these hairs to grow to any extent. The surgeon has frequent opportunities of witnessing this retrograde progression toward a lower type.

Molting has its analogy throughout the animal kingdom. We indeed molt invisibly, are continuously shedding our scales, but there are some animals that get through this process even more quickly than do birds, as, for instance, the shedding of the skin as a whole by the newt, eel and snake. Sir James Paget has noted that some people have a few extra long hair growing from the general mass of the eyebrows. These few long hairs are representatives of a permanent condition in the chimpanzee and some baboons. They grow out separately from the general hairy mass over the superciliary ridges. Darwin notes as a significant fact that the palms of the hands and the soles of the feet of man are quite naked of hairs, like the inferior surfaces of all four extremities in most of the lower animals. The lobule of the ear is peculiar to man; there is, however, a rudiment of it in the gorilla. About the brain of man and ape:—The whole comparison is one of degree, and in the case of the Bushman's brain with that of a well-developed ape, the comparison becomes nearly equal. Richard Owen once claimed that the hippocampus minor, a trifling portion of the interior of the brain, was the only exclusively characteristic human part, but it has since been demonstrated in the orang and chimpanzee. In truth there are no specific distinctions between the brain of the ape and that of man!

HAD A PRODIGAL HUSBAND.—A young lady, who was recently staying at an old farmhouse, had her curiosity excited by an action of the lady of the house, who used each night, before retiring, to place a lamp in one of the windows at the front of the house, which faced the only approach to the farm.

One night her curiosity got the better of her discretion, and she ventured to ask the old lady her reason for so doing, saying—

"I suppose you have a prodigal son away in some foreign land, and you place a light there nightly so that if he ever returns he will see that he is not forgotten?"

"Bless yer, no," replied the dame. "I ain't got no prodigal son away in distant lands, but I've got a prodigal husband down at his club in the village, and who would never find his way up the lane if it wasn't for that light."

NOVEL NOTICES.

Any observant person in large towns may find frequent entertainment in marking amusing announcements to be seen in shops, on buildings, placards, bill-heads, among advertisements, and so forth. In this city, the writer often notices laundry legends certifying that "collops are washed." "Try our ocker nuts" and "Korg drops" are common invitations among the smaller shops, and are evidently well understood of the people. "Gents sox" may be seen in many hostlers; but we were rather startled by phonetic simplicity of "lickrice, one penny a stick."

Last summer, in the window of a walking-stick shop in Plymouth, some canes were marked "Gents swagger sticks as used by the officers of the garrison." This we thought rather funny; but were afterwards to find more amusement in a stationer's shop in Bristol, in the window of which was a card bearing the encouraging information: "School Girls and Boys' Pencils—Excellent make. Warranted to spell correctly and write easily." Most of us will wish we had only had such an offer in our school-days.

A curious placard posted on the door of a little shop lately attracted the attention of a visitor to Naples. It informed the public that "the title of Duke is offered for sale—inquire within."

A bookseller's catalogue is said to have contained this information, "Memoirs of Charles I.—with a head capitally executed." This was run pretty close by an advertisement in another catalogue which called attention to a "new work on Pedestrianism, with copious foot-notes."

Still in use at some stores near Derby is the following bill-head: "Boot and Shoe Merchant, Stationer and Haberdasher; dealer in mangles, sewing machines, trunks, bedsteads, carriages, gunpowder and shot. Wools, shovels, furniture, agricultural implements, iron and tinware. N. B. Agents for Pullar's Dye Works; also for the White Star Line, Liverpool and New York. Prompt attention given to bookbinding. Registry office for servants. Houses completely furnished."

The cycling mania spread rapidly in Paris. One of the theatre managers there actually announces that "Ladies and Gentlemen arriving at his house en bicyclette," can have their machines warehoused free of charge during the performance, in a room specially set apart for the purpose.

A writer from Sydney gives a curious instance of British enterprise in Australia. In an up-country town, a young Scotchman has just opened a small hotel, and in order to compete successfully with his longer-established rivals, placed a notice on his door to the effect that "Persons drinking more than four glasses of his 'Burton XXXX,' would be sent carefully home free of charge in a wheelbarrow—if desired." This offer would probably be keenly appreciated by some of the rough customers of the neighborhood.

Once on a time a placard was to be seen at Kretscham announcing the fact that a dance was to be given. The notice concluded with the following Nota Bene—"Ladies without shoes will not be allowed to participate in the dance."

When an emigrant vessel is expected to arrive at Fremantle, the port of West Australia, notices something like the following are issued on all sides: "There will arrive by the 'Devonshire,' shortly—Seventy two single women—Thirty married couples—and Forty-five single men. The Single Women can be seen, on arrival of vessel, at the Home. There are amongst them experienced Cooks, Housemaids, and General Servants. People requiring domestic servants must state their requirements in writing to Mrs. G—." Such announcements cause great excitement among the colonists, some of whom are seeking wives, and others good servants (much harder to get).

Now that we are on a nautical part of our subject, it may be mentioned that humor can sometimes be gleaned from a tariff bill. For instance, the rate schedule of one of the trans-Atlantic steamship companies set forth that the price of passage for dogs, cats, and monkeys is ten dollars each; and that those animals "must be caged before being brought on the steamer, and will then be placed in charge of the butcher."

A MAINE newspaper speaks of a "strong anti-foot ball sentiment which is rapidly gaining ground" in that State, and predicts "the death of the rowdy game" in a season or two.

Look to your interest. You can buy Salvation Oil, the great pain-cure, for 25 cts.

Recent Book Issues.

The Stokes Company's handsome presentation volume, "Children of Colonial Days," with its magnificent full page water-color fac-similes, by E. P. Moran, and its interesting stories, by Elizabeth Tucker, may be obtained at Lippincott's, this city. Price \$2.00.

Alfred Tennyson's "Day Dream," with numerous original illustrations, by W. St. John Harper, is another of the beautiful "Masterpiece Series" published by the F. A. Stokes Company, New York. It is truly what its name implies, a masterpiece of taste and execution in every way. For sale by Lippincott. Price 75 cents.

A beautiful book for the holidays, worthy from its handsome appearance of gracing any centre table or library and, from its contents, of being acceptable in any home in the land, is the "Complete Poems of William Cullen Bryant." It is grandly printed, tastefully bound and illustrated by numerous artistic engravings. Published by the F. A. Stokes Company, New York. For sale by Lippincott & Co. Price \$1.50.

"The Daughter of the Nez Perces," by Arthur Paterson, is a very interesting mingling of biography, history and story concerning a noted tribe of American Indians and one of its leaders who was prominent in past events of national importance, Chief Joseph, of whom the book also gives a photograph. The volume is beautifully printed and bound. Published by G. G. Peck, New York, and for sale by Porter & Coates.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

In the current "St. Nicholas" is begun a new serial story by Elbridge S. Brooks, "A Boy of the First Empire." It promises to be one of surpassing interest, as well as valuable for the historical information which it will impart. In the opening chapters are introduced the Emperor Napoleon and his beloved little nephew, Prince Napoleon, who calls the great man "Uncle Bibiche." The illustrations by H. A. Ogden are very spirited. We can only add that the many stories and sketches of travel and adventure are every one a delight, the poems are numerous and charming, and the pictures and jingles for the very little ones are fascinating and many of them as funny as funny can be. The Century Co., New York.

A show of distinguished beauty, transfigured by famous artists, which lately took place at the Academy of Fine Arts in New York, has been anticipated by "The Cosmopolitan Magazine" in its November issue, is an article by Win. A. Coffin, with illustrations of some of the more beautiful faces. The "Great Passions of History" series has for this month's subject the romantic career of Agnes Sorel, who influenced the destinies of France under Charles VII. "The Art Schools of America," "The Great British Northwest Territory," "The Chiefs of the American Press," and the "Public Library Movement," are also amongst "The Cosmopolitan's" table of contents. Published at New York.

FOR MONEY'S SAKE.

What will a man not do for money? He will fast for forty days. He will gorge for forty days or die in the endeavor. He will cross Niagara on a cord, or court death in the attempt to stem its whirlpools. He will trust himself in a tiny row-boat on the face of the stormy Atlantic, or dive from a height of many feet into a tank of water. He will suffer men to shoot a pattern round his profile, or throw knives to mark out the line of his body on a screen. He will pass needles through his flesh. But all these modern feats of daring pale into insignificance before some of the experiments of bygone times and Oriental countries.

In China at the present time hairy men are exhibited, who, to gain a living, have been completely flayed and have had dog's skin engrafted on their persons.

In July, 1828, Martinez, a Spaniard, gave one of the most extraordinary exhibitions that are now on record. It was at the New Tivoli, in Paris, in the presence of an audience of scientific men, who have placed its genuineness beyond a doubt. A large oven had been heated by a furnace for four hours. This he entered, clothed in red flannel trousers and shirt, a large cloak of the same material, and a felt sombrero. He sang a song whilst a fowl was roasted by his side, and at the end of fifteen minutes came out again, the temperature registered being 292° and

312° F., or about a hundred degrees above the temperature of boiling water.

He entered the oven a second time and ate a fowl which was roasted beside him. After a short pause he was shut in lying on a board surrounded by candles. The audience after a while raised a cry of "Enough! enough!" The door was opened, the oven was found to be full of a noxious suffocating odor of boiling tallow—the sole survival of the candles. The Spaniard came out, and after a cold bath was well and strong. His pulse when the door was first opened beat 176 to the minute.

In 1809 another Spaniard, Lionetto, astonished savants of all nationalities by his insensibility to heat. He sucked a rod of red-hot iron, drank boiling oil, took molten lead up in the hollow of his hand and cooled it in his mouth, all without apparent discomfort.

As is well known, it is not a difficult matter to dip one's hand into molten lead with impunity, the moisture of the skin in a rapid immersion shielding the hand against being burnt. This feat the Prince of Wales unhesitatingly performed on learning of its possibility when visiting Woolwich Arsenal some years back.

Only a short while since an inquest was held upon the body of a man who had singularly ill-treated it for money's sake. He had been in the habit of swallowing any object obtainable for the price of a drink or a hunch of bread. His vocation was carried on chiefly at East-end public-houses, and on his stomach being examined after death it contained, amongst other things, large pieces of tin, nails, screws, crockery and a string eight inches long with corks attached. He had been known to drink a small pailful of water, and then devour the pail itself, chew a piece out of a mug and swallow it, eat coal, ashes, coals and make a meal off such dainties as needles and thread, nails, and scraps of wood. He lived to the age of fifty before outraged Nature took vengeance.

Every day at the great centres of popular entertainment are exhibited men who risk a painful death or lifelong injury to earn their bread. Folk in padded clothes stand up to be shot at with rifles. So-called hypnotic subjects suffer themselves to be fed on paraffin, have their flesh torn with pinners, and their stomachs jumped on by spectators.

There is, in fact, no experiment too dangerous, no assault upon the human body too outrageous for man to try it in the hope of making money thereby. In his greed for gold he will put his head in a lion's mouth; he will drop from a balloon half a mile high, or stay five minutes at the bottom of a tank. There is nothing he will not do.

HIS ULTIMATUM—"Madeline, will you marry me?" His voice had a husky, appealing sound, his heart thumped audibly, and his knees had got beyond his control. "No, Horace, I will not!"

"This—this is your final answer, is it, Madeline?"

"It is, Horace. I am sorry I cannot—"

"This is—the end of all my fond hopes, the waking from the dream I have been dreaming, and the winding up of the fool's paradise in which I have dwelt for the past three months, is it?"

"I—I suppose it is, Horace; but do not be utterly cast down," said the young woman soothingly. "Time softens all griefs, and turns sorrow into joy. In the future, Horace, when the pain of this refusal shall have—"

"Miss Shuckers," he exclaimed, rising with dignity, as became a man who had received a temporary setback, but had recovered himself, "talk not to me of the future! It may have its consolations, its joys, and its repose; but it cannot re-awaken old illusions. Henceforth, Miss Shuckers," he added, reaching for his hat and cane, and moving, with unflinching self-possession, towards the door, "I can never be anything more to you than a brother!" Exit with dignity and despatch.

HOLES SMALLER THAN HAIRS.—"Yes, we have to make some very tiny holes in the course of our business," said a working jeweler recently. "What should you think, for instance, of one too small for you to be able to pass a hair through it?"

"You don't believe it, eh? Well, just look at these two drills, which I use occasionally. The finer one, I am sure, will make a hole through which you could not pass one of the hairs of your moustache and I can easily make drills even finer than that."

"No, they don't take very long to make, but for all that they have to be finished off as carefully as if they were of the usual size. Just examine this one through a glass, will you?"

And, to his astonishment, the writer observed with the aid of a powerful lens that the seemingly thin round needle point was in reality flattened out at the extreme end and shaped in precisely the same manner as the ordinary sized drills with which everyone is so familiar.

WASTED KINDNESS.—A teacher in one of the public schools of London has recently been much annoyed by the persistency with which one of her scholars plays truant. She was on the point of reporting his case to the truant officer, when she spoke of the matter to one of the woman supervisors. This woman believes in kindness rather than harsher measures, and told the teacher to send the offender to her the next time he was troublesome. So one afternoon there appeared at the supervisor's home a boy. The supervisor was all smiles and attention. She treated him royally to a choice spread, a feast the like of which he probably never had enjoyed before. He was soon made perfectly at home. Now, thought his benefactress, is the time to preach him my little sermon. So she unfolded to him the evils of truancy and besought him to be a model boy in the future. Imagine her surprise when he said to her: "I ain't the boy that runs away from school, marm. He gave me a penny to come here for him."

WHEN HE WASN'T HIS FATHER.—It is whispered among a certain gay young set that one of its members, a college graduate,

but a regular "mamma's boy" for all that, is feeling a trifle sore over an episode that marked his first day in business. His father, the president of a prominent insurance company, had made a place in his office for his son, and the young fellow was eager to take it. It so happened that his first dip into the great sea of worldly ambition occurred on the same day as a meeting of the directors of the well-known corporation. Being sent on an errand to the president the young hopeful burst into the room where the magnates of the business world were assembled, and in the familiar parlance of the home began: "Papa—"

COUNT MIRAFIORI, whose serious illness at Leghorn is announced, is a brother of King Humbert, of Italy, a fact not generally known. The Count is the son of Victor Emanuel and his morganatic wife, Rosina, daughter of a drummer of his army.



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Soldiers and sailors disabled in line of duty in regular army or navy since the war are also entitled, whether discharged for disability or not.

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Humorous.

THE DIFFERENCE.

Achievements of his early youth
His wife has heard narrated
To prove that he had not, in truth,
Been over estimated.
Her small supply of facts did not
Entitle her to doubt him,
But now it's different—she's got
To know too much about him.

—U. N. NOME.

In the march of life, don't heed the
order of "right about" when you know you
are about right.

May: "Who was the gentleman you
introduced to me? I didn't catch his name."
Paul: "Oh, well, it isn't any use for you to try
so. He has given it to the lady who is sitting
by him."

Circus Manager: "You're fired, do
you hear?"

Clown: "Eh? What for?"

Circus Manager: "During this afternoon's
performance you made a new joke! Now get
out."

Little boy: "Folks say that the Chi-
nese torture their prisoners."

Little girl: "How?"

Little boy: "I don't know. Maybe they have
apple dumplings for dinner and don't give
the prisoners any."

A mean man invited the village
preacher to dine him, but placed before the
preacher only a dish of greens and corn-
bread. "Will you say grace, parson?" asked
the host. "I will," replied the parson. "Lord,
make us thankful for greens and corn bread,
and put it into the heart of our brother to
raise hogs next year!"

He: "You upbraid me for losing
money on the race—your?"

She: "And why should not I?"

He: "Yet I recall one blissful moment, not
so long ago, when we stood together beneath
the silent stars, and you said that no stroke of
adverse fortune could ever draw from your
lips one complaining word!"

An Irishman, having been arraigned
and convicted upon full and unmistakable
evidence of some flagrant misdemeanor, being
asked by the judge if he had anything to say
for himself, replied, with a characteristic
humor of his country, "Never a single word,
your honor! And it's my real opinion there's
been a great deal too much said as it is."

"Are you still troubled by your neigh-
bor's chickens?" asked one man of another.

"Not a bit," was the answer. "They are
kept shut up now."

"How did you manage it?"

"Why, every night I put a lot of eggs in the
grass under the grape vine, and every morn-
ing, when my neighbor was looking, I went
out and brought them in."

Father, whom Bobby has induced to
take him: "Now, Bobby, I don't quite under-
stand this. If the man who throws the ball
falls to hit the club after three trials, does
that put the umpire out?"

Bobby: "Pa, do you remember why you sent
me to bed last night at seven o'clock?"

Father: "Why, n—no."

Bobby: "It was for asking foolish ques-
tions."

Agricultural editor: "Please, sir, may
I have two weeks' vacation?"

Managing editor: "Why, what do you want
with a vacation? You don't have to sit up
nights."

Agricultural editor: "I know that; but here
I am, fifty-one years of age, and have never
yet seen a cow. I really feel as though I ought
to get out into the country this summer to see
what it looks like."

"Sin, my dear pupils," said Deacon
Barnea to his Sunday-school class, "is the
legacy of Adam."

And the bright boy in the class remarked
that that was probably the first case on record
where a will was not broken.

"Yes," said the deacon, "but it should be re-
membered that there was enough to go round.
I don't remember hearing of anybody who
didn't receive his share of the inheritance."

The other day Brown was about en-
tering a shop, Brag, a young buck, with a large
mustache and small income, born like Jaffier
with "elegant desires," drove up a pair of
spanking bays, glittered with their splendid
comparison. "Ah, Brown," said he, "how do
dot—how do dot? How d' like me ho'ses? Fine
animals, but very costly. What do you think
I gave for the pair?" "Your note, I presume,"
said Brown. "Good mawning!" responded the
blood—"good mawning!"

"Isn't it awful?" said Mrs. Jenks to
her husband.

"Isn't what awful?" queried Jenks.

"Houston's boy was run over and received
infernal injuries."

"Infernal, you mean."

"No, I mean infernal. I know what I'm
talking about."

After a quarrel of five minutes Jenks pro-
duced a dictionary, and with considerable
trouble managed to find infernal.

"There!" he exclaimed, "I told you so! In-
fernal means relating to the lower regions."

"Well," replied Mrs. Jenks, and there was a
ring of triumph in her voice, "ain't that where
he was injured."

KEEN DODGER OF SHARPER.—A few
years ago Paris had a nefarious character,
with a talent for stealing and earning
praise. He waited about in fashionable
haunts to open carriage doors. He gener-
ally possessed himself of either a purse or
a trinket. But he refused to keep his
spoils an unnecessary moment. Repair-
ing to the nearest police office he handed
them in as lost property, and left his name
and address. The reward, large or small,
duly arrived. But a pitcher that goes
often to the well gets broken at last, and
he tripped. A lady found felonious fingers
in her pocket, and held them; the wonder
of the police became knowledge, and the
ingenious rogue went to prison.

Another dodge for security was that of a
sham "notable" who came to Monte Carlo.
He rented a house just within the frontier.
Then he was graciously pleased to place
extensive orders with tradesmen for food,
wine, fine garments, and valuable trinkets.

A great show secured the shop-keepers'
confidence—to their ultimate chagrin and
loss. Not a franc did their visitor pay.
And when it came to be a question of legal
proceedings there was a block. The de-
ceiver had bought nothing of traders with-
in the tiny Principality itself. All his
favors had been discreetly given to the
gay shops of Nice or Mentone or San
Remo. Accordingly all his creditors lived
in France or Italy. It looked hopeless to
follow him up.

Employees in the French Post Office were
recently detected in what they doubtless
thought was a safe fraud. They were in
the registering department, and they put
on old stamps instead of new. The new
ones were abstracted and kept. As the
stamp was immediately used, and by
themselves, it seemed plain sailing. Who
was to find out where and where the ob-
literation had taken place? But the un-
likely happened, and the trick ended
badly for the clerks.

TOOK HIM AT HIS WORD.—A young
man who was canvassing a popular book
stepped into the office of a merchant and,
finding him apparently at leisure, asked
him to look at the book. The gentleman
informed him that it would only be waste
of time, as he could not purchase it.

"Oh, never mind that," ejaculated the
young man; "it won't cost anything to
look at it, even if you don't buy. I should
like you to read some portions of it and see
what it is."

The accommodating merchant took the
volume and, glancing at the title-page,
commenced a perusal of the introduction.
This finished, he began at the first chapter,
and read carefully and leisurely along.

It was about nine o'clock when he com-
menced, and an hour passed silently away,
when the book agent began to show signs
of nervousness, which were apparently
unnoticed by the merchant, for he never
took his eyes from the volume, but read
steadily on.

At noon the merchant was still reading,
and the agent wore a decidedly troubled
countenance. A few moments before one
o'clock the merchant laid the book down,
leisurely donned his overcoat and hat, and
remarked—

"That is a good—a very good—book. I
am sorry I cannot just now enjoy more of
it, but I am obliged to go to lunch. If you
call this afternoon I will continue reading
it."

A MAGISTRATE in Missouri recently sen-
tenced an illiterate man, who had com-
mitted a small offence, to be imprisoned
until he could learn to read and write.
The man learned in three weeks, and was
then released.

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No. 2. From forehead back as far as bald.	No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck, No. 2.
No. 3. Over forehead as far as required.	No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.
No. 4. Over the crown of the head.	No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.

They have always ready for sale a splendid stock of
Gentle Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Hair Wigs,
Frisettes, Braids, Curis, etc., beautifully manufac-
tured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union.
Letters from any part of the world will receive at-
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Dollard's Herbanum Extract for the Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold at
Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are
such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the
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Also DOLLARD'S REGENERATIVE CREAM to
be used in conjunction with the Herbanum when the
Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

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tract for the Hair. Mrs. Gortler has tried in vain to
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MRS. EDMONDSON GORTLER.
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wash I have ever used.

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know of any which equals it as a pleasant, refreshing
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LEONARD MYERS.
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5.30 p. m.

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11.30 p. m. Accom., 4.20, 7.40, a. m., 1.40, 4.32, 5.22,
7.20 p. m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a. m., 11.30
p. m. Accom., 7.30 a. m., 5.30 p. m.

For Lebanon and Harrisburg—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a.
m., 4.00, 6.02 p. m. Accom., 4.20 a. m., 7.20 p. m.
Sunday—Express, 4.00 a. m.

For Pottsville—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a. m., 4.00, 6.02,
11.30 p. m. Accom., 4.20, 7.40 a. m., 1.40 p. m. Sun-
day—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a. m., 11.30 p. m. Accom.,
5.30 p. m.

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a. m., 4.00, 11.30 p. m. Sunday—Express, 9.05 a. m.,
11.30 p. m. Additional for Shamokin Express, week-
days, 6.00 p. m. Accom., 4.20 m. Sundays—Ex-
press, 4.00 a. m.

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5.00 p. m. Accom., 5.00 a. m., 4.30, 6.30 p. m. Sun-
days—Express, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00 a. m. Accom., 8.00
a. m., 4.45 p. m.

Leave Atlantic City Depot: week-days—Express, 6.30,
7.00, 7.45, 9.00 a. m., 8.30, 7.30 p. m. Accom.,
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grow fair in the light of
their works, especially if
they use **SAPOLIO**.
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soap used for all cleaning
purposes. All grocers keep it.

LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST

by many a woman who strives to please her
household and works herself to death in the
effort. If the house does not look as bright as a pin, she gets the blame—if things are upturned
while house-cleaning goes on—why blame her again. One remedy is within her reach. If she
uses **SAPOLIO** everything will look clean, and the reign of house-cleaning disorder will be
quickly over.

feel awfully slack if I was shut up here."

"That's because you're a boy," she remarked, with a girl's superiority. "Boys are always"—she hunted about for a word—"difficult to amuse. They can't rest for long together, and they can't sew or paint pictures. They can only play cricket and football."

"Oh, can't they?" he said, with his accent of superiority now. "They can do a lot more than that. Besides, you needn't be so hard on us. You're reading a boy's book this very minute!"

She smiled, and was about to retort, when the dogs, who, unnoticed, had been snarling in an undertone, suddenly rose, and ran growling towards the gate.

The boy called them back, but the gate opened, and another lad appeared, and they ran at him not very threateningly, but rather noisily.

The new comer was a tall, thin boy, with a pale face and dark hair that hung straight and damply. He was not a good-looking boy at the best times; at this moment fear did not improve the countenance.

He uttered a sharp cry of alarm, his eyes—they were small and very dark—distended, and he raised the stick he carried, and struck Tozer an ugly blow.

Tozer howled and fled, whining piteously, and the lad on the seat sprang to his feet and hurried forward, his face red, his eyes flashing with indignation.

"I say, what did you hit my dog for?" he demanded angrily, and with true public-school grammar.

The dark-haired lad stood and glowered at him in silence for a moment.

"Why did he fly at me?" he asked, and his voice had an unpleasant sound in it—a sinister, sneering tone which matched his eyes.

"It didn't fly at you," said the other, indignantly. "He only made up to you as dogs will. You hit him because you were in a funk—you coward!"

The lad with the stick grew paler, his eyes flickered passionately, and without a word of warning he aimed a kind of savage blow at his accuser.

Now, unnoticed by the two disputants, the girl had slipped off the bench and approached them, and at this critical juncture she stepped before her companion, and received the blow upon her arm.

The boy in the Eton jacket uttered a cry of rage, and pushing her aside, none too gently, flung himself upon his assailant. There was a moment or two of fierce struggle—to which the dogs obliged with an accompaniment—then the stick was sent whirling over the hedge, and its late owner was flattened out upon the patch. The victor stood over him with clenched fists and flashing eyes.

"Get up!" he said. "get up again, and let's have it out, if you're a man."

But the passion of the prostrate one seemed to have vanished with his stick. He lay glowering up at the handsome face above him, with an evil scowl on his pale face, a vindictive gleam in his small eyes. "Get up!" repeated the Eton boy. "You are a coward!"

The girl put her hand on his arm—her left hand.

"Come away," she said, "come away, I command you."

There was something almost queenly in her tone and air, something which bent the boy's spirit to instant submission. He stepped back, and picking up his hat, bowed his head before her.

"I—I beg your pardon," he stammered. "A fellow oughtn't to fight before ladies, but—"

"I know," she said quite quietly.

Without looking at the other boy, who had slowly got to his feet, she raised her hand, and pointing to the gate, said—

"You can go, Silas Fletcher."

He stood for a moment brushing the gravel from his clothes with a shaking hand, his eyes wandering from one face to the other; then compressing his lips tightly, as if he was keeping back a torrent of abuse, he turned and went out.

The victor, looking thoroughly ashamed of himself, stood with downcast eyes.

"I'm awfully sorry," he began; but she interrupted him as quietly as before, but not with the touch of queenliness.

"It was not your fault. He had no right to hit the dog. Poor dog! Come here!"

Tozer crawled to her, and she took it up in her arms.

"Is he hurt, do you think?" No, it was his fault. But he cannot help it. He is a bad-tempered boy."

"Who is he?" he asked.

"He is Mr. Fletcher's, the steward's son." She winced and put Tozer down suddenly as she spoke, and the boy noticed both the wince and the suddenness of the action.

"Oh, I say!" he exclaimed, half ruefully, half impatiently. "You're hurt! I forgot! That cad hit you, didn't he? Where did he hit you? That's the worst of girls, they will interfere! Why didn't you stay where you were? You didn't suppose I couldn't manage him! Why, I'd fight him with one hand tied behind my back!"

She looked at him—a strange look in a girl so young.

"Yes," she said, under her breath, "I think you could."

"But are you hurt?" he asked. "You don't mean to say that he hit your arm? The brute! Let me see, won't you? Do!"

She drew back.

"No, no!" she said in a low voice. "It was nothing. I tell you it was nothing!"

She stamped her foot slightly.

He looked at her with all a boy's stubbornness.

"I don't believe you," he said. "What makes you so pale?"

"I'm not hurt," she responded almost angrily.

"Yes you are," he retorted. "And I won't believe you're not hurt unless you show me your arm."

"I shall not," she said setting her teeth.

"I wish you'd go, please."

"Not till you show me your arm," he said.

She tore back the sleeve, and thrust the arm almost under his eyes.

"There then, you see!" she said.

But her voice faltered at the last words, for, to her surprise, there was a stripe of dull red crimson across the ivory white.

He uttered an exclamation of rage and indignation.

"There! I knew it! I'll—I'll wring his neck! What shall I do? Let me bathe it."

He took her arm by the wrist—gently, reverently—but she snatched it from his grasp, and, with a laugh and a swift "Good bye!" ran off into the cottage.

CHAPTER II.

THE next day, at the same hour, Madge and "Robinson Crusoe" were in their accustomed place in the Cottage Garden, as it was called; and though Madge read as before, yet she looked round more frequently, and now and again listened intently.

It was true that the lad, when he had promised to bring his "Robinson Crusoe," had not stated any time, but Madge thought it not unlikely that he would

come in the afternoon, and at the same hour as yesterday; and, though she would not have admitted it for worlds—for your girl of fifteen has quite as much, if not more, pride as your woman of five-and-twenty—she was waiting and longing for him.

You see it would have been rather difficult to forget him, even if she had tried to do so, for she had a particularly acute remembrance in the shape of a long, dark bruise on the arm, which ached most persistently and unpleasantly. Once or twice she had woken in the night, and, lighting a candle, had looked at the mark, but each time with a singular, though unacknowledged sense of satisfaction, notwithstanding the pain.

Somehow, she would rather have had the bruise and the aching than not. She had a dull consciousness of being, in some vague kind of way, a heroine; at any rate, she knew that she was glad that the blow had fallen on her arm rather than on the boy; and she shuddered as she thought of the ugly mark it would have made on his handsome face. It didn't seriously matter in her case, because it was hidden. Every woman of fifteen to fifty takes an interest in the man she has saved from hurt, whether it be moral or physical. She wondered who he was, but with only an indefinite curiosity. Very few visitors came to the Chase, and none had hitherto visited the Cottage Garden.

An hour—two—slipped away as she partly read and partly thought, and though she was at the most interesting part of Robinson Crusoe's marvellous adventures, she began to feel dissatisfied and restless. Once there came some footsteps across the lawn, but she scarcely looked up, for she knew they were her grandfather's.

Mr. Gordon was a short old man, with gray hair. He walked slowly, with downcast, near-sighted eyes, and with a preoccupied manner. As he passed from the cottage to the gate leading to the great gardens, he raised his head and looked at her absently.

"Reading as usual, Madge?" he said. She nodded.

"Yes, grandfather. Do you want me?"

"No, no," he said, and stooping to pick a sprig of white stock he went on and passed through the gate. For the first time since she had come to Chesney she looked after him with envy, as if she would have liked to follow him, and for the first time asked herself why she was forbidden to cross beyond this mystic border. Another day had elapsed, and with an unconscious sigh she was just rising to go indoors, when the boy vaulted over the gate and came quickly towards her.

He was out of breath as if he had been running, and he threw himself down beside her, panting a little.

"I'm awfully sorry I'm so late," he said "but I was kept."

"Are you late?" she said, curtly. "You didn't say what time you would come, and I thought you'd forgotten all about it," she added, innocently giving herself away.

"Forgotten to come?" he repeated with a reproachful stare, "and after what you did for me yesterday? By George, it was plucky of you! You might have been a boy! How is your arm? Look here, I've brought something that will take the bruise out—for I know it must be bruised. You lift up your sleeve and I'll put it on," and with eager gravity he drew out a small paper parcel from his pocket, opened it, and displayed a lump of raw steak.

"I got our chef to give it to me," he ex-

[CONTINUED ON SIXTH PAGE]

Humorous.

KEEN DODGERS OF SHARPER.—A few years ago Paris had a notorious character, with a talent for stealing and earning

DOLLARD & CO.,

Reading Railroad.

THE DIFI

Achievements of
His wife has been
To prove that he
Seen over estimate
Her small supply
Entitle her to do
But now it's differ
To know too mu

In the march of
order of "right about"
are about right.

May: "Who was
introduced to me? I d
Paul: "Oh, well, it isn't
so. He has given it to
by him."

Circus Manager:
you heart?"

Clown: "Eh? What?
Circus Manager: "Do
performance you made
out."

Little boy: "Folk
nose torture their pris
Little girl: "How?"
Little boy: "I don't k
apple dumplings for
the prisoners any."

A mean man if
preacher to dine him,
preacher only a dish
bread. "Will you say
the host. "I will," repl
make us thankful for g
and put it into the h
raise hogs next year!"

He: "You upbr
money on the race—ye
She: "And why shoul
He: "Yet I recall one
so long ago, when we
the silent stars, and y
adverse fortune could
lips one complaining w

An Irishman, hav
and convicted upon
evidence of some flag
asked by the judge if
for himself, replied,
humor of his country,
your honor! And it's
been a great deal too n

"Are you still tro
bor's chickens?" asked
"Not a bit," was th
kept shut up now."
"How did you manag
"Why, every night I
grass under the grape
ing, when my neighb
out and brought them

Father, whom B
take him: "Now, Bobb
stand this. If the ma
falls to hit the club
that put the umpire o
Bobby: "Pa, do you
me to bed last night
Father: "Why, n—n
Bobby: "It was for
tions."

Agricultural edit
I have two weeks' vac
Managing editor: "V
with a vacation? Yo
nights."

Agricultural edit
I am, fifty-one years
yet seen a cow. I real
to get out into the cou
what it looks like."

"Sin, my dear p
Barnes to his Sanda
legacy of Adam."

And the bright boy
that that was probably
where a will was not b
"Yes," said the deac
membered that there
I don't remember he
didn't receive his shar

The other day B
tering a shop, brag, a
mustache and small f
with "elegant desire
spankling bays, glitte
comparison. "Ah, B
dot—how do do? How
animals, but very cos
I gave for the pair?"
said Brown. "Good n
blood—"good mawntin

"Isn't it awful?"
her husband.

"Isn't what awful?"
"Houston's boy was
infernal injuries."

"Infernal, you mean
"No, I mean infernal. I know what I'm
talking about."

After a quarrel of five minutes Jenks pro
duced a dictionary, and with considerable
trouble managed to find infernal.

"There!" he exclaimed, "I told you so! In
fernal means relating to the lower regions."

"Well," replied Mrs. Jenks, and there was a
ring of triumph in her voice, "ain't that where
he was injured."

4

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BEAUTY'S NAME.

BY H. J. R.

If thou'rt not fair, oh what is Beauty's name?
If thou'rt not graceful, where shall grace be
found?

If not in these burns virtue's steady flame,
Then virtue never lit this mortal round!
I watch two stars that twinkle through the
night:

But in thine eyes a sweeter light I see;
I pierce the blue depths of the heavens bright—
But find a clearer paradise in thee!

Oh what a spell hath love! In all I trace,
In every leaf and bud and floweret rare,
Some far resemblance of thy witching face,
Some tender hint of what thy beauties are.
Oh love! oh powerful love! my thrall'd soul
Is sway'd and master'd by thy strong control.

The Black-Fire.

BY E. L. C.

THE great scourge of the Aru Islands,
in the Malay Archipelago, is an epi
demic called by the natives "Owburu"
—Black-fire, which rages about once in
three years, and carries off a large number
of the inhabitants.

In 1890, when it was very severe, an en
terprising doctor claimed to have dis
covered an infallible remedy, and his
agents did some very successful trading
with his medicine.

Dobbo, the chief port of the islands,
where one of them had established him
self in a rattan thatched hut near the
beach, was more crowded than in the trad
ing season. The bay was full of lime
covered praus, which had come from all
the islands round laden with cargoes of
tripang, mother-of-pearl, and sugar-canes
to be given lavishly in exchange for the
Eren's (white man) little bottles of yellow
physic.

One man, a handsome Papuan, from
Tanabusa, had brought a cargo of bana
nas only, and the agent decided that it was
not enough. There were but six bottles of
the medicine left, and their value was ris
ing fabulously. The Papuan came back
to offer the copper and silver bracelets off
his arms, but the Eren shook his head,
smiling with a malicious enjoyment of
the savage's anxiety. His wife—he had
only one, it seemed—was down with the
"Black-fire," and he was frantic to get one
of the miraculous bottles to save her.

"Would the doctor wait two days?" he
asked, through the interpreter, a young
Papuan from New Guinea, "till he could
return with everything he possessed?"

The agent shook his head.
Meanwhile five of the remaining bottles
had been sold. All the space round the
hut was crowded with merchandise given
in exchange.

The Papuan fell on his face and grovelled
to the man who seemed to him to hold in
his hand the life of his mate.

Finally, as no more customers appeared,
the Eren signified that he would be satis
fied with the man's prau, in addition to
the things he had already offered. He
would need another prau, beside his little
steamer in the harbor, to carry away his
gains. How the savage would get back,
he did not care.

The Papuan did not appear to care either;
he was transported with joy, and showed
his happiness with all the Papuan aban
don. Just as he was about to seize the
magic elixir for which he had sacrificed so
much, there was a slight commotion out
side among the crowd, and the agent hea
tated when he saw that the excitement was
caused by the arrival of a European with

his servants. He put the bottle back in
the packing case behind him. The action
almost cost him his life, for the savage,
frenzied by the sight which seemed to
show that the bargain was broken off,
threw himself suddenly upon the agent,
and buried his lithe fingers in his throat.

The struggle only lasted an instant, how
ever. One of the agent's men, a European,
drew his revolver, and another moment
decided that the Papuan would never re
turn to Tanabusa.

They carried his dead body out past the
new arrival. He was a man of between
thirty or forty, with a face in which a
physiognomist could have read at once
the signs of an honest, affectionate, quick
tempered, and impulsive nature.

He seemed too excited now to take any
notice of the savage, but addressed him
self instantly to the doctor's agent.

"You have a cure for the 'Black-fire,'
they tell me?" he said, eagerly, in English.

The agent looked at him keenly before
he answered, and the malicious smile came
into his face which had been there when
he amused himself with the Papuah.

"Yes. I have one bottle only left."

"Tell me, for Heaven's sake, if it is a
cure?" said the excited new-comer. "Here
are fifty pounds in English notes. You
can have them in any case. But don't de
ceive me if it is only a sham that you are
cheating the natives with. You can trust
me not to spoil trade. I give you my
word of honor. But let me know the
truth, man."

"Oh! it is a genuine article," said the
agent. "Ask the crowds outside. Lots of
them have cured their friends. They look
upon me as a god. My elixir is a sure
cure."

"You give me your word of honor?"

"Yes, my friend. Here is my hand on
it," said the agent. "Who have you sick?"

"My daughter. The only person in the
world I have to love me. For Heaven's
sake, give me your elixir, and let me get
back in time."

"Where do you come from, then?" said
the doctor, without stirring.

"Akubai."

"Find it lonely, I reckon?"

"Oh! we are very happy there, my girl
and I."

"Been there long?"

"Three years. Give me the elixir. Here
are your notes."

The agent did not offer to take them.

"How do you live?" he asked, with tan
talizing coolness. "Grow sugar?"

"Yes, and cotton. I cultivate nearly the
whole island."

He stopped himself, and held out his
notes impatiently.

The doctor took them, and counted them
slowly.

"This is not enough," he said.

The cotton-grower started. He had
thought his offer a sensational one.

"All right, you can have it doubled in
four hours," he said, recovering himself.

"Only give me the elixir quickly."

The agent smiled again.

"I do not want money, Mr. D'Alton," he
said, and stood coolly enjoying the other
man's evident astonishment.

"You know my name?" said the latter,
looking uneasy.

"Yes; as you would know mine, if I
mentioned it. I also know, Mr. D'Alton,
why you left England, and made an exile
of yourself in Akubai."

"Indeed?" Mr. D'Alton had turned
deathly pale, but answered quietly enough.

"Yes, you ran away from England be
cause you had murdered a man—my
brother!" The agent had ceased smiling

now, and his face was horrible in its ex
pression of undisguised enmity.

His companion's white face still showed
no other emotion.

"I killed him honestly in a duel," he
said. "A duel into which Mr. Leslie Con
way forced me against my will, and for
the result of which he alone is responsible.
In France, where I was born and bred, the
duel is still held to be honorable. But
your brother had not even the excuse of
his training to justify his action in drag
ging me into the fight. I am sorry that I
killed him, but I cannot consider myself
responsible for his fate."

Mr. D'Alton's servants, one of whom, a
negro, appeared, from his expression, to
understand what his master and the agent
were saying, stood looking on, silent and
motionless. The doctor stood with teeth
showing, and the knotted veins swelling
on his temples. He broke into a discord
ant laugh when Mr. D'Alton finished his
defence.

"You don't consider yourself responsi
ble, don't you?" he laughed. "Then why
did you not remain, and stand your trial
like a man?"

"Because in England the duel is not re
cognized, and I should therefore have been
considered guilty of murder. However,
it is no use talking, since there is no chance
of getting what I came for."

"The medicine?" said Conway. "Yes,
there is, if you pay me my price."

"And your price?" asked the cotton
grower, his voice trembling with eager
ness in spite of himself.

"Your promise to return to England,
and take your trial for the murder of
Leslie Conway."

D'Alton started, and the blood came into
his face with a rush, and then left it white
as before.

"Your medicine might not save her life
after all," he said, thoughtfully.

The agent considered a little.

"In that case the promise should not
hold," he said, when he had made up his
mind.

"And what pledge do you require that I
should keep my word, if your medicine
succeeded in saving my daughter's life?"

"Oh! your word of honor would be
enough," answered Conway, easily.

"And you will give me the bottle of
elixir, if I pledge you my word, in case
my daughter recovers, to return to Eng
land, and take my trial?"

"Yes."

The agent spoke eagerly. He had a re
vengeful nature evidently, and had
brooded over his brother's death.

"I will do more," he went on. "Now I
have an object in curing Miss D'Alton, I
will devote all my skill to doing so, and
give you other efficacious drugs besides.
Give me your word, and I will prepare
them at once."

The negro, who understood English,
plucked at his master's holland coat, but
D'Alton shook him off, and advanced to
the doctor with open palm.

"I give you my word. Here is my hand
on it. Be quick with the drugs, or we
shall be too late, and you will lose your
revenge."

Conway took his hand back quickly after
D'Alton's had clasped it, and retired into
the inner room of his hut, partitioned off
with rattan-thatch, to prepare his drugs,
taking the precious bottle of elixir with him.

He came back in a few minutes.

"It will take time to prepare," he said.

"You had better take the elixir at once,
and leave one of your servants to follow
with the powder I am mixing."

LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST

by many a woman who strives to please her household and works herself to death in the effort. If the house does not look as bright as a pin, she gets the blame—if things are upturned while house-cleaning goes on—why blame her again. One remedy is within her reach. If she uses SAPOLIO everything will look clean, and the reign of house-cleaning disorder will be quickly over.

He held out the bottle, for the possession of which the Papuan had risked and lost his life, and the cotton-grower took it eagerly. Then he gave a few words of command to one of his followers, an Aru man, and accompanied by the rest, walked through the crowd of savages outside, and down to the beach, where his prau was moored.

The island of Akubal is the most beautiful in the Aru Group. Great trees overhang the white sand beach, their trunks and branches covered with ferns.

The cotton-fields stretched round the great one-storied house of Mr. D'Alton, who ruled as a sort of petty king in the island. His house crowned the summit of a hill in the centre, and all round it was the forest, like a girdle stretching down to the sea. From the house to the bay a path had been cut, but the forest was always trying to devour it, and passage along it was toilsome.

Mr. D'Alton having reached the bay, and sent back the prau for the man who had remained behind at Dobbo, sent forward his most trusted servant, the negro Kobbi, who was a practised runner, to take the medicine to the house, that his daughter might take it at once, if she were still alive.

Before sending on the negro, he had arranged a signal by which he might learn a little earlier as he approached the house, whether the elixir had arrived in time.

If Miss D'Alton was alive, Kobbi was to raise the flag above the house as soon as he reached home.

When the anxious father gained a point at which above the trees he could catch a first glimpse of the flag flying, he uttered a sigh of relief, and stopped to rest a little after his hurried and arduous journey. All that he had been fearing was that the elixir would not arrive in time. Now that he felt, it had, his relief was very great, and his spirits became quite buoyant. His faith in the medicine was great, and it seemed to him that his beloved Coralie was already out of danger. He hurried now no longer. Instead of being anxious to reach the house, he was almost afraid to do so, unconsciously nervous lest the sight of his daughter should lessen the high hopes which he was building in his heart. He dreaded, too, to look on again at the sufferings which he was unable to alleviate. The idea of doing something to ensure his daughter's recovery was much more pleasant to him; and he decided, now that his primary anxiety was satisfied, to return to the shore, and hasten the delivery of the agent's drug which was to ensure the invalid's recovery.

With this idea in his mind, Mr. D'Alton turned and began to retrace his steps along the two hours' journey to the bay. Before he reached it, he met the men who had taken the prau back to Dobbo. At their head was the Aru servant who had remained for the drug, marching along with a look of the greatest importance on his shiny black face.

His master approached him quickly.

"You have brought the powder?"

"Yes, master."

He handed him with great ceremony a sealed envelope.

D'Alton tore it open, and was nervously afraid when he saw that it contained only a letter—an apology, perhaps—if any reason had made it impossible for Conway to supply the drug. The men stood in a group, watching his face as he read through the letter, noting how pale it turned as he went on. Then the nearest sprang forward just in time to catch his master in his arms.

For the poor cotton-grower had fainted.

This is what he read:

"DEAR MR. D'ALTON:—By this time you will have administered a dose to your daughter, and will be wondering at its effect. The thought of your wonder and conste nation gives me the keenest delight, a delight which you will understand when I tell you that the man you murdered was fully as dear to me as your child appears to be to you. The ruling impulse of my life since his death has been to avenge it, and I bless the chance which made us meet, and which placed in my hands the power of taking such a delicious vengeance. That vengeance is rendered all the sweeter to the fact that had you not come to me, your daughter would, in all probability, have recovered. In all cases in which the 'Black-fire' had attacked Europeans, they have easily shaken off the disease with the help of a little quinine. Of course, my wonderful elixir is little more than quinine itself, but I was within the truth in speaking of its effect on the natives. If I had given it to you in the form in which I sell it to the natives, it would have done your daughter good, no doubt. So equally would a dose from your own medicine-chest. Why then, you ask, has your daughter died after taking it? Simply because the bottle I gave you contained strychnine enough to kill half-a-dozen people. You do not think I was fool enough to believe in your promise to return to England? Even if you did, there would be a chance of your being judged leniently and cheating me of my revenge. To kill your daughter is a much surer way of enjoying it, and makes matters even between us."

"Hoping that you will suffer as much as I suffered through your crime,

"I am, "Still your enemy,
"W. J. CONWAY."

The servants had carried the cotton-grower some distance towards the house before he recovered consciousness, and then waving aside their offered assistance, he walked before them like a man in a dream. He had no hope of reaching his daughter in time to prevent the fatal draught being given which would take her life. His instructions to the negro had been urgent, and the negro could be trusted to obey them implicitly. Miss D'Alton was to receive the elixir the moment he reached the house with it.

Kobbi came out to meet him as he approached the house, above which the flag, with its sinister meaning now, was still flying.

The negro fell down at his master's feet.

"Oh! master, kill me. It was I who did it, though I did not know. Kill me kill me."

D'Alton passed him without a word, and strode through the creeper-covered balcony into Coralie's room.

He was surprised to find her still alive, but the sight gave him little relief, for the bottle which had contained the agent's poisoned elixir was standing empty at the side of her bamboo-supported mattress. It seemed from her face, from the way in which she recognized him, as if she were better, but to the despairing father it was only a sign that the poison was slow in beginning its work.

"Oh, father!" she said, excitedly, as he bent over her. "You must not blame Kobbi. I made him tell me. And now he blames himself so much, and says that he has killed me."

"Made him tell you what, darling?" said the cotton-grower, forcing himself to speak calmly, as he knelt by her side.

"What the horrible doctor made you promise. Oh, father! you did not think that I could let you suffer like that for me."

He father shook his head.

"His medicine will not cure you, darling."

"No, no! I would not let it," she said.

"But you are not angry with me, father; or with Kobbi for telling me?"

"Angry with you, Coralie; what for?"

"For pouring it all away. I was afraid you make me drink it when you came, and I would not let it cure me for the world."

"No, I am not angry," he said, at last, speaking quite joyously. "We must try and make you better with a dose of quinine;

the man said that his medicine was little more."

And so the agent did not have his revenge after all; and although Coralie recovered, her father remained in his paradise at Akubal.

Bric-a-Brac.

IN EXCESS.—An Act was passed in the reign of Edward III. enjoining carters, ploughmen and farm laborers generally not to eat or drink to excess.

A CURIOUS CHEAT.—The unrolling of an Egyptian mummy, supposed to be that of a princess, disclosed a curious cheat. The priests who did the embalming probably spoiled or mislaid the body entrusted to them, and for it substituted that of an ordinary negro man.

AN HONOR.—A puma which arrived not long ago at the London "Zoo" from South America has been accorded the name of "Gladstone." Only on two occasions has this distinction been equalled—when the names of "Robert Lowe" and "Stephen Cave" were given to a brace of "four-footers." It may be added that at the "Zoo" the bestowal of a name, however well known, is looked upon as a tribute of honor and distinction.

VISITING CARDS.—Visiting cards are not altogether a modern invention—at any rate, in China, where they have been in vogue for the last thousand years. There one must not only leave card on all one's friends, but the cards must vary in size and color, according to the rank and importance of those for whom they are destined. A few years ago a general in the Chinese Army received a visiting-card, printed in pink and adorned with numerous illustrations, which measured no less than seventy-two yards in length.

WHO WAS THE MARTYR OF ALGIERS?—In the sixteenth century the town of Oran on the north coast of Algeria was held by the Spaniards. Between the Christian garrison of the place and the Barbary pirates there was frequent warfare, and it was during a sally from the town that several Moors were captured, among them a mere child, who was baptized into the Christian Church by the name of Geronimo. When eight years old he was carried off by some Arabs who managed to escape from Oran during a panic caused by the Plague. Restored to his parents he turned Moslem again. At the age of twenty-five, however, of his own accord he went back to Oran and entered the household of Juan Caro, from which he had been removed seventeen years before. Once more he became Christian, married one of Caro's slaves, joined the army, and lived happily for ten years. Then in 1569, he took part in an expedition against the corsairs. The pirates won the day, captured Geronimo among others, and conveyed the prisoners to Algiers. As one who had renounced the Moslem faith they dealt very bitterly with him. They required him either to renounce Christianity at once or suffer death. He chose the latter and met his fate bravely. They devised a cruel torture for him, building his dead body in the wall of a fortress. This happened on September 18th, 1569. On the 27th of December, 1853, this fort was being down, and Geronimo's skeleton was found in the ruins. His remains were removed to the cathedral of St. Philip, and reverently buried there. Geronimo's memory, however, has always been cherished as the martyr of Algiers.

IN SILKEN CHAINS.

[CONTINUED FROM THIRD PAGE.]

plained, unconscious of the shuddering horror in her eyes. "Just hold out your arm—"

"Oh, throw it away at once! It's horrid!" she gasped. "I'd rather die than have it near me!"

He stared at her.

"Why, it's the best thing in the world," he explained. "Prize-fighters always use it; they do indeed."

"I'm not a prize-fighter, and I tell you I won't have it near me. Throw it away, or I'll go in and never speak to you ever more."

"Oh, very well," he said, with a shrug that beautifully expressed a boy's disgust and contempt for a girl's unreasonableness, and he pitched the objectionable piece of meat over the hedge.

"Did you bring the book?" she asked.

"Yes," he said, and he lugged it out of his pocket.

"Wipe your hands!" she commanded him.

"What for?"

"Why, you have been touching that horribleness—"

"Oh, all right," he assented patiently. "By George! I've forgotten my pocket-handkerchief."

"Here, take this," and she held out hers. He wiped his hands, remarking—

"They're quite clean, all the same," and held out the handkerchief to her; but she declined it with a shake of the head.

"You can keep it. I wouldn't touch it for worlds."

"You're mighty particular," he said. "But you're a girl, and can't help it, I suppose," and he stuffed the little handkerchief in his pocket, where it must have been rather astonished at its companions—a piece of string, two broken cigarettes, a penknife, and a dilapidated stick of chocolate.

Then he opened the book, and they looked over it together.

"It's better than yours, isn't it?" he said, with profound satisfaction. "We've got a lot of other jolly books, but I like 'Robinson Crusoe' the best; don't you?"

"Yes," she said. "Most of the other books have got love stories in them."

"You don't like them?"

"No," she said, with a grave contempt. "The people talk such rubbish. They make me laugh."

"But I suppose there's something in it," he remarked, looking straight before him.

"I expect if you were older you'd like it just as other people do."

She drew herself up, and looked down at him.

"Do you know how old I am?"

He scanned her face with all a boy's directness, and yet a sense of her beauty must have stirred within him, for his eyes wandered from her wonderful ones round the garden, and then, as if unwillingly, back to them again.

"No," he said at last. "Girls' ages are difficult to tell."

"I'm fifteen," she said haughtily.

"Oh! that's nothing," he retorted. "I'm sixteen."

She looked him over.

"You don't seem very much older than I am," she remarked sagaciously.

"No, I don't," he admitted, "but—but, well I am."

This was unanswerable, and for a moment there was silence; then she said apologetically—

"I told you my name last night."

"Yes."

"Why didn't you tell me yours?"

"You didn't ask me," he retorted ingeniously.

"Well, I ask you now," she said with an admirably-feigned indifference.

"Norman Eldred Beauchamp Fitzgeorge Lechmere," he said.

"Is that all?" she asked, with a twinkle in the gray-blue eyes.

He colored.

"Oh, it's easy to chaff a poor beggar about his name, as if he could help it. I didn't choose 'em. It's awful rot, giving a fellow such a string—"

"Like a bead necklace," she interjected.

"If they'd called me Robinson, or Friday, now there'd have been some sense in it."

"Never mind," she said.

"You can call me which you like best," he said generously.

"Thank you, but I can't remember more than the first, and that's rather pretty, I think."

"All right," he said. "And—and may I call you Madge?"

"If you like," she assented indifferently.

"Thank you. It's a pretty name."

There was another pause; then she said, "And are you going to stay here long?"

"I don't know," he replied thoughtfully.

"I may be packed off any moment. Yesterday, in the morning, I wished they'd let me go, for it was awfully slack, all alone in the house there, but"—he looked round as if he were rather puzzled by himself—"but since then I've rather wanted to stay."

She thought over this for a second or two.

"And why are you all alone there?" she asked.

He grinned.

"Because there's nobody with me."

"That's clever, you think," she remarked, curving her delicately-cut upper lip. "Anybody could have said that."

"I know. I beg your pardon. I meant that the earl doesn't show up much. He keeps to his own rooms. I've only seen him once since I came, and then only for a few moments, and there's nothing to do, and no one to talk to, and the whole place is like—like a church, it's all so quiet and gloom. And the butler and the rest of the servants look at you as if they expected you might go off bang like a firework any moment."

"I see. Then you won't come again?"

"Well, I don't know," he said. "There, that's the best picture in the book, where he's firing at the savages. Jolly, isn't it? I should have liked to have been there, shouldn't you? Oh, about coming to the Chase again. I don't know. Yesterday I thought I shouldn't, that wild horses wouldn't drag me here if I could help it; but I don't know. Yes, I shouldn't mind coming back—that is, if—if you were here still. But I suppose you wouldn't be?"

"Oh, yes I should," she said.

"Well, you mightn't be; you never can tell. Besides, I mightn't come again for some time, and then—well, perhaps it would be all different."

"How different?" she asked, as she turned over the leaves of the book which they held between them.

"Well, you'd be grown up, for one thing, and very likely you'd be married."

"Oh, no, I shouldn't," she said, decisively.

He shook his head doubtfully.

"Girls always are when they're grown up, that's the worst of it."

"Not more than boys—they couldn't be," she retorted, with feminine logic.

He laughed.

"Oh, that's all right. But I should hate to come back and find you were married."

"Should you?" she said dreamily, but with not an atom of coquetry.

"Yes," he said—a pause. "I shouldn't mind marrying you myself."

She did not blush—why should she? It was so entirely a business-like and unemotional admission.

"Should you not?"

"No," he said, and he looked at her with a pleased, a frankly satisfied admiration.

"I think you are the jolliest girl I ever met. Most girls have such nonsense about them, they're so stuck-up and affected. Now you—oh, you're more like a boy, you know."

"Am I?" she thoughtfully.

"Yea." A pause. "I say—"

"Well?"

He leant his head on his arm, resting along the back of the seat, and looked at her with a frank eagerness, as if a splendid idea had just struck him, an idea of which he was not unreasonably proud.

"I tell you what! I'll make a bargain with you, if you like. But"—with a sudden qualm of modesty—"I'm afraid you won't like it."

As he was speaking the thin, lank form of Silas Fletcher came softly along the path on the other side of the shrubbery. He evidently caught the sound of their voices, for he stopped and listened. Then with a cautious glance over the wide expanse of the great gardens, he slid into the bushes and softly, cunningly insinuated himself as near as possible to the rustic seat. His face, framed by the leaves, bore a remarkable likeness to the conventional Satyr, save that no Satyr ever wore so sinister and ugly an expression.

"What is it?" asked Madge. "I can't say till you tell me."

"Well, it's this," he responded with only the slightest hesitation. "I was going to say that if you'd promise to stop here and not alter—"

"Not grow up?"

"Oh, if you're going to laugh and make game of it—?" he exclaimed with momentary pettishness.

"No, no; go on."

"If you'll stop here and wait for me I'll come back some day, and—and— You are not laughing?"

She shook her head, her lovely eyes resting on his innocently, waitingly.

"Well—I'll marry you."

She neither started nor blushed. She did not even laugh, but regarded him for awhile gravely, steadily, so that he felt fascinated by the glory of the gray-blue eyes under their black lashes. Then, silently, she looked away from him.

"You don't like the idea," he said, with a crestfallen air. "I'm—I'm sorry, because—"

He stopped, and she turned her eyes upon him questioningly.

"Because I like you very much. I do, indeed," eagerly. "I think you're the jolliest girl I've ever met, and—and I'm sure we should get on well together; that is if—if you think you could like me a little."

She still remained silent.

"Of course, you don't know much about me," he went on quickly, as if to anticipate her objection; "and I don't know that I'm up to much. I'm an awful duffer for work; I'm only in the third form, but I was captain of the third eleven"—which a subdued air of pride—"and I won the first swimming prize. But I suppose a girl doesn't care about that sort of thing."

"Yes, she does. I do," she said gravely.

"Well!" he said eagerly, and he took

her arm, as he would have taken that of a boy with whom he was anxious to conclude a bargain, "what do you say, Madge? Will you wait till I come back and marry me?"

She hesitated—well, scarcely so much hesitated as reflected—for a moment; then she nodded with girlish gravity.

"Very well," she said.

"Hurrah!" he exclaimed, and he flung up the book and laughed. "That's a bargain, then! Here, let us shake hands on it."

She held out her hand, and he took it and wrung it so hard that she winced.

As she did so the bushes parted and Silas Fletcher stood before them. Neither Madge nor Norman started. Why should they have done? But the latter looked at the intruder with angry surprise.

"Hallo," he said. "What do you want? Come to fight it out?"

"No, my lord," said Silas, in his thin voice. "The earl wants your lordship."

"Oh, does he?" said Norman. "Well, tell him I'm coming."

Silas Fletcher did not move.

"The earl wants your lordship at once," he said in the same impassive voice.

"Oh, very well."

He got up and nodded at Madge.

"I'll be back directly," he said, and running to the gate, vaulted over and disappeared.

Silas Fletcher stood shuffling the gravel path with the toe of his boot, and rubbing his thin moist hands behind his back, while he regarded the girl's face covertly.

She picked up the book and appeared to be absorbed in reading for a minute or two; then she looked up.

"Well, Silas Fletcher, what are you waiting for?" she asked coldly.

He moistened his thin lips.

"I thought you might want to speak to me, Miss Madge," he said meekly, cringing.

"Well, I don't," she said, and returned to her book.

But presently, without looking up, she said—

"Who was that who has just gone?"

He eyed her with a sneer.

"Of course you don't know—oh, of course not."

"I don't know!" she said indignantly.

"Who was it?"

"Lord Norman, Viscount Lechmere, the earl's nephew," he said.

She did not seem much impressed; a little, perhaps, but a little only. She was fifteen, and had not yet learned to worship a title.

"Of course you didn't know!" he repeated with a more pronounced sneer. And it was wonderful how much more ugly and repellant the sneer made his unprepossessing countenance.

"You wouldn't have sat there talking and reading with him if he hadn't been a lord. You wouldn't talk to and look at books with me—no, because I'm not as swell like Lord Norman."

"No, I wouldn't!" she said with the sudden passion of a young girl. "I wouldn't, because you're—you're ugly and I hate you!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PREFERRED A PLUG.—Two ladies, sitting in a car, were talking about dogs.

"I don't know one kind of a dog from another," remarked one. "They are all either little or big dogs to me; but if I have a preference it is for one of those noble mustangs, that are such fine watch-dogs."

"While I prefer a plug," said the other lady. "It's the only dog that really interests me."

AT AN EGYPTIAN WEDDING.—An invitation to an Egyptian wedding should never be declined if one wishes to see something novel and interesting; and the high-class Egyptians are much flattered and honored if Europeans attend these entertainments.

One of their reasons for welcoming European women is that this is one of the few opportunities which the male Egyptians have to dance and talk to ladies—a rare treat for them. The men are, on the whole, well educated and intelligent. They usually speak English, and are all conversant with French.

Then, too, the European woman has an opportunity to visit the harem and penetrate the interior of that mysterious spot. Here one sees the native women without their veils, and in all the splendor of their jewels, of which they are exceedingly fond; and that is one of the very few chances which they have of displaying their possessions to each other.

The little bride of fifteen, at a recent wedding, had among her wedding-gifts three diamond tiaras and fifty-six shawls! Her bedroom, which she furnished herself, was very beautiful, and, among other luxurious appointments, were cut-glass bowls and pitchers on the wash-stand, fine linen towels heavily embroidered with gold, a silver toilet-set on the dressing-table, and, on the little table by the bed, a gold tray, with gold pitcher and cups to match, and many other modern European articles about the room, which plainly shows that the Egyptian woman of to-day is progressing in some directions at least, notwithstanding her limited environment.

There is no church ceremony for the bride: the groom goes to the mosque and prays, she meanwhile waiting for his return, seated on a throne in her apartment, and gazed at by many women.

When the bridegroom came, at the wedding referred to above, the little trembling bride arose, her veil was put over her face, and from an opposite door the procession entered—eunuchs carrying torches, singing-women, and then the groom, dressed in a conventional modern European dress-suit. He was a good-looking fellow of twenty-two years. He had been educated in France, and had imbibed many progressive ideas. He advanced to the bride and raised her veil, seeing thus her face for the first time (what an anxious moment!), looked at her intently for a few seconds, and bent over and kissed her.

The friends then stepped forward and offered their congratulations. Those who were free to do so went downstairs, guided by the eunuchs through many intricate passages, and opening a number of heavily bolted gates, until they reached the main part of the palace, where the military band was playing, and supper was served for one thousand persons.

AN EFFECTIVE PREVENTIVE.—"I once knew a family in Missouri," said a man returned from the West, "who seemed to have a very effective, simple preventive of chills and fever. All the neighbors about suffered from ague, but these folks, with a house full of children, escaped it. I always ascribed it to the fact that a hearth fire was lighted every day, winter or summer, about dusk, so that the damp of evening was taken from the atmosphere indoors. The neighbors took no such precaution."

THE LUNGS ARE STRAINED AND RACKED by a persistent Cough, the general strength wasted, and an incurable complaint often established thereby. Dr. D. Jayne's Expecto-rant is an effective remedy for Coughs and Colds, and exerts a beneficial effect on the Pulmonary and Bronchial organs.

Scientific and Useful.

HOARSENESS.—A baked lemon is an excellent remedy for hoarseness.

WOODEN PIPES.—Wooden water-pipes can be made impervious to water by immersion in hot asphalt for a few minutes, the asphalt being drained out. Hot paraffin wax may also be used.

SAVED TIME.—The value of electric light as a saver of time and money is strikingly illustrated in a return just made of the average time time occupied by ships in passing through the Suez canal. With the electric light the journey is accomplished in eight minutes under 20 hours. Without the light 31 hours and 24 minutes is the time usually required.

LEATHER.—Chairs and sofas upholstered with leather last much longer if the leather is regularly revived with the following mixture—it cleans the leather, and will at the same time soften it, and prevents cracking. Take one part of best vinegar and two parts of boiled linseed oil, and shake well together. Apply a little on a soft rag, and afterwards polish with a silk duster or an old chambray leather. The leather of chairs should be as regularly polished as their woodwork.

CORK BUFFERS.—India-rubber as a material for the buffers of railway carriages failed to realize the anticipations that were formed of it, being found speedily to have its elasticity impaired under great pressure. Cork, even of an inferior kind, subjected to a slight preparatory process, proves far superior. To render it soft and permanently moist it is soaked in a mixture of molasses and water. It is then cut into discs having a hole in the centre. These are placed in a cylindrical cast-iron box, and a flat-iron disc laid over them. They are next subjected to sufficient hydraulic pressure to reduce their thickness one half.

Farm and Garden.

THE CHICKENS.—See that you have a sunny window and a dry floor in the hen-house this winter. A damp floor and a dark room are fatal to success. Sun and warmth and dryness will ensure good health, cheaper feeding, more eggs.

THOROUGHBREDS.—Better buy thoroughbred eggs or fowls than try to grade up the common stock, because it saves time, and going up hill is not half so easy as going down. A little neglect will make scrubs out of some of the best soon enough.

THE STOCK FARM.—Nothing can be more beautiful or picturesque, says a writer, than a well-managed stock farm without a scrub cow, sheep, hog, horse or fowl, with green pastures and verdant meadows, level plains and sloping hillsides.

HORSES.—There's no place where brain power, intelligently directed, will return a larger per cent. of interest than in training and developing horses. Undeveloped, a horse sells to-day at less than pork price, but in proportion to development values rapidly increase.

BUTTER.—Butter canned and hermetically sealed will be one of the articles of commerce before long. Canned butter is quite as practicable as canned lard or peaches. Thus sealed up, butter of the first-class can be shipped to any country from the equator to the poles and opened and eaten in good condition.

POWER.—The windmill and the brook water wheel are yet to be harnessed for electricity, and the grain threshed, the wood sawed, feed cut, water pumped, house lighted and heated without extra cost. The water power on or near every farm will transmit its force over a wire to every field and building, and save untold labor.

TEMPER.—A man with a high temper, says a writer, if it is uncontrollable, has no business with a cow. The man who mercilessly kicks a cow cannot possibly succeed, for his rough treatment will more than offset all he builds up by extra feeding. If he would be content to kick the side of the barn, or even himself, it would be more sensible, and his end would be gained just as well.

LIFE.

BY W. W. LONG.

Life with you is a beautiful dream,
As time goes on in its flow;
Youth's summer that was so fair and bright,
Grows soft in the after-glow.

Life with you is a beautiful dream,
In it lies naught of regret;
The years go on in their peaceful tide,
As they did when first we met.

A LIFE REDEEMED

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADYBIRD'S PENITENCE," "HIS WEDDED WIFE,"
ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVI.

LYRA sat beside her father all that night. When trouble comes it comes in battalions and not in single spies, and this trouble of her father's strange and sudden illness, following so closely on the discovery of her love for, and loss of, Dane, confused and bewildered her.

The doctor whom Griffith brought from Yarnstaple was no better and no worse than the usual run of medicos, but he was an honest man, and he owned himself puzzled. He couldn't account for the fainting fit; the heart was weak, he said to Mr. Chandos, as the heart of a man who pores over books and takes no exercise must be; but he, the doctor, was inclined to think that there must have been some mental disturbance. Did he, Mr. Geoffrey Barle, know of any matter that might be troubling the sick man?

Mr. Chandos shook his head, and looked round the parlor in which he and the doctor were talking.

"No," he said. "I should say there was nothing whatever to trouble Mr. Chester. He leads a remarkably quiet and reposeful life, as you imagine; and appears to be singularly happy and contented in the society of his daughter and his beloved books."

"You are a friend of the family?" asked the doctor, as he pulled on his driving gloves.

"Yes," said Mr. Chandos blandly. "I am here on a visit, have been detained by an accident to my foot, and of course—of course I shall remain while I can be of any service."

"Quite right; very good of you, my dear sir," said the simple-minded doctor, who thought Mr. Geoffrey Barle a very nice man indeed, a very kind-hearted considerate man in fact. "You can be of the greatest service. It seems to me that the poor young lady upstairs is singularly lonely and friendless. Yes, stay by all means."

Lyra held her father's hand all night. He did not seem to be in any pain, and he slept at intervals; but in his sleep he moaned as if something was troubling him; and once he breathed her name, pityingly, lovingly.

When he woke in the early morning his eyes turned to her, and he sighed deeply.

"Lyra," he murmured in a hallow voice, "are you there? I—I have something to tell you—"

"No, no, dear," she said, laying her face against his. "You must not talk; you shall tell me when you are better—when you are quite well. You must do nothing but sleep and rest now." And she kissed and soothed him.

Mr. Chester was a weak man in every sense of the word, and grasped at the chance of postponing the confession of his folly. So he turned away from her with a stifled groan and closed his eyes.

For three days he lay thus, and Lyra scarcely left his bedside. On the fourth he was well enough to leave his bed, but it was a feeble and broken man—the shadow of even his former weak and feeble self—who sat beside the window looking over the Yaw, his head sunk on his breast, his eyes fixed on vacancy, yet with an expression in them as if he were waiting for some great sorrow.

And during this time Mr. Chandos behaved still like a ministering angel. He lost his limp and went into Yarnstaple for jellies and other delicacies, sat beside the old man and read to him, and in every way played the part of the devoted and self-sacrificing friend. Even Griffith, who hovered about the place uneasy and troubled, and sometimes entered the sick room, was forced to admit with a grunt that Mr. Barle was behaving very well, and was not such a fool as he, Griffith, thought him.

The doctor came and looked at the old man, with the queer inscrutable expression which doctors seem to acquire as part of their profession, and said, "Yes, he was getting better," and sent him tonics and spoke hopefully to Lyra, but he was graver and less cheerful with Mr. Chandos.

"He is very weak, Mr. Barle," he said; "very. I can't help thinking that there is something on his mind. He seems to be always brooding. I don't like to ask Miss Chester—by-the-way, she must take more rest or she'll break down. She is strong, I know, but this perpetual anxiety—"

"I will see that she has some rest," said Mr. Chandos. "I know that she is doing too much, but I will put a stop to it. Mary and I can relieve her. Yes, I will see that she has more rest."

And he spoke with such sympathetic consideration that the doctor went away confirmed in his opinion that Mr. Geoffrey Barle was a nice, unselfish man and true friend.

That afternoon Mr. Chandos whispered softly to Lyra, who sat beside her father, holding his hand and looking—as he was looking—over the Yaw.

"Will you come into the garden for a little while, Miss Lyra?"

Lyra glanced at her father.

"I cannot leave him," she said in a low voice. "He misses me if I go away for even a few minutes."

"You must come, please," he said with gentle persuasion. "I—there is something I want to say to you. Mary will stay with him."

Lyra got up reluctantly and went downstairs and into the garden. She had not left the house for four days, and the scent of the roses and the pinks came upon her with a peculiar sense of strangeness. It seemed weeks, months, since she had stood in the garden with Lord Dane by her side. She went and sat down on the rustic seat behind the hedge, and as she looked round with sad, dreamy eyes, the morning she and Dane had sat there and talked together came back to her as vividly as if it had been only yesterday.

Mr. Chandos' voice woke her from her reverie and dispelled the vision.

"You are making yourself ill, dear Miss Lyra," he said in his soft voice. "That will not do, indeed it will not! If you were to break down I do not know what we should all do! You must take more rest—"

Lyra turned her sad eyes upon him absently.

"I am quite well," she said. "I am very strong, stronger than you think. Do you think my father is getting better?" she asked with tremulous eagerness. "Please, please tell me the truth!"

"Yes, yes," he said. "Oh yes, he is getting better. He is very ill, as a man must be who has suffered such a shock as he suffered."

"Shock?" said Lyra, starting slightly, her eyes fixed on him anxiously. "What shock—oh! what do you mean, Mr. Barle?"

Mr. Chandos looked aside as if he had been guilty of a slip of the tongue.

"I—er—tut, tut—I did not mean—" he faltered.

Lyra put her hand on his arm. "You did not mean to say that? You know something about my father's illness! You are trying to keep something from me! Ah, do not, do not! Tell me, please! Are you afraid I cannot bear it? You need not be! I can bear anything but this uncertainty—suspense—"

Mr. Chandos, with still averted eyes, let his hand fall upon her arm and, pressed it soothingly, encouragingly.

"I ought to have been more careful!" he murmured. "I have tried—indeed I have tried—to conceal it from you, to keep you in ignorance—"

"What is it you have tried to keep from me?" said Lyra, looking anxiously into his averted face. "Why should you keep me in ignorance? I am his daughter, and—and I am not a child! What is it?"

"One always desires to keep trouble—the shadow of trouble—from falling on those one loves—likes," murmured the sympathetic Chandos.

Lyra's hand dropped, but her eyes still scanned his face.

"You have no right to keep anything from me," she said with sad dignity. "If you know the cause of my father's illness—if you know of anything that is troubling him, you should tell me. Tell me, at once, please!"

"I—I only heard it by accident," murmured Mr. Chandos humbly, "and if I have kept it from you it was from a desire to shield you—"

"There is something that troubles him!" murmured Lyra more to herself than him. "Tell me, please, Mr. Barle! I will, I must know! Has anything happened—is anyone dead?"

"No, no," he said. "It is a money trouble, dear Miss Lyra."

"A money trouble?" she echoed, looking at him with a confused, bewildered expression on her lovely face.

"Yes," he said with a sigh. "A serious trouble. But don't be alarmed, I—"

"Tell me, tell me!" she said tremulously.

Mr. Chandos shook his head sympathetically.

"Your father is in want of a large sum of money, dear Miss Lyra. A creditor, a hard-hearted creditor, is pressing him for a large sum—five hundred pounds—which it appears your father borrowed some years ago, and seems to have almost forgotten."

"Well?" said Lyra. "Can he not pay it? If he borrowed it he can pay it!" and there was a touch of pride in her voice.

Mr. Chandos shook his head. "Alas! I fear not. Indeed, I am sure he cannot, and it is this that crushing him and keeping him ill."

"My father—" her voice broke, "my father cannot pay his debts!"

Mr. Chandos shook his head and sighed.

"I fear not. Do not blame him, dear Miss Lyra—"

"Blame him!" The idea was a sacrilege.

"But of course you will not. He has been unfortunate. We are all of us unfortunate in money matters at times. His investments have gone wrong; they will, they do, just when it is most inconvenient. But you understand now what it is that is troubling him. It is a terrible prospect for a man of his age."

"Terrible prospect," she echoed, gazing at him, her hands tightly clasped.

"Yes," he murmured. "To have one's home sold over one's head, to be turned adrift into the world, an old and feeble man—"

Lyra rose with a cry—a low, but terrible cry—her hands stretched out before her; then sank into the seat again.

Mr. Chandos watched her.

"My dear, dear Miss Lyra," he murmured, with deepest sympathy, "don't take it to heart so much! Pray, pray be calm! It is true it is terrible, dreadful to contemplate—an old man in his state of health, without home or money, or friends. But I forget, you may have friends who will help you."

"Friends!" her voice sounded hollow and despairing. "No; I know of none! Oh, my poor father!" and she hid her face in her hands, but only for a moment.

"No?" murmured Mr. Chandos. "Are you sure? Dear, dear; this is very, dreadfully sad. It wrings my heart. Oh, something must be done, Miss Lyra!"

She scarcely heard him, and did not respond. He drew a little nearer, and touched her arm with the tip of his fingers.

"Miss Lyra, will you let me help you?"

"You?" She turned her wild, sorrow-laden eyes upon him.

"Yes, I. It is true I can scarcely dare to call myself by such a sacred name as friend, though—ah! if you could only see my heart—"

He paused dramatically, and laid his hand over the spot where that troublesome organ is generally placed.

"If you could only see my heart you would know how truly, how sympathetically it would throb for you! I would lay down my life for you; I would go to the stake to save you from an hour's, a moment's unhappiness. Lyra, you must know, you cannot be ignorant of the fact, that I—I love you?"

Lyra still gazed before her, with wild sorrow-laden eyes. He drew a little closer to her.

"I love you with all my heart and soul. You are my goddess—my queen, my chief rose in a garden of roses."

A glimmer of the meaning of his words began to dawn upon her. She shrank from him slightly.

"I love you!" he went on, sidling after her, his pale-blue eyes glowing, his lips working in his earnestness, for at that moment Mr. Chandos was as earnest in the pursuit of his prey as Dane would have been after grizzlies in the Rockies.

"You—love me?" The words fell from her lips mechanically, and she looked at him with wild amazement.

"Yes; yes a hundred times! Don't speak; listen to me! Wait till I have told you all! Lyra, I can help you, I can help your father, if—if you will give me the right to do so."

"The right!" She echoed the words, her hand to her forehead.

"Yes," he murmured, almost hoarsely, for Mr. Chandos was terribly in earnest. Her beauty sent the blood coursing through his veins, the hope, the chance of winning her, of getting her in his power, of seeing

her soon at his feet, made his brain burn.

"Yes; the sweetest, the divinest right, Lyra. I am a poor man, but I can help your father—you—out of this strait. If matters are allowed to take their course he will be turned out of house and home. It will—alas! I fear it will kill him."

She leant back panting, her face deathly white.

"You know how weak, how ill he is. And this man, his creditor, is inexorable. He will have no pity. You, who do not know anything of the world, cannot imagine how heartless, how pitiless men can be where money is concerned! Yes; I fear it will kill him! But I can save him! I am a poor man, but I can raise this money, sufficient to ward off this danger. I can save your father, Lyra. Only give me the right. Lyra!"—he took her hand, cold as ice, in his hot one—"Lyra, say that you will be my wife, and I will save your father!"

A shudder ran through her. She drew her hand from his, and drew her head herself, away, as one would shrink from some loathsome reptile.

"Your—wife!" fell from her white lips and as she uttered the words there rose the vision of Dane—Dane, the man who had stolen the heart from her bosom. "Your wife!"

At the expression of her face, the tone of her voice, Mr. Chandos's own expression grew vicious, but he controlled it.

"Yes, dearest, dearest Lyra. You cannot hesitate! You—you do not hate me?"

Lyra could not force a "No" to her lips.

"You will not refuse my aid," he went on, in a low, persuasive voice. "You, who love your father, will not stand by and see him cast out into the streets when one word, a simple 'yes,' will save him! Think! I will pay this money, I will take this awful burden from his shoulders, I will be his friend for life, if you will only promise to be my wife. See, Lyra, it rests with you. Your father's fate is in your hands!"

She bent forward, her hands clasped in her lap, her lovely eyes fixed in a wild, distraught gaze. Her father and—yes!—Dane rose before her like spectres. To be this man's wife! The horror of the idea benumbed her. This man's wife! To be his entirely, wholly! To be linked with him until she or he died! She shook and quivered with repugnance.

"What is your answer, Lyra dearest?" he murmured. "Do you refuse to save your father?"

He was wise to harp upon that, the principal string. It was irresistible.

She turned to him slowly, like a statue of stone imbued with the power of movement only.

"I—I will do what you wish," she panted almost inarticulately. "You—you will give my father this money; you will save him?"

"Yes, yes," he cried, unwisely putting his arm round her, for at his touch she shrank away from him, and scarcely refrained from thrusting him from her.

"Yes, Lyra dearest, my own, my very own; I will get the money; the debt shall be paid; your father shall be spared any further anxiety. And you—ah, Lyra dear, dear Lyra!—I will try to make you happy. We will lead the sweetest and gayest of lives. We will go to Paris—"

She rose, clutching the arm of the seat, as if to fly from his touch.

"Tell—tell my father—" she panted.

"A moment, dearest," he said. "I—I think it would be as well if we kept the fact of our engagement a secret, even from him."

"A secret?" she said in a lifeless way.

"Yes," he murmured suavely. "Sit down, dear one, and listen to me."

She did not sit down, but stood, grasping the seat, her face turned from him.

"I—er—" Mr. Chandos cleared his throat—"there are reasons why our engagement—marriage should be kept secret," he said rather huskily, his pale-blue eyes watching her intently. "I am dependent upon a relative—an uncle—who—might, probably would, refuse to consent to what he—he would consider an imprudent marriage. We—we shall have to be married quite quietly, er—in fact, I may say—secretly. Even your father must not—er—know of it. Do you mind, dearest? It is for your sake as well as my own that I say this."

Lyra shook her head in a dull, apathetic way.

Mr. Chandos moistened his lips.

"My dear Lyra, how sensible, how sweetly sensible you are! Yes, our marriage must be kept a close secret. I must think of a plan"—he knit his brow and looked thoughtful, as if his plan—his fiendish plan—were not already out and dried—"by which we can keep the whole affair to ourselves. But leave that to me, dearest Lyra." She let her eyes fall on him. His face was flushed, his lips quivering. "Won't you—won't you let me give you one kiss, one betrothal kiss?"

She stood like a figure of stone, her beautiful face white as marble itself; then she moved statue-like towards him, but as he rose and approached her she drew back.

"Not—not yet; give me time," broke from her white lips, and, staggering like a person recovering from a swoon, she went into the house.

Mr. Chandos sank back into the seat, biting his lips.

"Oh, very well, very well, my dear," he muttered with a sinister smile of disappointment. "I can wait a little longer, a little longer."

He remained in the shelter for some minutes, smiling at times, at others gnawing at his lip—for Mr. Chandos was engaged in rather a dangerous game; then he went into the house and up to Mr. Chester's room.

The old man was lying back in his arm-chair, his eyes fixed on the window. Lyra was sitting at his feet, her head resting on his knee. She did not move as Mr. Chandos entered and came up to the chair.

"Mr. Chester," he said in his soft, suave voice—"Mr. Chester?"

Mr. Chester turned his wasted face and faded, care-worn eyes to him.

"You will be glad to hear," said Mr. Chandos in a voice of tender benevolence, "that the little matter that has been troubling you has been arranged."

Mr. Chester knit his brows with an expression of mental confusion.

"The matter—" he faltered in a thin, husky voice.

"The matter of the five hundred pounds—the bill," said Mr. Chandos, with a glance at Lyra's downcast face.

"The bill?" repeated Mr. Chester dully, vacantly.

"Yes. It will be settled—ahem!—at least, I have every reason to think it will be. Will it not, Lyra?"

She raised her head slowly and looked up at her father, her eyes full of loving tenderness and self-sacrifice.

"Yes, father; yes!" she breathed, then her head sank upon his knee again.

That same evening Mr. Chandos walked over to Yarnstaple. It was by no means a chilly evening, but for reasons best known to himself he had the collar of his coat

turned up, and his poetic wide-awake tilted well over his forehead; and when, after several inquiries, he found 28, Clongate Street, and the door was opened to him, it was with quite a different voice to his ordinary one—a voice that one would almost have imagined was carefully disguised—that he asked for Mr. Robert Rawdon.

CHAPTER XVII.

AN UNTIDY, smutty-visaged slavey opened the door—a few inches only—of 28, Clongate Street, and stared at Mr. Chandos's muffled face.

"Is Mr. Robert Rawdon at home?" he asked in a carefully-disguised voice.

The girl peered at him suspiciously.

"I dunno," she said evasively. "What do 'ee want with him?" And she pushed the door closer with her slipshod foot.

Mr. Chandos stuck a shilling in between her grimy fingers.

"Perhaps you'll go and see?" he said blandly.

The girl put the shilling in her mouth and shut the door; but after a minute or two it was opened as cautiously as before, and Rawdon peered round.

"How do you do, Rawdon?" asked Mr. Chandos.

Rawdon started, but looked relieved.

"Oh, it's only you, is it?" he said. "Come in. Be quick, please."

Mr. Chandos slipped in through the narrow opening, and Rawdon promptly closed the door and locked it.

"Hold on a minute," said Mr. Rawdon; "I'll get a light."

He disappeared, leaving Mr. Chandos in the dark and not particularly pleasant-smelling passage, and reappeared with a candle stuck in an empty gin-bottle.

"Come upstairs," he said.

Mr. Chandos followed him up a rickety staircase—very nearly treading on a remarkably dirty infant who was engaged in sucking the banisters—and entered a dingy room, which smelt of herrings, beer, and stale tobacco.

It was the shabbiest and most unsavory apartment the elegant Mr. Chandos had ever seen, and he held his breath and looked round appalled.

Rawdon drew a chair forward, one of those ingenious contrivances which provide a chair by day and a bed by night.

"Take a seat," he said. "Don't sit down too—too hard or suddenly."

Mr. Chandos arrested himself half way and looked round nervously.

"Oh, it's all right if you tolerably careful," said Rawdon reassuringly.

Mr. Chandos sat down gingerly, and clutched the arms as the chair creaked.

"It's very good of you to look me up," said Rawdon. "I'm sorry I haven't a better place to receive you in."

He looked round the room with a weary kind of disgust.

"Not at all," murmured Mr. Chandos pleasantly. "Honest poverty is always respectable, my dear Rawdon."

"Is it?" said Rawdon sardonically. "That's rot! Poverty, whether or honest the other thing, never is respectable. You know that as well as I do."

He reached for a pipe as he spoke, a black, grimy briar, and got out a pouch from his frayed pocket; but the pouch was empty, and he tossed it and the pipe on the mantelsheff.

Mr. Chandos watched his friend and former college chum with covert scrutiny. Mr. Robert Rawdon looked even more dissipated and ruffianish than he had on the night Mr. Chandos had met him in the street. His face was pale and haggard, with dark hollows under the eyes, and a

crop of blue bristles round his chin, and his lips twitched nervously.

"I can't offer you any refreshment, Mr. Chandos," he said, sticking his hands in his pockets and leaning moodily against the grimy mantelpiece. "There isn't a thing to eat or drink in the house, or the room; for I've only got this room. You must take the will for the deed."

"Certainly—certainly," said Mr. Chandos amiably. "Perhaps—er—perhaps you would allow me to—to—" He drew some silver from his pocket, as he spoke, in a tentative way; but he need not have been so modest and hesitating.

"Allow you to stand treat?" said Rawdon, with a sort of bitter promptness. "Of course I will!"

Mr. Chandos laid half-a-crown on the table covered with a sticky cloth, and Rawdon took up the coin with an affected nonchalance.

"What shall it be?" he said, his eyes beginning to glisten with a thirsty eager look. "I'd suppose you'd like whisky, or brandy?" They sell very good gin at the pub round the corner, he added suggestively.

"Whatever you please. Let it be gin, as you recommend it, my dear Rawdon," said Mr. Chandos blandly.

Rawdon went to the door and called "Polly!" but in a rather subdued voice. The slipshod girl could be heard shuffling up the stairs, and a whispered colloquy ensued between her and Rawdon. "Mind, best Plymouth unsweetened! Here, I'll let you out," Mr. Chandos heard him say, and he also heard the key turned in the street door.

Rawdon waited in the passage for the girl's return, and Mr. Chandos passed the time in an examination of the room. Its dirt and squalor made him shudder.

"And there won't be a glass fit to drink out of," he murmured to himself plaintively; but he sank back carefully and smiled pleasantly as Rawdon entered, lovingly nursing a gin-bottle under his arm and carrying a jug of hot water.

"It's best hot," he said; "but you can have some cold water if you like."

"I prefer it hot, as you do," said Mr. Chandos. "Your house seems, indeed, to be a castle, my dear Rawdon," he remarked, sipping the steaming grog. "You take as many precautions with the front door as if it were the gate of a besieged fortress."

"So it is," said Rawdon, taking a great draught of the grog and filling up his glass with neat gin. "So it is," and he laughed a thick, defiant laugh. "It is besieged—by duns. I'm stone-stroke, and that's a fact, Chandos—clean stone stroke. I owe money everywhere; though how the deuce I've managed it I can't think, seeing that I never seem to have half enough to eat, and not a quarter enough to drink, and no new clothes. Poverty respectable! Hah, hah!" and he refilled his glass and laughed bitterly.

"I'm extremely sorry to see you in this plight, especially as it is undeserved, as I am sure it is."

Rawdon glared at him, suspecting sarcasm, but Mr. Chandos's expression was blandly sympathetic as he sipped his gin and water.

"Thanks," said Rawdon bluntly. "Very kind of you; but soft words butter no parsnips—not that I've any to butter, by the way. And so you've come to look me up, have you, just for old friendship's sake?" "Pon my soul, I didn't expect it of you."

Mr. Chandos's eyes fell.

"Did you not? You did me an unjust-

ice, my dear Rawdon. I never"—he lent forward, but hastily sat back as the chair creaked threateningly—"I never forget an old friend."

"Thanks," said Rawdon again, and more genially; hot gin and water has a mellowing influence, it is said.

"Yes," said the generous-hearted Mr. Chandos; "I am as pleased to visit you in this—er—not too luxurious apartment, my dear Rawdon as if you were snugly housed in some cosy country vicarage—as you ought to be."

"For heaven's sake don't harp on that string, and call up your past hopes and visions!" said Rawdon huskily. "Have a pipe? I told the girl to spend the change in 'bacca."

Mr. Chandos declined, and tried not to cough as Rawdon at once proceeded to fill the room with the fumes of a most potent shag.

"I thought you'd left the neighborhood," said Rawdon, sinking into a chair and leaning back, with his hand caressing the tumbler.

"Oh, no," said Mr. Chandos. "It is so beautiful, so picturesque, that I have been tempted to stay on, and—er—study it. Besides, I should not have thought of leaving it without coming to see you, and—er—pray forgive me, Rawdon—venturing to offer you some slight—ahem!—pecuniary assistance."

Rawdon stared at him, and flushed.

"You mean it?" he said, with some not very flattering astonishment. "I thought you were going to say, 'offer you some advice,' and, upon my word, if you had, I should have felt inclined to chuck this glass at you—it's empty. You really mean to give me a hand? Excuse my incredulity, but you refused to loan me a simple fivever the other night, you know."

"I had not my purse with me," said Chandos.

"Left it on the piano at the hotel; I see," said Rawdon. "Well, better late than never; and, by George! no poor devil ever wanted a friend more than I do, Chandos."

"I am afraid that is true," said Mr. Chandos. "Dear me! It seems as if it must be some other person than yourself sitting there in this—er—rather gloomy room. When I look back to the old college times—the wine parties, the private theatricals—"

"Don't look back if it hurts you," broke in Rawdon; "though it won't hurt you more than it hurts me. How much are you going to lend me, Chandos? Make it as much as you can."

Chandos looked down pensively and sighed.

"I want to be of some real, some lasting service to you, my dear Rawdon," he said. "I feel that a paltry five-pound note, such as you asked for the other night, cannot be of much use to you. It can only relieve your—er—poverty in the most temporary way."

"It will give me something to eat, drink, and smoke for a fortnight or more," remarked Rawdon laconically.

"Just so. And after?" murmured Mr. Chandos.

"After that the deluge!" exclaimed Rawdon with a laugh. "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof."

Mr. Chandos shook his head with gentle rebuke.

"Ah, my dear friend; if you could only learn to think more of the future—"

Rawdon laughed sardonically.

"For heaven's sake, don't try and preach, Chandos!" he said. "You look too killingly funny. What is it you mean? What is it you're aiming at?"

Mr. Chandos seemed to ponder.

"Well, my dear Rawdon," he said, "I have been thinking over your sad fate, and it seems to me that with your brilliant attainments, with your ripe scholarship, and—er—"

"Gift of the gab."

"Great oratorical powers," continued Mr. Chandos, "you ought to be able to carve out for yourself a new, perhaps a great, career in another sphere."

"Do you mean heaven or the other place?" asked Rawdon bluntly.

"I mean in one of our colonies, my dear Rawdon," said Mr. Chandos.

Rawdon laughed grimly.

"Thanks, I know. Steerage passage paid to Australia, New Zealand, anywhere; land with two pounds ten in your pocket; and when that's spent, take to breaking stones. Thanks, I can break stones here in England when I happen to take a fancy to that artistic industry."

"No, no, my dear Rawdon, you misunderstand me," said Mr. Chandos. "I meant nothing so—er—absurd. What I proposed to myself to offer you was a passage paid to one of our most flourishing colonies, and—er—sufficient capital to enable you to look around and find congenial employment."

Rawdon almost let his pipe drop out of his mouth, and stared at the benevolently smiling Mr. Chandos as if he could not believe his senses.

"You—you mean to do that for me?" he said huskily. "You—Chandos Armistage—I beg your pardon. But—well, good lord, it seems too good to be true; it seems— How much did you mean to give—lend? I swear if things go right with me, I'll pay you back. I swear it, Chandos!"

"I am quite sure you will, my dear Rawdon," said Mr. Chandos sweetly. "I know your upright, honorable nature so well. How much? Well, do you think fifty pounds would be sufficient?"

Rawdon rose from his chair, and then sank down again. His face flushed, then turned pale, and there were tears in his bleared eyes, tears which owed their existence to the emotion of gratitude as well as hot gin and water.

"Fifty pounds," he said huskily. "My dear Chandos. But—" his voice broke and he started up again. "But this isn't a joke, a jest on your part, is it? You are not playing it down on me." A savage light gleamed in his eyes through the tears.

"No, no, sit down, I beg," said Chandos. "Er—er—will you give me a little more of the—er—gin? It is excellent—excellent, and do look after yourself, my dear Rawdon."

Rawdon, with an unsteady hand, replenished the glasses, nearly filling his own, as Mr. Chandos noticed, with neat gin.

"As an earnest of my desire to help you, let me offer you a small loan to commence with."

He fumbled in his pocket.

"Tut, tut, I have left my purse at home. I had a five-pound note in it."

Rawdon began to laugh suspiciously, ironically.

"But I have some loose change." He laid a couple of sovereigns on the table and some silver. "That will keep you afloat until I can give you the remainder. You will not mind waiting a few days, my dear Rawdon?"

Rawdon picked up the money and turned it over, as if he expected it to transform itself into dead leaves, like the money in the "Arabian Nights" story; then, when he had quite realized that it

was genuine coin of the realm he dropped it into his pocket, and sank into the chair with a sigh of amazement and gratitude combined.

"Mind waiting!" he said. "Of course not—that is, if it isn't too long. I could hold out here for a few days—a week. You don't expect me to pay my debts before I start, eh?" and he grinned.

Mr. Chandos looked down.

"I leave that to you, my dear Rawdon," he said gravely. "I am afraid that if you did—er—that you would not have much left. I leave that to you."

Rawdon nodded and laughed.

"Not such a fool," he said. "It would be a waste of good money; for once out of this cursed country you won't see me back; no, not if I have to take to stone breaking. And you will do this for me? Lend me this money—without security? Look here, Chandos, I've done you an injustice. I've thought hardly of you since the other night. I beg your pardon. You were a good fellow, and true friend, and— and God bless you!"

He held out his hand and Chandos took it. Perhaps something in Mr. Chandos's cold paw, perhaps something in his sleek face, or pale-blue eyes, again roused Rawdon's suspicions, for he dropped the hand suddenly, and scanned his friend's countenance.

"Chandos! You are going to do all this for nothing? Just for the sake of old friendship? Isn't there something you want for it, something you want me to do?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

At Home and Abroad.

There is in New York a policeman who has managed on pay never exceeding \$1200 a year and without opportunity for unlawful gains to put one son through a famous college and to graduate him in medicine, to get another a commission in the navy, and to send two daughters to one of the best women's colleges. Meanwhile the father has gone on doing his modest duty and asking aid of no man.

At the Paris Mont de Piété, the official pawnbroking establishment, a wedding ring pawned in 1857 has just been redeemed. Only seventeen francs was lent upon it originally, but the ticket was renewed 36 times, and the owner paid 50 francs in interest. Tickets are still renewed every year for a pair of cotton curtains pledged for four francs 22 years ago, and for an umbrella pawned in 1849.

M. Casimir Perier, President of the French Republic, during his recent tour in the provinces, drove about in an especially constructed carriage, the seat of which was so high that an ordinary person could scarcely reach it from the street. Any repetition of the Caserio incident would have been impossible. The President was always accompanied in his drives by a large force of gendarmes, and at the various railroad stations the public was carefully excluded from the platforms.

One of the interesting subjects of future legislation will grow out of competition between steam and electric service in carrying express and mail matter. It is not to be doubted that the electric railway companies will wish to extend their business beyond the single privilege of the passenger service, and it is equally certain that the steam railway and express companies will make a formidable opposition to such encroachment upon their business. The results ought to be governed by considerations of public interest and convenience.

Though the German Emperor employs Berlin tailors, he believes in giving pro-

vincials employment also. In every good-sized town there is a court tailor, who occasionally has the honor of supplying the Emperor with a uniform, and as his uniforms are as diverse and numerous as the stars of the heavens, there is good business done, especially as His Majesty differs very materially from his grandfather, who had his uniforms and caps repaired and cleaned so often that the trades people had to declare at last the garments would bear no more renovation. The Imperial measure is always kept in stock by the tailors, so that only the minute details are sent when an order is given. A tunic for the Kaiser costs on an average between \$40 and \$50.

Samuel Jones set a trap for a fox recently in the vicinity of Rondout N. Y., and when he went to see if he had caught anything he found that the trap was gone, notwithstanding it had been secured by a chain and a heavy staple driven into a log alongside. The chain had been broken and there was a rather plain trail in the dead leaves. This trail Jones followed until he got to a small opening, about a dozen yards away, where on the moss lay his fox, dead, yet holding fast by the throat a dead eagle. The eagle, in flying over the woods, had seen the entrapped fox and had swooped down upon it, but the fox, although crippled by the trap, had made a good fight and had killed his assailant while yielding up his own life.

In Germany the "Bismarck Jahrbuch," just out, is the latest manifestation of the Bismarck worship. It is an annual publication devoted entirely to the Iron Chancellor. The first part consists of documents and letters, ranging from an English letter written when he was 20, to his answer to the question of the San Francisco Examiner, two or three years ago. "What benefit will be derived from international exhibitions?" on which he wrote in lead pencil, "None." The second part of the volume contains poems written on or to him, essays about and by him, and a record of all that has happened to him during the last calendar year. Such annuals exist for the study of Goethe and Dante and Shakespeare, but the "Bismarck Jahrbuch" is the first periodical in Germany devoted entirely to a man still living.

The Municipal Museum of Paris has secured possession of several letters and accounts which recall the famine period of the siege of 1870-71. The documents form part of a correspondence between the then Director of the Jardin des Plantes, M. Geoffroy Saint Hilaire, and the butcher, Deboos, and pertain to the animals which were sold to the latter for consumption. October 24, 1870, Deboos bought from the Zoological Department six yaks, three zebras and a buffalo for 2550 francs, which was considered a bargain. Several days later he bought a young reindeer for 200 francs, a rooster for 150 francs, 19 pieces of smaller poultry for 152 francs, 23 small ducks for 145 francs, 11 geese and 14 ducks for 300 francs. From that time until December 29 a very large number of animals were bought, in fact, nearly all the more eatable ones had been made use of, but on that date Deboos bought two elephants for 27,000 francs, and the fact that their tough meat found a ready market proves the meat famine in Paris considerable as early as November, while the siege lasted until the end of January. In December only horse meat was to be had, and after New Year rodents were considered a delicacy.

FROM THE SKY.—Aerolites, or "meteorites," as they are sometimes called, usually fall singly, sometimes in pairs, and less frequently in showers, as was the case at New Concordia, Ohio, in 1860, when nearly 200 red-hot stones fell in a field in broad daylight.

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Love of Argument.

We all know the argumentative bore. He is a terror in every class of society. The passion of his life is to throw as many of his fellow-men as possible every day in a series of logical wrestling bouts. He represents the fighting instinct in the social circle. We have not been in his company five minutes before he discloses himself. We can see him carefully watching the conversation, ready and eager to pounce upon any statement with which he can disagree. If there is no chance of contradiction, three-fourths of his pleasure in the talk vanishes. The impossibility of answering the sermon spoils the Sunday service for him; on the week-day he would certainly be to the fore with an amendment or two.

Every conversation drifts with him naturally into the brawling shallows of debate. He cannot bear to see the smallest deviation from what he regards as the plumb-line of truth without attempting a correction. Yet it is not the end but the means that he is chiefly interested in; he delights in the fight whatever may be the merits of the cause. If there is no contentious subject at hand, he will search until he finds one.

The love of argument is a fine stimulus to inquiry, a useful medium of education, and, when kept within measure, a fruitful and pleasant source of amusement; but, indulged without restraint, it obscures rather than reveals the truth, tends to disturb the amenities of life, to foster conceit, and, as we remarked at the beginning, to produce one of the commonest and most offensive of bores.

It will be conceded by all that the proper use of argument is the discovery of the truth; but there are few who enter upon a controversy with that purpose only in view. The glory that comes with a victory over an opponent is one motive. There is an irresistible delight in winning the game of words. The common course of a controversy is for one combatant to advance his theory with a genuine desire to illuminate the subject under discussion. The opponent replies partly with the same view, but

cannot wholly resist exposing incidental weaknesses of logic, exaggerations of statement, or evidences of ignorance on subsidiary subjects that may be found in the first utterances. Number one now retorts in like manner, and presently they are both heatedly discussing each other's words and methods, and are forgetting the essentials of the subject that is the ground of dispute. They begin by fighting for the truth and end by fighting each other. Nay, as Bacon has pointed out, some disputatious folk do not care for any truth at all, but are only desirous of giving a show performance in mental gymnastics. "In their discourse they desire rather commendations for wit in being able to hold all arguments than of judgment in discerning what is true; as if it were a praise to know what might be said and not what should be thought."

If men have a genuine desire to think as truthfully as possible and have the pluck to look their thoughts fairly in the face, there is no better way of reaching a sound opinion than by argument with intelligent friends. With two or three minds honestly bent upon a subject, intent on its elucidation rather than on momentary triumphs the one over the other, prejudices are immediately corrected, sweeping conclusions are modified, the personal bias which prevents each of us from seeing the truth directly at right angles is rectified. But is this argument? Perhaps, rather, we are drifting into conversation, which is argument tamed and made profitable. This is precisely what the argumentative man will not allow. It is not for him to take any suggestion from you. You are wrong and he is right; and there is no need for any "give-and-take" principle leading to mutual modifications of opinion.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, the best modern inventor of familiar similes, has made a comparison between writers of books and talkers which will apply to the argumentative bore and the man who uses argument as a means of getting as near the truth as possible. He says that writing a book is like shooting with a rifle—you either hit or miss; but talking is like playing at a mark with a water-pipe—you cannot help hitting it if it is within reach and you have time enough. But the lover of argument very seldom plays upon his subject; he takes snap shots, and will not let anybody help him with his sighting.

The first condition of a useful argument is that each of the talkers shall understand exactly what it is that opponents are talking about. The commonest of all failures to get profit from an argument comes from the combatants never meeting. They are like knights at a tournament riding different courses so far apart that, though there may be some little clashing of arms, there is no chance of striking home. If discussion is to be useful, the area to be covered must be defined, the fundamental principles agreed upon.

It is essential to know each other's

point of view, to be aware how opposite opinions have been reached, to realize whether it is possible that an agreement may be approached, if not arrived at, and to shut out all distracting secondary questions that lead away from the main issue. Oliver Wendell Holmes touched the latter point deftly when he said, "Talking is like playing on the harp; there is as much in laying the hand on the strings to stop their vibrations as in twanging them to bring out the music." But the ordinary argumentative man knows none of these limitations. He is always ready for the fray at a moment's notice, and never thinks of staking out the ground, "and e'en when vanquished he can argue still." He rushes upon his opponent and tries to tread him verbally underfoot; his words are all meant for blows, and are as unconvincing.

But, in spite of the many extremes into which a love of argument carries men and the uncomfortableness that is diffused by one's fighting friends who would "strip" over every difference of opinion, the balance of advantage lies, after all, on the side of argument. An education of a superficial kind may be picked up from debate. The inhabitants of a whole village will sometimes be found more intelligent than their neighbors, owing to the village blacksmith being a reader and getting up arguments round his smithy fire in the evening, when the shutters are closed and only the sparks from the chimney light the way to the cosy shed with its dust of filings. Again, argument ought to cultivate control of temper and to teach courtesy to opponents, though it often does not. It also helps to produce warmth of feeling, making opinion that has been fought for seem dear.

The man who does not believe in anything, or care for anything, or glow in any circumstances is the one hopeless being of the modern world; but he is not likely to be found among men who are given to strong arguments. Some of us, too, are so sluggish that it requires contact with another mind to rouse us to activity. Were it not for argument, we should be content to remain in log-like slumber. It gives alertness and adaptability to men who without its training would be impassive and rigid.

THE manner of saying or of doing anything goes a great way in the value of the thing itself. It was well said of him that called a good office that was done harshly and with an ill-will a stony piece of bread. "It is necessary for him that is hungry to receive it, but it almost chokes a man in the going down."

MANY efforts have been made in Paris to do away with the system of "tipping," which in France has almost assumed the proportions of a social evil. But the reformers had so little success that they have become resigned to the existing state of things, and one hears little of the abolition of gratuities nowadays.

SOME young persons are blessed with a fair, calm and judicial spirit, which prevents them from being carried off their feet by intense feeling or sanguine confidence; and some older ones retain their freshness of enthusiasm to a remarkable degree; and between these two are various shades of proportion. It is well to cultivate both in every age and to attain to whatever balance is possible; but we may expect to see the one predominate in early life and the other in riper years, for such is Nature's method in developing her finest fruits of humanity.

It is curious that many who fear to forfeit their independence by accepting kindness are quite ready to bestow favors themselves. They are generous up to a certain point, but beyond that their generosity ceases. They fail to perceive that, if others feel as they do, they are really unkind in their very kindness—that they are inflicting the very same obligations upon another of which they themselves complain.

"I WOULD say to every young woman," says a well-known divine, "never be dependent on your friends; never live an idle, aimless life—or, what is a thousand times worse, marry to escape work, or 'to gain a position.' Work, and if you cannot work with your brain, work with your hands, bravely, openly, keeping your self-respect and your independence."

THE pursuit of truth in its countless variety of forms is one of the great aims of life. All desire it in some measure, and the degree to which the love of truth triumphs over appetite, passion and inferior desires, determines the character of the man. Besides this, all human interests are involved in and dependent upon it.

IN every occupation of life it is the man who has thoroughly mastered every detail of his business who gets to the top. The mastery of details embraces not only knowledge of methods, but the reasons for certain procedures and the causes which lead to effects.

WHATEVER faults Voltaire may have had, he certainly showed himself a man of sense when he said, "The more married men you have, the fewer crimes there will be. Marriage renders a man more virtuous and more wise."

THE key to success in any department of life is self-denial. Idleness, wastefulness, come from lack of it; while industry, promptitude, economy, thrift and a successful career are the result of it.

A SMILE, to be worthy of the name, must come from the heart. It is the result of an honest willingness to be pleased with little as well as great things.

IT is temper which makes the bliss of home or destroys comfort. It is not in the collision of intellect that domestic peace loves to nestle.

ESTEEM.—Many persons who most earnestly crave for approval are for ever disappointed, because they fall into the common mistake of thinking that they ought to have what they intensely desire. Nothing is ever gained in this way. No one ever grew rich or famous, or superior in any art or achievement, by idly longing to become so; so no one ever gained the esteem of his fellow-men by merely wishing for it, even ever so ardently. He must acquire the right to be esteemed before he can reasonably hope to be so. He must cultivate qualities worthy of admiration; he must form a character that shall command respect; he must pursue a line of conduct at once honorable and self-respecting. This alone is the road to the esteem of those whose esteem is worth having. The direct efforts which weak-minded persons make to gain favor by suppressing their real selves and pretending to be what they suppose will be admired by those whom they flatter are worse than futile; they merely earn the contempt and failure which all deceit and hypocrisy deserve.

Grains of Gold.

Spare moments are the gold dust of time.

Love always weeps when it has to whelp.

Love never bestows a burden that is heavy.

Birds with bright plumage are seldom fat.

There is no use in talking any higher than we live.

Law wears iron shoes, and don't care where it steps.

One symptom of backsliding is a lack of thankfulness.

There are no real strong people in this world but good people.

True merit is like a river, the deeper it is the less noise it makes.

A man acquires more glory by defending than by abusing others.

The truth we hate the most is the truth that hits us the hardest.

There is no work so humble that faithfulness in it will not be noticed and rewarded.

An envious man repines at his neighbor's life as much as though he supported him.

No man is always wrong. A clock that does not go at all is right twice in the twenty-four hours.

Ignorance and conceit are two of the worst qualities to combat. It is easier to dispute with a statesman than a blockhead.

All great things are done little by little. Atoms make worlds. The greatest fortunes consist in farthings. Life is made up of moments.

A proverb for these times, or any other times: Speak but little, and let that little be the truth; spend but little, and let that little be cash down.

The true way to mourn the dead is to take care of the living who belong to them. These are the pictures and statues of departed friends which we ought to cultivate.

If you hate your enemies, you will contract such a vicious habit of mind as by degrees will break out upon those who are your friends or those who are not indifferent to you.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

W. T.—The angles of a square are right angles, or angles of 90 degrees. If you draw a line, joining two opposite corners, you will divide the angles at those corners into angles of 45 degrees.

MARY A.—1. Write to the Jefferson Hospital, Philadelphia, or Bellevue Hospital, New York, enclosing stamps for return postage and make your inquiries as brief as possible. 2. Certain natural qualifications must be possessed by one desiring to become a trained nurse. 3. From ten dollars per week upwards. 4. The work is not so hard as it is responsible. 5. Write to the Chicago Tribune for information as to the institution spoken of.

R. G.—Latin was formerly the language of the Roman republic and empire, and was spoken over the entire Italian peninsula. It ceased to be a living tongue about the eighth century of our era, but continued in use as the language of the church, of law, and of learning generally until the last two centuries. Good Latin scholars can readily carry on a conversation in that language. As a considerable portion of the Catholic church service is in Latin, it is necessary that the priests should be good Latin scholars.

READER.—The invention of the parachute has been traced to Leonardo da Vinci. A rough sketch of his device, showing a man holding on to it, is given in his published works. It represents a square parachute, and the surface is not much, if any, inflated; but in a collection of drawings of machines, published at Venice in 1617 by Fausto Veranzio, another square form shows more inflation. The first to utilize the parachute was Sebastian Lenormand, a Frenchman, who precipitated himself from the tower of the Observatory at Montpellier.

UNA I.—About understanding poetry. We asked you how much of Shelley you understand; you avoid the question by saying it is a hard-headed appeal to the reasoning faculties and not to the emotions. We do not agree with the distinction. Understand Shelley as you like, by reason or emotion or intuition, and then we venture to guess that there is a great deal of him left that you do not understand. Speaking as confirmed poetry-lovers, we cannot but regret the tendency to cloudiness—nay, to blindest obscurity—which disfigures so much of the verse.

PUPIL.—It is difficult to give any exact time, it depends so much on the person learning. We have heard of it being mastered in three months, but that is very exceptional. About a year is the ordinary length of time, and for persons who have not much time for practice, it has taken them two years and more. So much depends on circumstances. If you have plenty of time to devote to the study of shorthand you would soon master the actual principles, and then there remains nothing but practice, which is very requisite; indeed, it is the most important part of the study.

BELLE.—The idea is by no means modern. Mary Queen of Scots was the owner of a small silver death's-head that contained a dial in its throat. The works took the place of brains, and were wound up with catgut. The lower jaw opened on hinges so as to reveal the dial, and a ring in the top of the skull served to attach the somewhat ghastly ornament to a chatelaine. An octagonal silver watch, whose dial-plate was only nine-tenths of an inch in diameter, is chronicled amongst the possessions of the English Queen Mary, and there are other old records of similar small curiosities.

YOKO.—The usual dinner in a well-to-do Japanese family consists of rice, soup, fish and two or three vegetables, always served with shoya sauce, a pickle very much like German sauerkraut, and other pickles of egg plant, cucumbers, turnips or radishes. The soup is made from fish. The fish itself is broiled, stewed or fried. Rice always takes the place of bread. The only meal at which sweet cakes are eaten is at the afternoon tea, between three and four o'clock. Some of these cakes are made from boiled beans made into paste, flavored and sweetened. Sponge cake is also very much liked.

HAPPINESS.

BY PAUL MICHEL.

One who was bowed with care and many years
Paused by a cot to break his weary way,
And watched, all silent, through a mist of tears,
A little child at play.

Gazing upon the happy, childish face,
O'er which no grief its shadow-line had cast,
He could perhaps therein some mem'ry trace
Of his own buried past.

For, as the child came smiling to his side,
Led by a pity for the wand'ring fate—
"Thine is a happy lot," he sadly cried,
"Oh, happiness—too late!"

"Why are you sad? And what is happiness?"
The baby eyes o'erfill, the gambols cease,
Old age replies, the while it stoops to bless,
"My child, 'tis perfect peace!"

WIFE OR SISTER?

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE WYCHFIELD HORROR," "AN ANGEL UNAWARES," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

PROFESSOR FORREST frowned and bit his lip. The words and the accompanying laugh jarred horribly upon him, and the idea they suggested was altogether intolerable. It was not the gentle patient Eva, the girl he loved with a passionate strength of which he was half ashamed, who uttered those bitter jealous words.

"I spoke too late," he thought, brushing the soft gray hair back from his forehead with a tired gesture that at any other moment would have moved Eva to pity and remorse. "I should never have allowed that man to cross my threshold or approach her, knowing what I know; but I did not think she cared for him still." But he only said, with half-wistful gentleness. "This is not your own thought, those are not your own words, Eva, and some day you will regret both. Perhaps it was a mistake to ask Miss Luxton to remain—sometimes I think it was; but we have hardly time to discuss the matter now. We did ask her; to please us she stayed; and since then, I honestly believe that she has done her best to make us all comfortable and happy."

"Of course!" Eva agreed scornfully. "She is the ideal woman, and everything she does is right and perfect in your eyes."

"She has been my truest friend. She is my dead wife's sister, and as such—"

"As such she can never be your wife!" Eva broke in, with feverish irrepressible delight. "But for the prejudices of our legislators, I presume you would have offered her that post of honor before now, before you ever crossed my path, and I should have been spared my martyrdom!"

"Be silent!" Redmond said, so sternly that Eva drew back, startled. "Another word of such cruel, base, unwomanly suspicion and we part for ever!"

"Nothing could part us more effectually!" his wife rejoined, with a broken laugh that was more painful than a sob. "We never were one; Miss Luxton stood between us."

"Miss Luxton or your cousin's memory?" Redmond queried.

Eva laughed again, and replied—

"A little of each perhaps; only we treat our rivals differently. You expel Jack Venables from your house, but Regina Luxton remains."

"Yes, she remains—but how? The woman you libel and insult remains by my daughter's sick-bed, risking her life as generously as she has always sacrificed it, that Jessie may have her more than mother's care."

Eva listened, first with the same fierce scornful smile that her husband's praise of her rival had evoked, then with dilating eyes and a gradually paling face.

"Jessie!" she repeated, in a frightened whisper. "I had forgotten Jessie. Is she ill?"

"Yes," Redmond answered briefly; and something in his look and banished even her late torture of suspicion from his wife's mind, an acute unselfish fear taking its place.

"Jessie, my poor little Jessie! Oh, let me go to her!" she pleaded, her eyes filling with tears as she turned them imploringly on her husband's face. "Let me go at once; she wants me near her, I know."

Redmond knew it too. The echo of that piteous wailing cry—"Eva! Why does not Eva come?" still lingered in his ear; but for all that he stood between her and the doorway and resolutely shook his head.

"No—you must not see her!"

"Why?" Eva's eyes flash through a thick mist of tears. "Because I am in disgrace—and this is my punishment?"

"No—but because it is my will."

"Your will? Say rather Miss Luxton's! You are only her obedient tool! Redmond!"—her face lighted up with a suspicion that came upon her like a flash—"How did you know of Jessie's illness? What brought you home before your time from the Congress? Was it not a message from—from the mistress of the house?"

"Regina sent for me," her husband replied reluctantly, after a brief embarrassed pause; and once again the girl's laugh rang out jarringly.

"Regina! She is well named; her god-fathers and godmothers were prescient, for she is surely queen of us and all our fates. So her majesty forbids me to see Jessie now? On what ground?"

"The wise and prudent one of danger to your health. Jessie's illness is scarlet fever."

"But Miss Luxton is only mortal. The fever may attack her, yet she stays in the room."

"Some one must stay, and she has the best right. She is Jessie's aunt and her mother's sister."

"And I am only her father's wife! I see—I have no rights!" Eva exclaimed, with a choking passionate sob; and then, before he could prevent her, she had darted past him and escaped to her own room.

Late that night, as Eva Forrest sat alone, nursing a fierce resentment and bitter jealous anger, her maid brought in a letter, the girl offering it with a certain significance of manner that roused her interest.

She turned round, took the letter from the tray, and with a curious thrill of mingled pain and anger recognized her cousin's writing. Her first impulse was not to open it. Had not her husband forbidden all communication between Jack Venables and herself, and was she not bound to obey him?

"Who brought this?" she asked irresolutely, and the girl, looking away from the tear-stained troubled face with over-acted inattention, answered glibly—

"A young man—a stranger to me, ma'am; and he said, if you pleased, he would wait for an answer."

"There is no answer," Eva answered coldly.

The girl went, saying to herself, with a

crafty smile and a nod of her head—

"I wonder how she knows before she breaks the seal; but she will do that quickly enough when my back is turned."

In this however she was wrong. Long after the door had closed behind the messenger Mrs. Forrest sat staring at the bold clear address upon the envelope at something that half fascinated, half repelled her. Suddenly however she roused herself with a determined effort.

"I will hear his defence at least. Poor Jack! He at least cares for my opinion—I am not a mere petted child to him."

The letter was long and closely written, and Eva's eyes rested on the well-filled pages with something like dismay. A denial of guilt would have taken so much less room, but that was not to be hoped for here.

The color rose in her pale cheeks, and her eyes dilated as they read the closing sentences of the letter.

"I shall return to that new world in which life may still hold prizes even for me. But, Eva, must I return alone? My future lies in your hands to dispose of as you will. Be merciful, my dear and pretty Eva, merciful to me and to yourself. Yes, to yourself, for I can read your heart still as plainly as I read it years ago, when it was mirrored in your happy innocent eyes, when it held only love for me."

"Your eyes are not happy now, my darling, but they are eloquent as ever. You are not happy. How should you be, neglected and oppressed as you are? You cannot care for the cold stern man who calls you wife—who looks like your father and is your gaoler-in-chief. Break the fetters that bind you to him, my own brave true-hearted darling, and trust yourself to me. You know how truly I love you, and you must feel convinced that the affection you gave me long ago is mine still. Let it plead for me now. Come from the house in which you, the mistress, live the life of a tolerated intruder and reign in mine."

"Everything calls to me. My love, you will join me. I shall leave for New York on Saturday. I take my passage to-morrow, Eva; let me have one line to say that I may take my passage for two. The gratitude, the devotion, and the one love of my life shall repay you for the sacrifice."

The girl read on, her breath coming fast, her eyes shining even more brightly. Suddenly, as though the meaning of the words she read dawned upon her fully for the first time, she rose, with a passionate cry of pain, blushing vividly.

"Love him—him!" she repeated, almost fiercely. "He is mad to dream of such a thing—to dare to write so to Redmond Forrest's wife!"

"Eva!"

It was Redmond Forrest's voice, and, hearing it, the girl instinctively crumpled up the letter she held and thrust it into the pocket of her soft gray dressing-gown. Then she turned round and met his glance half defiantly, wondering whether he had noticed what she did.

If he had seen either the action or the guilty glance he did not apparently notice them. He came quietly in and took a chair at a little distance from her, sighing, at the same time brushing the hair back from his forehead with a weary gesture.

"I came to speak to you, Eva," he said, "late as it is, because I shall not be likely to see you for some days, and—possibly I have been a little harsh."

She disregarded the latter half of his observation, repeating the first with widening eyes.

"You will not see me! Are you going away?"

"No; but while there is any danger of infection in this house I do not think it right for you to be here. I thought of taking some place for you at the seaside or where you pleased, and then asking—"

Surprise and anger had kept her silent until then, but she broke in with a sarcastic little laugh.

"Ask whom you please; I shall not be there to receive them. I am mistress here, and I will not be sent away."

"Not even by danger?" he queried. "Do you think I wish to banish you for anything but your own safety, Eva? Do you not know that your welfare is always my first thought?"

"My welfare—not my happiness," the girl cried, with a sob. "You married me to secure that—did you not? Oh, Redmond, Redmond, why were you not less generous and more kind and true? Why did you let my father's pleading and your own pity lead you into this miserable mistake?"

"Meaning our marriage?" he inquired; and the grave face was for the moment full of passionate pain. Then, as the girl murmured a quick assent, he added almost pityingly, "Yes, it was a mistake; but we must bear its consequences bravely, Eva, knowing that we both acted for the best. After all, love is not the one and only thing that can make a marriage happy. Respect and trust in each other we have still, and with these—"

"With these we can drag on, no doubt," she replied, crushing Jack Venables' letter fiercely in her hand and wondering what this calm cold man, who argued away the necessity for love and preached patience under bondage, would say if she broke her chain and left him free. For the first time she began to think, with a reckless defiant daring, "How if I were to go? Miss Luxton would rejoice, and tell him how from the first she had foreseen it," she thought; "and he would bear the blow well—if it were indeed a blow to him. He would call philosophy to his aid, soon forget the girl to whom he had been at once so generous and so cruelly unjust."

"Well, we will not quarrel, Eva," Redmond said, rising and standing beside her. "Stay if you will. I do not suppose there is any great danger. The sick-room will be completely isolated and every precaution taken."

"Every precaution?" she repeated, thinking of that other and more threatening peril from which he was at no pains to guard her.

"Yes—everything that prudence can dictate. And now good-bye."

"Good-bye! Then you have chosen between me and Miss Luxton? I am not to see Jessie again?"

He looked undecided for a second, and the girl's heart leaped. Then he slowly shook his head; his very love for her, his dread of any danger that might touch her, compelled him to refuse.

"Not now, Eva," he answered almost apologetically; "it would not be prudent or right. She would not know you, and Jessie is in good hands."

"She is in the hands that rule you," Eva cried, with a burst of irrepressible bitterness—"the hands that are as strong as they are cruel. That is enough, Redmond. I will not ask to see Jessie again. I leave her to her father and her aunt."

She turned her back upon him with the words, nor, though he twice addressed her, did she speak or stir again until he had left the room. Then she dropped into the low chair beside the bed and sobbed as though her heart would break.

"Not one friend," she cried—"not one in

all the world; and I am so young! Life will be so long. Oh, Heaven, be merciful and let me die!"

And Heaven was merciful, and sent her after a time, not the death she wildly and wickedly prayed for, but the calm and peaceful sleep she would have thought impossible just then. Little by little her sobs died away, her breathing grew more regular and soft; her head fell among the cushions, and she slept the deep sleep of exhaustion.

She had been reposing perhaps an hour when Regina Luxton came quietly into the room. She started a little at sight of the quiet figure by the bedside, then walked across the room, and stood shading the lamp she held with one thin hand and looking with curious intentness at the sleeper's face.

"How pretty she is! How innocent she looks! And how I hate her!" the woman mused bitterly. "And yet the marriage was his fault, not hers; her heart is with the scapegrace cousin from whom he 'saved' her. Those tears were shed for him. She dreams of him, no doubt, and thinks herself as happy as she might have been if Redmond Forrest had never crossed her path—as I might have been if she had never come here. Ah, what is that?"

She drew back, for the girl stirred slightly in her sleep, and, as she moved, the paper on which her hand had closed with jealous care in her last waking moments slid from her nerveless clasp and rolled to the floor. Miss Luxton watched it and the sleeper with breathless eagerness for fully a minute; then, as she showed no sign of waking, she stooped and picked it up.

"At last, at last!" she cried, her voice trembling with a cruel ecstasy as she refolded the paper and thrust it into the bosom of her dress. Then, with a quick backward glance at the still sleeping girl, she hurried away as noiselessly as she had come.

When outside the door she paused, knitting her brows with puzzled thought.

"Shall I strike the blow at once or—No, I will watch and wait," she decided, with a long drawn breath. "This is Tuesday, and he proposes Saturday for the flight; between this and then much may happen. I will wait."

Eva's first waking thought was given to her still unanswered letter, and she was greatly dismayed and bewildered on missing it. She remembered holding it as she fell asleep, but now no trace of it was to be found.

At first she was certain that it had been taken from her during that unlucky slumber; but by and-by she dismissed the idea as absurd. Who was there likely to enter her room and rob her in such a daring fashion? The servants were all in bed, Redmond was above suspicion, and Miss Luxton, for whose perfect probity she would by no means have been so ready to answer, was far away on the upper story, keeping her watch by Jessie's bedside.

No, the girl decided, it was far more likely that she in her feverish agitation had thrust that cruelly compromising letter somewhere out of sight and then forgotten the hiding-place. No doubt she would discover it in due course.

But the long laden hours of that first morning and of the dull succeeding days crept on and brought her no nearer to the object of her quest. She scanned her husband's face anxiously the first time they met, but there was nothing to be discerned in that. He looked very worn and anxious, and perhaps a shade grayer and older than usual; but there was no change in

his manner, and while with her he spoke almost exclusively of Jessie.

"It is quite an ordinary case; Jessie's exceptional delicacy gives the only real ground for alarm. But that you know, for you saw Redfern yesterday."

"Yes—I saw Doctor Redfern, and asked him if I could not nurse Jessie," Eva answered boldly; "but he said you were the only person who had the right to decide that point."

"And I have decided. If I had my will, you would not be in the house," Redmond said, so sternly that she would never have guessed the unspoken anguish of his thought. "Not both. Oh, Heaven, I could not lose—I dare not risk losing them both—my little Jessie and this cruel child!"

Eva said no more—indeed, she saw very little of her husband in the days that followed. Doctor Redfern made a point of seeing her when he came and went, and once or twice he and Mrs. Forrest were closeted together for a long while.

This happened towards the end of the week, when the kind old man began to look graver and more anxious each day as he emerged from the sick-room. Generally he rather avoided than sought Mrs. Forrest; but on the Friday night, when as usual she met him at the foot of the stairs, he drew her into the dimly-lighted room and closed the door behind her.

"I want to speak to you before the Professor comes in," he said, looking earnestly at the pale pretty face; "I have some bad news."

"Jessie!" cried Mrs. Forrest involuntarily, as her heart gave a sickening leap.

"No, no, it is not Jessie—she is going on very fairly—but Miss Luxton." He paused, rubbing his nose and looking both vexed and thoughtful. "Miss Luxton has altogether overtaxed her strength. I never saw such an obstinate woman for refusing all help; and now—"

"Now she is ill?"

"About as bad as she can be, altogether broken down, and semi-delirious to-night. What do you think she asked me just now, with dreadful eagerness—'If Redmond had got the letter—if he had surprised you?'"

The Doctor, a red-faced, benevolent-looking old man, who had taken a great liking to the pretty girl-wife, laughed in a jolly fashion as at some eagerness—"If Redmond had got the letter—if he had surprised you?"

"There, there—don't be frightened!" he cried, misinterpreting her emotion. "Miss Luxton is not a good subject, of course; but still we will hope for the best. The great thing now is to get a good nurse!"

"Oh, Doctor"—Eva laid her pretty slim hand on his arm and looked up imploringly at his face—"let me nurse them! Let me try; I have been nursing all my life—there is no danger for me."

"There is the danger of your husband's displeasure, otherwise I think—but it is of no use thinking—you must obey orders, and wait at least until the Professor returns home."

Eva turned away with a despairing gesture.

"Then I must wait a long, long time," she said; "and you had better get another nurse, Doctor. The Professor will not be home to-night."

"No?" returned the Doctor, opening his eyes. "Where has he gone, and when will he be back?"

"I cannot tell you," the girl replied hurriedly, a ring of pain in her voice; "I did not know he had gone until his man brought me the message."

Doctor Redfern rumbled his gray hair,

and coughed two or three times in an uncomfortable fashion. He saw clearly enough the mortification in Mrs. Forrest's face and mentally anathematized the stupidity of his old friend.

"In that case," he began.

But Eva did not allow him to complete the sentence.

"You will let me nurse them?" she cried eagerly, with a brightening face.

"On condition that you are very prudent—that you take great care of yourself, follow all my directions, and, above all, accept the help I shall send. I do not want a second case of breakdown, like Miss Luxton's, Mrs. Forrest."

"On any and every condition. Only do not keep me from Jessie any longer. She is the one creature in the world that really loves me now."

"Then the rest of the world has very bad taste," the Doctor answered quaintly. "Now, no hysterical excitement, Mrs. Forrest! Dry your eyes, and take my orders like a sensible woman, or I will not have you in the sick-room."

CHAPTER IX.

"To think that I should have doubted her!" Professor Forrest said, staring with eyes that had grown strangely dim as they perceived for the hundredth time the little note he held before him. "My little Eva, how I have wronged and tortured her, and what coals of fire she has heaped upon my head! Regina shall read this, shall hear my story, and then—why, then Regina shall never come between us again."

Redmond Forrest's face grew very stern as he made this resolve. He saw all the difficulties of the task before him, and recognized how hard it would be to tell Jessie's aunt, who had devoted her life to him and his for eighteen years, that her devotion was no longer needed, and that henceforward their lives must be spent apart. But, hard as it was, it must be done. Common justice to Eva demanded that, and in the quick revulsion of relief that he was feeling he was disposed to accord the true wife he had mistrusted something more than bare justice now.

He had gone to Liverpool with the letter that Miss Luxton had at last given to him, with a fierce injunction "to act upon it at once," feeling himself wronged as man was never wronged before, and burning to avenge himself upon the man and woman who had betrayed him. And, lo, the fire was quenched, and the vengeful weapon broken! Where there had been anger there was only remorse.

He had found the hotel at which Jack Venables was staying and that young man himself, and, closing the door behind him as he entered the room, he felt with a thrill of grim satisfaction that at last his enemy was in his power.

"Professor Forrest!" Jack looked startled and his handsome face was very haggard, but it had been that before he saw who his visitor was, or knew that he had one at all; but there was no terror in his eyes even when he met that grimly threatening glance. "I suppose I need not ask what has brought you here?" he said.

"You need not, or, if you ask, there is my answer."

Jack glanced at his own letter spread out on the table before him, and bit his lip sharply.

"I cannot deny my own fist," he answered, with an affectation of gaiety; "surely no one ever wrote such a hand before. I hope Eva translated the words for you when she placed the letter in your hand?"

"Mrs. Forrest did not give it to me. I have neither seen nor spoken to her on the subject; the letter was sent me by—a friend."

Jack Venables' face flushed.

"Thank Heaven!" he exclaimed. "I thought she was not the girl to betray me, even that she might set herself straight in your eyes. Your wife is none the less true to you because she would have kept my secret if she could. I had to put the whole thing in black and white before she would even understand me, and, when she did—"

"When she did?" Redmond demanded.

"When she did she sent me that," the young man replied. "You read my letter, Mr. Forrest—read your wife's and see what sort of a nature you have ill-used and disturbed."

He placed a folded paper in Redmond Forrest's hand, then walked to the window and stood staring out into the street.

Meanwhile Redmond Forrest had unfolded his wife's letter, and tried to master its contents; his eyes had grown suddenly dim, and he could hardly read the characters, familiar though they were.

"Jack, my heart was sad enough before; I think you have broken it now. I knew that no one cared for me, but I did not think that any one wished me harm. I know that I am miserable here. Miss Luxton hates me, Jessie is taken from me, even my husband—good, kind, and generous as he is—has never loved me really."

"This brings me to the one thing I must say—hard for me to write, hard perhaps for you to read. Yet it must be written, for it is the truth. Jack, I never loved you, even in those days when I thought we were all in all to one another, for now I never loved and never shall love any other until my life's end, I love my husband, the man you ask me to leave."

The passionate words seemed to echo in Professor Forrest's ear in Eva's clear and tender tones.

"Well, are you satisfied?" Jack Venables broke the long silence with a reckless laugh. "But since you do not mean to put a bullet in me in the good old fashion, I do not see what you can say. But 'Good-bye,' and it is 'Good-bye' to you and this hateful slow-going country, where one little slip stands recorded against a man for evermore. Tell her—!" He paused and seemed to hesitate, then went on eagerly—"No—tell her nothing. I dare say some day, either here or in that better world she believes in so firmly, she will know that her letter surprised me into the one unselfish action of my life."

"Thank Heaven, she never knew of my mad jealousy, my insane suspicion!" the Professor thought as the cab he had taken at the station whirled him through the half-empty streets. "My pretty innocent Eva—she need never know!"

Mechanically he paid and dismissed the cabman and opened his door. He made his way into the darkened hall, where the dreadful stillness and gloom seemed only another confirmation of his fears.

At the foot of the stairs he met a woman, one of the oldest servants in the house, who was quietly crying, and did not see him until he almost touched her.

"Your mistress—what of her?" he asked fiercely. "She is not ill?"

"Not ill now, sir; she—she died last night!"

He never asked how the girl he had left in full health and strength had been suddenly called away. All that was to come. He could only realize the one great grief that had stunned and left him desolate.

"Eva, my darling!" he cried in his agony; and the utterance of her name seemed to break the spell that held him. "If I had only made you happy—if you had only known how dear you were to me!"

"Redmond!"—the light tremulous touch on his bent head and the sweet eager voice in his ear thrilled Redmond Forrest. He looked up, and then he thought that grief had maddened him, for it was his wife who stood beside him—Eva, a little paler and sadder than when he saw her last—Eva, with tearful eyes that turned beseechingly to his, but no ghost, no shadow—Eva herself.

"Redmond," she said again—"oh, Redmond!"

And then he caught her to his heart.

"What does it mean, Eva? The woman certainly said, 'My mistress is dead!' Is she mad or dreaming?"

"Neither, Redmond," Eva answered gently; "but you forget that old Susan has always called Miss Luxton her mistress, and, Redmond, Miss Luxton is dead."

"Dead?" he repeated blankly. Regina dead?"

"Yes, dear." Eva drew a little nearer, and raised her soft pathetic eyes to his. "She had a kind of fit last night. Doctor Redfern thinks she broke some blood-vessel on the brain, and she died this morning. I was with her at the last. And, Redmond, I think she knew me then."

With a charming home, a devoted step-daughter—by-the-way, what a pretty girl Jessie is now; she seems to have grown and straightened since that illness of hers last year—and a handsome distinguished husband who adores her, I do not think there is a happier woman in the world than Professor Forrest's wife.

[THE END.]

AN AMUSING DERIVATION.—Lexicographers of other days were notoriously at fault with their derivations, and an amusing instance is afforded in the new volume of the late Bishop Wordsworth's *Annals of My Life* as to how plausible etymologies may be concocted. The learned Porson was saying, it appears, at one time with a well-known Canon of Ely named Jeremiah King. One day at dinner, when they had got into a discussion upon questions of etymology, Porson gave a derivation which King considered to be so far-fetched as to be quite ridiculous. "You might as well say," said King, "that my name is connected with cucumber." Possibly there was a cucumber on the table. "And as it is," said Porson. "How so?" asked King. "Why, thus—Jeremiah King, by contraction 'Jerry King; Jerry King,' by contraction and metathesis 'Gherkin'; and 'gherkin,' we know, is a cucumber pickled." Porson's definition of the meaning of the word "gherkin" is almost as erroneous, it will be observed, as his playful derivation, since a gherkin is not a pickled cucumber, but a small cucumber of a particular variety commonly used for pickling.

FISHING IN ALASKA.—In the southwestern part of Alaska fishing is the great industry, the fur trade being a secondary consideration. The Alaskans are luxurious livers, for salmon, deer and duck are all plentiful. A curious fish which goes up the inland rivers is the "candle" fish, is found in such immense numbers that they are literally raked into the boats. These fish are so full of oil that when dried they burn just like a candle. But the oil is of a worthless character, and a company which sought to make the fish commercially valuable failed. To the natives however they are a tasty fish.

A careful housekeeper always has Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup in the house.

Our Young Folks.

GWEN'S CRESCENT.

BY S. V. W.

IT was a pretty brooch. Gwen liked it best of all the gifts she had received in honor of her birthday—perhaps because it was the first brooch she had ever possessed. It was of silver, and shaped like a crescent, with little gold stars upon its smooth surface. Uncle Ben had been the giver, and Gwen had thanked him by throwing her arms about his neck, and half smothering him with kisses.

"Won't the girls at school admire it, mother?" she asked, as she clasped it in the lace frill at her neck, and turned her head from side to side before the looking-glass. "Ada Jephson wears a brooch, but it isn't so pretty as this is."

"I would rather you did not wear it at school," said Mrs. Burton. "I don't approve of ornaments for little girls, except on special occasions."

"But, mother, I'm eleven now—nearly quite grown up," said Gwen, with her most dignified air.

Mother smiled, and passed her hand caressingly over the waving hair.

"Not quite, dearie. Shall I take care of your treasure?"

"Oh no, mother, please. I want to keep it in my own little work-box. I'll be very careful of it."

So Gwen was allowed to take the tiny cardboard box containing the silver crescent to her own room, and there she locked it safely away in her work-box—father's gift. But on the following morning, when she was ready to go to school, she felt she must take just one peep at her brooch. How it glistened in the sunlight! The little gold stars seemed to twinkle as she gazed at them. Once more Gwen fastened it in her lace collar, and admired the effect in the mirror. She thought how delightful it would be to wear it in school. What would the girls think about it?

"Mother didn't say I must not," thought Gwen, as she replaced the brooch in its cotton-wool bed. "She only said she would rather I didn't wear it every day. I wish I might take it for once."

"Gwen, dear, make haste. You will be late," called Mrs. Burton. Gwen hesitated, while a crimson flush rose to her cheeks. Then she quickly locked up the cardboard box, but this time it contained nothing but cotton-wool. The crescent had been slipped into her pocket.

Gwen wore her brooch that morning, and it was duly admired by her school-fellows. They gathered about her in the playground, and Gwen, with an air of consequence, told of the many presents she had received on the previous day.

"I should like a brooch like that," said Susie Carter wistfully. She was a pale child, not so well dressed as her companions. Poor Susie had no parents, and her aunt, with whom she lived, was not always kind to her.

"Oh, you cannot expect such things," said Gwen. She did not really mean to be unkind—she was only thoughtless—but Susie's lips trembled as she turned away.

When Gwen went home to dinner she hid the brooch in her pocket, meaning to run upstairs afterwards and put it away. She had not felt exactly comfortable all morning, and ashamed to meet her mother's eyes. But, when dinner was over, mother sent her to the chemist's for some

cough mixture for Daisy, the three-year-old pet of the household, and then it was so late that she was obliged to run off to school at once.

"Where's your brooch, Gwen?" asked Beaty Clarke, as the girls trooped out of the schoolroom at four o'clock.

Beaty and Gwen were particular friends, and always walked home together. Two other girls who were going the same way came up at that moment, and the four walked along with arms entwined in schoolgirl fashion.

"It is in my pocket," was Gwen's reply. "I forgot to put it on this afternoon, and I shan't wear it every day, you know. I only brought it this morning for you all to look at."

"Are there four gold stars on it, or five?" asked Edie Denson. "I'm sure I counted five when you had it on, but Florrie says there are only four."

"I'm not sure, but we can soon see," said Gwen, drawing her hand from Beaty's arm. "Why?"—with a look of alarm—"It's not in my pocket."

"Oh, it must be," cried Beaty reassuringly.

"But it isn't, really!"—and out came a handkerchief, two pieces of slate pencil, a ball of shaded wool, and a thimble. The pocket held nothing more; Gwen turned it inside out, but nothing appeared save a few biscuit crumbs.

"What shall I do? What will mother say?" and Gwen began to cry.

"Where could you have lost it?" wondered Edie.

"I don't know. I don't believe I put my hand in my pocket once all the afternoon. I do think," she added suddenly, "that Susie Carter must have taken it."

"Oh, Gwen!"

"Well, I do. She was sitting next to me, and you know how she stared at it this morning."

"Shall you tell Miss Thompson?"

"It wouldn't do any good, because I have no proof. But I shall just ask Susie. I can't help thinking she has got it. Of course she'll deny it. But, unless I find it, I shan't speak to her again. It couldn't have got out of my pocket by itself. It was down at the bottom."

Gwen went sorrowfully home, and made a sobbing confession to her mother that evening. Mrs. Burton seemed less concerned at the loss of the brooch than at the thought of her daughter's disobedience, and she did not at all share Gwen's suspicion of Susie.

"You are too hasty, dear," she said. "If Ada Jephson were to lose her brooch you would not like her to accuse you of taking it. You have no grounds for suspecting Susie. Do not say anything to her."

So Gwen did not accuse Susie of stealing her brooch, as she had meant to do, but poor Susie did not have a pleasant time of it during the following week. Gwen would not speak to her, and Beaty and Edie turned their heads aside whenever she approached them. She was shunned in the playground, and could only look on at the games instead of joining in them.

On the Saturday afternoon it rained, so Gwen was forced to remain indoors, and Daisy coaxed her into the playroom to take part in a doll's wedding. Daisy had seven dolls, and they were all dressed in their best, with scraps of lace and ribbon fastened to their garments by means of big pins. Mother had provided a feast—plums, and nuts, a couple of pears, and a tiny iced cake to serve as a wedding-cake.

"Which of them is going to be married?" asked Gwen, smiling at the row of waxen beauties.

"My dear Queen Dorothea. Don't you see her boo'ful veil? And look at her crown," lisped Daisy.

Gwen started, and looked more closely at the doll-queen. Queen Dorothea certainly wore a veil—a piece of white muslin, descending to the hem of her pink gown; and, fastened to her flaxen hair, was the crown—a silver crescent brooch, studded with gold stars.

"Where did you get this?" demanded Gwen, removing the ornament without regard to her Majesty's feelings.

"I found it," said Daisy, opening wide her blue eyes. "Don't take it, Gwenny, it's mine. I found it on the floor downstairs one day, a long time ago—'bout twenty months, or else a week."

"It is my brooch that Uncle Ben gave me," said Gwen decidedly.

Daisy broke into such a piteous wail that mother came running upstairs to find her pet sobbing out that Queen Dorothea had lost her crown, and couldn't be mawwied now—not never.

Daisy was soon consoled with a crown cut out of gilt paper, and Gwen regained her lost treasure. She was very sorry and ashamed of her behavior towards Susie, and asked the little girl's pardon on Monday morning before all her companions—no easy task for proud Gwen.

And when Susie's birthday came she was presented with a pretty silver brooch by Gwen, who had bought it with the money she had been saving since the day when Queen Dorothea lost her crown.

THE LITTLE ONES.—Fortunate are those parents who have learned to respect the individuality of their children; who are not madly bent upon planting them in the family garden in set row, and so closely, that their branches have no room to stretch out into the fair sunlight; who are for ever on hand with the pruning-knife or hoe, to lop off that which, if left, would develop into sweet buds or flowers; or to dig the earth prematurely from roots which were better left safely hidden till their natural period of vigorous appearing. A gardener who should be guilty of such folly would be a laughing-stock. What if all his flowers were of one color! What if every twig and leaf were of the same size! How weary should we be of this monotony! How we should long for the delicate pink of the rose, and the royal purple of the violet, and the pure snow of the lily, and the distinctive aroma of each! Why not, in this respect, take a lesson from Nature, which is at once so bountiful and so wise?

CURIOUS BELIEF ABOUT LEAP-YEAR.—Rustic folk in many parts of the country firmly believe that in leap-year all kinds of beans are produced in the pods in the reverse position to that which is usual, or, as an old laborer in Surrey once phrased it, "In leap-year the eye is to the point, in other years to the strig"—that is, the stalk. There is ample evidence that in the last bi-sextile, in 1892, in many widely-separated parts of the country the beans were observed to be produced in the pods in this manner, and the rustic belief that this was caused by the fact of its being leap-year was naturally strengthened. But by some agriculturalists the phenomenon was taken to be a sign of plenty, and there is no doubt that beans grow in this manner in other years than the bi-sextile; but, whenever the occurrence happens to coincide with the latter, the superstition is sure to revive.

"HELLO, old fellow. Your wife is out, is she?" "Yes. But she isn't out as much as I am."

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

Comrades estimate that one person in four has defective vision.

It is said that there are fewer than 200,000,000 Germans left.

The population of the German Empire is increasing at the rate of 20,000 a year.

Herrings form the greatest harvest of the coast. More herrings catch than any other fish.

A suit of chain mail, such as was used about the time of William the Conqueror, often cost \$100.

Japan's great Field Marshal, Prince Yamagata, is not only a fighter, but a poet and an essayist.

Nearly 50,000 acres have been reclaimed in Iceland during the past year from bog and marsh lands.

A student of Buffalo rolled a peanut a mile with a catapult in that city, in payment of an English wage.

An oil can with a whisky compartment in the bottom is said to be the latest device adopted in Maine taverns.

The average European woman's life is shorter than the man's, but over two-thirds of the population there are women.

An elephant takes up the collection in some of the Hindu temples. It goes round with a basket extended from its trunk.

The Paris hot-water fountains, for the use of the poor supply eight quarts of heated water for the sum of one halfpenny.

St. Crispin's Day, October 25, is still celebrated in France, when all the shoemakers, outlaws and soldiers attend religious services.

An Indian carpet weighing three tons, and made by the prisoners in the Agra jail for Queen Victoria, has just been received at Windsor Castle.

Numismatists say that no human head was impressed on coins until after the death of Alexander the Great. All images before that were of deities.

Wyoming has a wonderful alum cave which is fifteen feet across the opening and easily accessible. The alum on the walls of the cave is six feet in thickness.

A medical writer illustrates the effect of the weather on the mind by referring to the fact that in India 40 per cent of certain crimes disappear when hot weather gives place to cold.

A baby was carried off by a panther at Jemel Mill, Ore., lately. The body was afterward found in an adjoining forest lifeless, but not disfigured, except for a few scratches on the face.

Doors and windows are taxed in France. In a permanent but the tax amounts to about three francs per annum on houses in cities. It sometimes amounts to seventeen francs for each family.

It is said that the pay of locomotive engineers is sometimes so much above that of minor administrative officers technically their superiors that the amount is not permitted to appear upon the pay roll.

An expert declares that he knows of at least six hundred counterfeiters of the old masters which are now hanging in private galleries in the United States, and all of which were originally purchased in Europe at very high prices.

Among the unpublished memoirs of the Revolution and the Empire known to exist in France are those of Marshal Davoust, kept in an iron chest in the museum at Angers, and not to be published till 1923, 100 years after the Marshal's death.

An explorer in Central Africa has recently reported a curious fact in natural history. The cattle there have all been eaten up, lions and leopards have taken to man-hunting, and have changed their habits in consequence. Instead of roaring on the trail, as is their custom, they do not utter a sound.

ACCORDING TO A BACHELOR.

The usual periodic discussion about women and smoking has lately cropped up again. There are women who smoke, and women who don't. Thank goodness, the latter continue to be well in the majority!

Smoking is another thing that we men cannot get to like in maiden lips. Even such phrases as "don't you know" need every other minute, "awfully jolly," "ripping," and so on, for a good deal on most of us. It is strange that we should feel such distaste at hearing girls use expressions we ourselves use so commonly. I can only account for it on the plea that we are eager to fancy that ladies are (as they ought to be) infinitely our superiors in refinement and delicacy.

Women who swear, even though only when exceedingly disturbed with the big "I" fall from the lips of women who would stare very blandly if you questioned their right to be termed ladies.

Both slang and swearing in any degree are most unprepossessing in a woman. The girl who shouts her "By Jove!" in the faces of young men is usually induced to change her note as soon as she is engaged. It is no small credit to her if she win a man's love in spite of her repulsive methods of speech.

The girl who innocently exercises the gifts of magnetism which she finds she possesses over the other sex, and who innocently rejoices in her talents, is not a sinner. She may be unwise, even blamable, but she is not malicious.

There are, however, flirts who seem to take pleasure in bending men on their knees before them and in dismissing them robbed of some of their self-respect. These are cold-hearted beauties, and to be shunned by men as if they were serpents.

On the whole, I think it must be said that men do not like flirts. It is our business to woo, not to be wooed. Flirts seem to rob us of the prerogative.

Girls should, of course, be nicely-dressed; but that said, all that need be said by us on the subject is said. Anything that suggests tight-lacing is repellent to us. It is quite in the order of nature that it should be so, for we know instinctively that the girl who wears a belt only about as capacious as our collar is injuring her body, and therefore making herself unfit to be a wife.

Extravagant girls suit few of us. We are tempted to look askant at girls who come out every week in a new bonnet—and a bonnet, moreover, "chic" enough to have cost something handsome.

One more matter may be mentioned. It will surprise some of my readers that we should trouble ourselves about so small a detail.

When I see a girl who treats little children and babies either with indifference or disdain, I mark her down at once as not quite the right sort of girl; and others of my sex are quick to notice the same thing and make the same estimate from it.

Some of you think we have no eyes except for pretty faces. Really you are wrong.

COMPLAINT is made in Paris that Victor Hugo's remains are neglected. When the great man's remarkable funeral was over the coffin containing his body was solemnly placed on two improvised benches in the Pantheon. There it remains to-day just as it was left, no attempt having been made to prepare a tomb for it. And nothing more is heard of the great Hugo memorial for which subscriptions were solicited just after the poet's death.

THE SMALL BOY TERRIBLE.—A story is told of the late Mdlle. Tietjen, the great opera singer, who, as all lovers of music will remember, took the part of the Huguenot princess in Meyerbeer's opera, Les Huguenots.

Although a magnificent vocalist, Mdlle. Tietjen's figure was somewhat too bulky for the part of the young princess, and upon one occasion this proved rather awkward for a brother artist. He had taken the part of her lover on very short notice, the usual exponent of the character having met with an accident.

He got on very well with the music, but in one exciting scene where the princess faints, and he is expected to take her in his arms and carry her out of the room, the actor, who was a short, delicate little man, hesitated for a perceptible interval, whilst the audience sat with expectant hush. Then a shrill juvenile voice in the gallery was heard—

"Just tak what ye can, my man, and come back for the rest!"
(Curtain.)

Among the claims presented to the Vermont Legislature are several for crops ruined by deer.

PATENTS

NOTICE TO INVENTORS.

There was never a time in the history of our country when the demand for inventions and improvements in the arts and sciences generally was so great as now. The conveniences of mankind in the factory and work-shop, the household, on the farm, and in official life, require continual accessions to the appurtenances and implements of each in order to save labor, time and expense. The political change in the administration of government does not affect the progress of the American inventor, who being on the alert, and ready to perceive the existing deficiencies, does not permit the affairs of government to deter him from quickly conceiving the remedy to overcome existing discrepancies. Too great care can not be exercised in choosing a competent and skillful attorney to prepare and prosecute an application for patent. Valuable interests have been lost and destroyed in innumerable instances by the employment of incompetent counsel, and especially is this advice applicable to those who adopt the "No patent, no pay" system. Inventors who entrust their business to this class of attorneys do so at imminent risk, as the breadth and strength of the patent is never considered in view of a quick endeavor to get an allowance and obtain the fee then due. THE PRESS CLAIMS COMPANY, John Wedderburn, General Manager, 618 F street, N. W., Washington, D. C., representing a large number of important daily and weekly papers, as well as general periodicals of the country, was instituted to protect its patrons from the unsafe methods heretofore employed in this line of business. The said Company is prepared to take charge of all patent business entrusted to it for reasonable fees, and prepares and prosecutes applications generally, including mechanical inventions, design patents, trade-marks, labels, copyrights, interferences, infringements, validity reports, and gives especial attention to rejected cases. It is also prepared to enter into competition with any firm in securing foreign patents.

Write for instructions and advice.

JOHN WEDDERBURN,
618 F Street,

P. O. Box 385, Washington, D. C.

WITHOUT AND WITHIN.

BY W. W. LONG.

The day is dark and dreary,
The sky is full of gloom;
But love fills life with brightness,
Here in your pleasant room.

Though rain falls cold and chilling,
From dark clouds' stormy crest,
Here in the quiet of your home,
Is peace, and love, and rest.

SIMULATED DEATH.

The remarkable condition, involving a suspension of all the faculties, which is sometimes induced in man by inhalation of poisonous gases, a blow on the head, a stroke of lightning, etc., is a normal condition of periodic occurrence among many of the lower animals. In fact, this suspension of organic activity enables many creatures to tide over conditions which would otherwise be fatal to them.

For every class of living creature there is a specific temperature best suited to its well-being, and a minimum and maximum temperature to either of which it succumbs; but if the temperature only approach these extremes, its activities are arrested, and it sinks into a state of torpor simulating death.

Every year, on the advent of winter, when the food supply is inadequate to the maintenance of the necessary warmth, those animals which do not migrate, or put on a warmer coat, or whose food supply is insufficient, seek some suitable retreat where they roll themselves as nearly as possible into a ball, and resign themselves to a suspension of all their faculties. They lie in a sort of deep sleep, perfectly motionless, and breathing, almost imperceptibly, at long intervals, until the warmth of returning spring rouses them from their long sleep. How does this save them from death? The answer is not far to seek. Respiration is an essential condition of the life of all animals. We can live only so long as we are in a condition to inhale the indispensable oxygen. It is the function of the oxygen inhaled into the system to enter into unstable combinations with the waste products of combustion, to convert the chyle into blood, and to cause combustion of the carbohydrates of the food for the necessary animal warmth. When no food is taken, the oxygen attacks the accumulated fat and muscular tissue in the system, producing a measure of heat by its combustion, and maintaining the process of respiration—that is, the inhalation of fresh oxygen, and the exhalation of carbonic acid), and consequently of life. An animal exposed to hunger and cold while its faculties are in full activity would perish in a few days. But in the condition of hibernation the functions of its organs being reduced to a minimum, the slow combustion of its accumulated store of fat and muscle, with a greatly reduced rate of respiration, serves to keep the animal alive until the return of spring renews the conditions of vital activity.

This hibernating habit is common to

the bear, and to squirrels and numerous small mammals; nearly all reptiles and batrachians indulge in it, retreating into hollow trees, into holes in the earth, into mud, etc., and falling into a state of torpor which lasts for months. The great majority of insects perish during winter; but some of them, and especially the females, conceal themselves under moss-bark, in the earth, etc., and survive. Leeches and rainworms also sleep through the winter.

If this winter sleep endures too long, as occurs sometimes in long, severe winters, or if the previous summer was unfavorable, and the animals went into winter quarters in poor condition, the sleepers awake no more, but pass from a state of torpor to one of actual death.

It is, perhaps, not so well known that animals indulge in summer sleep also. Great heat induces weariness, followed by a suspension of the life activities. This state of summer dormancy is as regular in hot countries as the winter sleep in cold countries. When the streams cease to flow, and the pools dry up one after the other, the animals retreat into their holes and sleep torpidly until the rainy season.

It must not be supposed either that summer sleep is indulged in in the tropics only. I have many times observed, in this country, that when small pools dry up in summer, the water lizards, frogs, toads, etc., bury themselves in the mud, and sleep until the next rain wakes them to fresh life. Among mammalia, the tanrek of Madagascar indulges in summer sleep.

This arrest of the vital functions, this simulation of death, is most remarkably illustrated on the lowest planes of life—the tardigrades or water bears, for example, and some thread-worms, will remain dormant for want of moisture, for months or even years. Who would believe that water animalcules exist in dry dust? Yet so it is. Their functions are suspended, but with the first rainfall they awaken to new life.

POETS AND THE NIGHTINGALE.

Most of the poets who have sung the praises of the nightingale are said to make two mistakes about the bird. In the first place they write as if it were the hen bird that was the beautiful singer; and, in the second, nearly all of them represent "her" as singing either on the topmost bough or upon the wing. Of course, as folk who are not poets know, the facts are quite otherwise. It is the male bird that causes the woods to resound with melody, and his favorite perch is a low twig close to the ground, his song being addressed to his mate as she sits on the eggs. After the young have been hatched, the song ceases, the energy of the vocalist being all taken up in providing for the wants of the nestlings.

At Boulogne-sur-Mer there is a street with the name Listen if it Rains. In this latter town there is also Tin Pot street, Arm of Gold street and even the Fleas' Market.

ANIMALS AS WEATHER PROPHETS.—The cat sneezes at the approach of rain. The wind will blow from the point the cat faces when she washes her face. It is a sign of rain if the cat washes her head behind the ear. Sailors are not fond of cats, and they say, when the cat is frisky, she has a gale of wind in her tail, and that often the cat goes on board to raise a storm.

The dog grows sleepy and dull on the approach of rain. Sometimes dogs chew grass before rain. If the dog licks a deep hole in the ground, or howls when one leaves the house, or refuses meat it indicates rain.

Swine become very restless before rain, and by their snorting and incessant movement predict that rain is close at hand. Pigs often run with straws and sticks in their mouth before cold weather. The old proverb says: "Swine can see the wind."

Ducks foretell rain by quacking without any apparent cause.

Cows usually, before cold and stormy weather, fail in giving their milk. In winter, if they bellow in the evening, it will snow before morning; and when a cow shakes her foot there is bad weather behind her.

Gnats utter a peculiar cry before rain.

The slug is the best of barometers. At the approach of rain the slug leaves his hole, and will climb trees or walls, so that he may get the full benefit of the shower.

Sheep foretell clear weather by ascending the hills and scattering in many directions; but if snow is coming they will bleat and seek a place of shelter.

Spiders usually live alone or in pairs, but they have been observed to collect on a wall or bank before a rain-storm.

When a swan flies against the wind, rain will follow shortly.

Rooks fly in a most erratic fashion before a rain storm, and pigeons return to their coles when a storm is advancing.

The frog croaks more loudly and incessantly just before rain than at any other time.

Another sign of rain is the toad's leaving his hole in the daytime. Usually the toad is an insect eater, and seems well aware that just before a rain-storm is the best time for him to obtain his prey.

The farmers look for a change in the weather when the barnyard fowls roll in the dust.

Camels, in their journeyings across the desert regions of Northern Africa and Arabia, never fail to warn their drivers of the approach of the fatal sand storm. Their restless, uneasy gait and suspicious sniffing proclaim the approaching danger long before the duller senses of their masters detect anything.

KIND WORDS NEVER DIE.—An elderly stranger bought a copy of a Galveston paper from a newsboy and handed him a "quarter," but, upon the boy's hunting for change, the old gentleman said, "Never mind the change, sonny; just keep it for yourself." This was probably the first kind word that had ever been spoken to the homeless, friendless orphan boy since his mother had died, and it completely overcame him. Hastily brushing away a tear, he seized his benefactor's hand and exclaimed in a husky voice, "Bully for you, old Slick-in-the mud! I wonder how much reward there is offered for you by the savings-bank you used to be president of!"

\$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Latest Fashion Phases.

Moire silks and moire ribbons are quite the vogue this season. Young girls do not, of course, wear dresses of moire silk, but their skirts are very prettily trimmed with circles of moire ribbon. For instance a dress of beige cashmere is trimmed round the foot with three circles of bronze moire ribbon. The front of the bodice is striped across with ribbon to match, and the sleeves are looped up over the elbow with the same moire ribbon.

Capotes are much larger than those of the summer. We are told light felt hats will be lined with pale pink, steel blue, or ochre satin, and trimmed with feathers as in the days of the Directoire.

For making handsome mantles and collets that peculiar make of velvet which occupies a middle place between velvet and plush, one which goes here by the name of pauve, will be a great deal used; its very close and longer pile gives it almost the effect of sealskin. It is seldom made in any other color than brown or black.

For trimming purposes, cotton-backed velvet is found to be very nearly as good as the all-silk article for dress trimmings, and therefore, retailers show both in equal amounts; but milliners reserve their favor, and with reason, to the silk article, as the other does not drape well. Very full piled velvets obtain most, and the glace velvets, or velours miroir (not the short velvets), are the most prized this season.

In some models the sacque is put on to a small yoke, which is generally covered with embroidery. The loose shape of this style of mantle, wider at the foot than at the neck, is suited to the shape of modern dresses, which are all cut and pleated fan fashion. The sleeves are either wide and open, or full at the top only, and tight, and buttoned from the bend of the arm.

Colored silk guilpures, plain or beaded, is a very favorite trimming. Jet beaded passementerie also appeared upon late mantles.

Bodices of plain or glace surah are fashionably worn with sleeves of the same material as the skirt, which is generally of striped or moire silk.

We are promised another season of bright, crude, harsh tints of color for fashionable wear. Among the shades to be looked out for is a royal-blue, described as being harsher even than the tint to which we became accustomed in the early part of last autumn. This color has shown itself in Paris, where the milliners have a way of subduing and toning down these vehement colors by adding black in great quantities, or perhaps a darker shade of the blue itself, while we, being less advanced in the science of colors, forget these palliatives and inflict the crude shade without the condonation afforded by such propinquity.

Many of the best couturiers are pushing satin brocades with floral designs, and very rich Renaissance brocades, as they suit the stylish toilettes copied from the costumes of the 16th and 18th centuries, which they so much affect. Very broad patterns are eschewed, the bouquets and running floral scrolls are below the medium size; nor do they stand out from the ground in very bright relief, while the arabesque silks are rich but not gaudy, except so far as gaudiness may be produced by color only.

Passementeries are seen only occasionally. Broad galloons are much used. Some dresses are trimmed with broad embroidered Turkish galloons.

Fichus and lace additions to dresses are

now as much indebted to ribbon as to lace. For example, some of the newest have a band of bright geranium satin round the neck, with a large bow in front, while from this fall ladder ends of the same ribbon, crossed here and there by frills of lace at intervals, rosettes finishing off the ends, which descend well below. The ribbon in nearly every case forms the foundation for the lace, but leaves broad apertures, so that the dress material can be seen between; full frills of lace are gathered on to the ribbon band, and there is something exceedingly light and charming in this new style.

A gown composed of ruby velutina has a full pen-wiper skirt, devoid of garniture. The bodice has a French front, draping over a belt of cream satin. A deep square yoke of rich guilpura lace is finished at the lower edge by a band of cream satin ribbon, and braces of the same are tied in large bows on the shoulders. The cream satin collar is finished by a bow at the back. Large puff sleeves have a deep cuff of lace.

A pretty little gown may be fashioned of brown and green mixed cloth, the gored or pen-wiper skirt without adornment. The cloth bolero jacket may have large square revers and collar of brown or green velvet, and the full vest may be of cream batiste, laid in tiny tucks which are edged with a narrow Valenciennes lace. The puff sleeves would have deep velvet cuffs and open over and under-puff of the tucked batiste and lace.

For a school dress silk may be substituted for the batiste.

Pretty school dresses are made with gored skirts and French blouses with box plaited fronts. The belts may be of leather, satin or velvet, or of cloth to match the gown. Large collars and cuffs of white embroidery are worn with these little toilettes. These collars are very desirable for school dresses, as they are easily laundered and are both youthful and dressy.

A neat little frock for a younger child is fashioned in rose pink silk, and has round yoke and full skirt. The yoke is finished by a deep silk ruffle, opened in the front and bordered by a narrow band of very yellow Valenciennes lace. Two ruffles fall over the tops of the puffed sleeves, which have a deep cuff with band of lace.

A little gown, to be worn with a white guilpura, is in scarlet crepon, trimmed with rows of black velvet baby ribbon drawn through a narrow lace insertion. The straight dull skirt is garnished with three rows of this trimming and sewed a round waist. This waist is cut round in the neck and bordered with the baby ribbon. Over this is a very short open zouave jacket, edged with three rows of the trimming. The sleeves are short puffs.

Light gingham, made with short round waists and deep berthas of embroidery, are very pretty with white muslin guilpures.

Odds and Ends.

ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

Apple Jelly.—At this time of the year the papers contain many directions for making preserves and jelly, but I fail to find anything about common apple jelly. If very red, sour apples are used, a beautifully clear jelly can be made in this way: Wash the apples and halve them, but do not remove the seeds or skin. Place them in a preserving kettle, and cover with water; boil until the apples are soft, then turn them into a strainer and drain, but do not squeeze them, or the jelly will not be clear. To every pint of juice add one pint

of sugar, and boil until it will "jell." This jelly can be made in winter as well as any time, if one has the apples then. A short distance from our house is a jelly-mill, where jelly is made from sour apples, and no sugar is used. This jelly is excellent for flavoring mince-meat, apple sauce and various other things. Jelly from part sour and part sweet apples is also made at this mill, and the part sweet and part sour jelly is an excellent relish to eat with meat. I never tried making jelly without sugar, but I think it could be made at home, or it can be purchased of most grocers. Since using it, I do not think I can do without my sour jelly.

Coffee Filling for Cake.—The ever-popular layer cake is never more popular than when filled and iced with coffee mixtures. For a filling, make a cup of strong black coffee, make very sweet, and add a liberal portion of cream; equal quantities of each is a good rule, if the coffee is as strong as it should be. For a pint of coffee and cream together, a good tablespoonful of gelatine should be first soaked in a little milk, then dissolved over boiling water and added to the coffee. Beat the yolks of three eggs; pour on the hot coffee, stirring constantly; mix all well together and strain. Put the cake together when partially cooled, and ice with coffee icing.

Veal Curry.—Cut up about two pounds of lean veal into small pieces. Cut a large onion and one large sour apple into slices, put them into a saucepan with a heaping tablespoonful of butter, and stir them about till lightly browned; then stir in a good tablespoonful of curry powder and a tablespoonful of flour. Add a pint of water and the veal, season with salt, stir around two or three times to mix thoroughly and cook gently an hour and a half, or until the veal is perfectly tender. Add the juice of half a lemon and stir it round very gently. Turn the curry on a hot dish and serve with a border of rice.

Rennet Custard with Coffee.—Another variation which makes a dainty summer dessert is made with rennet. Use strong coffee and hot milk, and sweeten to taste; a portion of cream is, of course, desirable. When blood-warm, allow a tablespoonful of liquid rennet to each quart; stir, to mix thoroughly, and set on the ice until firm. One or two well-beaten eggs to a quart, mixed with the milk, makes a rich custard, but this is a matter of choice. Whipped cream, flavored with coffee also, may be served with this custard.

Coffee Icing.—All that is required for this excellent finish is half a cupful of strong coffee, into which is stirred about as much pulverized sugar as it will take up. Beat well, and spread with a knife while the cake is slightly warm.

Silver or steel thimbles are the only kinds ever to be used. Other compositions of which cheap thimbles are made are very frequently of lead or pewter, and their use is likely to result in serious inflammation and swelling if there is even a slight scratch on the finger.

Two uses for eggs are not generally known or appreciated. A fresh egg beaten and thickened with sugar, freely eaten, will relieve hoarseness, and the skin of a boiled egg, wet and applied to a boil, will draw out the soreness.

A few drops of ammonia in the water in which silver is washed will keep it bright a long time without cleaning. This should always be done with plated ware, as frequent rubbings wear off plate.

The hair may be kept from falling out after illness by a frequent application of sage tea to the scalp.

You can take out spots from wash goods by rubbing them with the yolk of eggs before washing.

Use celery freely. A tea made of the leaves and roots and used daily is said to cure rheumatism.

White spots upon tarnished furniture will disappear if a hot plate be held over them.

To make whites of eggs beat quickly, put in a small pinch of salt.

Grow your own sage, parsley, mint and caraway.

JOSH BILLINGS ON SHANGHAI.—The shanghai reuster is a gentle, and speaks in a forun tung. He is bilt on piles like our Sandy Hill crane. If he had bin bilt with legs he wud resemble the peruvian lama. He is not a game animal, but quite often comes off sekond best in a ruff and tumble fite; like the injins that kant stand civilization, and are fast disappearing. Tha roost on the ground similar tew the mud-turkie. Tha often go to sleep standing, and sum times pitch over, and when they dew they enter the ground like a pickaxe. There feed consists uv corn in the ear. Tha crow like a jackass troubled with the bronkeesucka. Tha will eat as much tu onst as a district skule master, and generally sit down rite oph tew keep from tipping over. Tha are dreadful unhandy to kook, you have to bile one end uv them to a time, you kant git them awl into a potash kittle tu onst. The female reuster lays an egg as big as a kokeenut, and is sick for a week afterwards, and when she hatches out a litter of young shanghis, she has to brood over them standing, and then kant kiver but 3 uv them, the rest stand around on the outside, like boys around a sirkus tent, giting a peep under the kanvass when ever they can. The man who fast brought the breed into this country ought to own them all and be obliged tew feed them on grasshoppers caught bi hand. I never owned but one, and he got choked to death by a kink in a clothes line, but not till he had swallowed 18 feet uv it. Not enny shanghi for me, if you pleze; I would rather board a traveling colporter, and az for eating one, give me a biled owl rare done, or a turkee buzzard, roasted hole, and stuffed with a pair of injun rubber boots, but not enny shanghi for me, not a shanghi!

How SHE GOT HIM.—Amelia was all sweet, nice, and nervous and she said to her beau: "You have been so old a friend I want to tell you something. I am," and she blushed, "I am going to be married."

"Wait," he cried hoarsely; "before you go further, hear me. I must say it, though I have no right now, but I will have less right later. I love you; I adore you; I have loved you since we were children together. I do not see how I can live and see you the wife of another. But, at least, you will know that I have loved you all these years, and when you hear the wind sigh over my distant grave—of course that is nonsense—"

"Don't take on so, John Henry," she said softly, "don't take on so; I'm going to marry—to marry—you."

Then the strong man fainted, and, as she bent over him, a determined little line showed about her mouth and she muttered: "I had to do something to bring him to it." Then she added: "I wonder, after all my trouble, if he has died?"

FOND OF TRAVEL.—The passion for travel, very common in these days, is satirised in the story of a young woman who came bounding joyfully into the presence of a friend and exclaimed—

"Oh, Jenny, Jenny! I'm so glad. I'm so happy!"

"Why, what has happened?"

"Just to think we're going to Paris—Paris!"

"Dear me, how delightful!"

"Yes—papa's been bitten by a mad dog, and has got to go to be treated by M. Pasteur, and I'm going with him to look after him. Oh! I'm so glad."

In 1925 a prize of \$1,000,000 will be given to the writer whom the Russian National Academy shall adjudge to have written the best biography of Alexander I. The prize is the outgrowth of a fund of 50,000 rubles given by a favorite Minister of Alexander I in 1825, and left to accumulate at compound interest for a century.

Femininities.

Virtue is its own reward, and frequently poor pay into the bargain.

Great honor is due those women who have the courage to be old maids rather than heartbroken wives.

Husband: "Come, let's go home!"

Wife, at bargain sale: "In a minute. I've only got a dime left."

Mrs. Elizabeth Fleming has been appointed crier of the United States Circuit and District Courts at Portland.

Brooklyn claims to have the only woman Deputy Collector of Internal Revenue in the country, Miss Lucy E. Ball.

He: "Didn't you promise to obey me at the altar?"

She: "Yes; but we're not there now!"

Eccentricity of dress or manner will double attention; the mistake of vain women is to believe that it doubles attraction.

"Cupid is the little joker in the game of love," said he.

"But the ugly Jack of Diamonds takes more hearts," responded she.

Mrs. Waite, wife of the Colorado Governor, says she knows women in that State who sold their votes for a package of chewing gum and a carriage ride.

Featherstone: "What, to your mind, is the most convincing proof of the truth of the Bible?"

Miss Snapshot: "It says all men are liars."

Mr. Gladstone can now be classed as a hotel keeper. Lately he opened a hotel near the library he equipped with 25,000 volumes, at Hawarden, and established a rate of 25 shillings a week for board and lodging and the use of the library.

Mrs. Mainchance, sentimentally: "I declare, darling, you hold the umbrella over me just as carefully as you did in our courtship days—more carefully, if anything!"

Mr. Mainchance, prosaically: "I didn't have to buy your millinery in those days."

She: "How the taste of the public is improving! Just listen to that German band playing a selection from Wagner!"

He: "Wagner? Not much! The band is full and they are simply playing the Blankton Post March with their music sheets upside down."

Ex-Vice President Morton's wife received a letter lately from a widow, who said that since Mr. Morton had begun selling milk from his dairy at Rhinebeck her (milk) business had been ruined, and she could not support her children. Mr. Morton was shown the letter, and he at once ordered his agent to stop selling milk.

One part of the wedding ceremony among the Babylonians was very significant. The priest, it is said, took a thread from the garment of the bride and another from the garment of the bridegroom and tied them into a knot, which he gave to the bride. This is probably the origin of the modern saying about tying the knot in regard to marriage.

"Shall I have to get married when I grow up?" asked little Flossie one day of her mother.

"Just as you please, dear," answered her mother with a smile; "most women do, however."

"Yes, I suppose so," continued the little girl, musingly, "and I guess I'd better start right in and hustle for a husband now. They say that Aunt Jane has been at it for 20 years and hasn't caught on yet."

In this day of worn-out church fairs and catch penny festivals a new idea for social and young people's meetings is always acceptable. A certain society in Australia holds a social meeting once a month, to which the members bring fruits, flowers and delicacies. Each member places his gift on a large table, where they are made up into packages. These packages are turned over to a city missionary supported by the society, and he carries the gifts to the sick and the poor in hospitals and homes.

Masculinities.

A gentleman never steals. He borrows.

Bear in mind that few people can be angry and just at the same time.

He who is most slow in making a promise is the most faithful in the performance of it.

An English Marquis is taking a retinue of eleven servants to India with him for a tiger hunt.

The translation of the odes of Horace by Mr. Gladstone, the first fruits of his leisure, have been issued.

Green Coats and his wife, who were slaves before the war, celebrated their golden wedding last week, in Mobory, Mo.

"Virtue lends dignity to a man, but wickedness sometimes lends dollars," said a cynic who had never dared to tell a lie.

The Emperor of Germany is a proficient drummer, and can give lessons to the best army drummers in the art of beating the tattoo.

It is said that only three individuals have any right to say "we" in writing or speaking, viz: an emperor, an editor and the man with a tape-worm.

A negro going through a field near Quincy, Fla., was pursued by a drove of cattle, and he made his escape by jumping into a well 20 feet deep.

The youngest Ambassador at any foreign court is Prince Franz Lichtenstein, who has been accredited by Austria to St. Petersburg. He is 43 years old.

President Casimir-Perier is an early riser, being at work on his letters and despatches every morning at 6:30. Nevertheless he often reads till 1 o'clock at night.

It is discouraging to a newly married man to hear his conscience praising his blushing little wife's first cake, and then have her tell him that she got it at the baker's.

Christian Conrad, who boasts that he heard President Washington make an open-air speech in this city in 1793, is living on a farm near Manchester, Iowa, at the reputed age of 106 years.

M. de Vogue, of the French Academy, is descended from a family ennobled during the time of Louis XVI., by reason of its productions in the only business a gentleman could then carry on, that of glass making.

A young clergyman startled a London congregation lately by announcing Hymn fourteen-and-seven-pence-half-penny. In his nervousness he had confused the offertory total of the previous Sunday with the hymn figures.

At Holywell the miraculous well of St. Winefride has attracted such crowds of pilgrims that the authorities have given notice to Father Beauclerk, to whom the well is let, that they will terminate his lease in May, in order to obtain better terms for the town.

They know how to treat wife-beaters in Germany. The brutal husband has to work all through the week, turn over his wages to his wife on pay day, and go to jail Saturday night and Sunday. About two weeks of this sort of fun takes all the wickedness out of a fellow.

A Chicago woman, assuming that her deceased husband was in heaven, where there is no marrying or giving away in marriage, married a second husband on the strength of an alleged message from No. 1, by a spiritualistic medium, that he desired her to do so. She has now filed in a local court a plea in divorce.

To a lady who had ventured to oppose Dr. Parr with more warmth of temper than cogency of reasoning, but who apologized by saying "It was the privilege of women to talk nonsense," he replied, "No, madam, it is not their privilege, but their infirmity. Ducks would walk if they could, but nature suffers them only to waddle!"

Humorous.

"You're sweet enough to eat!" he cried,
At which her heart turned cold;
For she was a missionary fair,
And he was a cannibal bold.

An old hand at the business—the hand
of time.

If the kitten could catch its own tail
half the joy of its young life would vanish.

"Say, teacher," asked a down-town
schoolboy, "if his name was Norval on the
Gramplan hills, what was it in town?"

Talker: "What my wife says goes."
St. Lenter: "Yes, I've noticed that she spreads
more scandal than any other woman in town."

Collector: "Say, look here, I'm tired
of calling here about this bill."

The debtor: "Well, I'm mighty glad to hear
it."

Sympathizer: "My dear, I hear that
your husband is dead."

Sympathizer, weeping: "Yes; he has left for
parts unknown."

Pastor: "You ought to be ashamed of
yourself! Even animals know when to stop
drinking!"

Toper: "So do I when I drink what they do."

Mother, sternly: "Kitty, didn't Char-
ley Lee try to kiss you last night, at the front
door?"

Daughter, blushing: "Not very hard, mam-
ma."

"To whom are we indebted for this
call?" smiled Mrs. Walcott, as she greeted a
good-looking man at the front door.

"The butcher, ma'am," was the reply. "It's
\$9.86. There's the bill."

Physician, with ear to patient's chest:
"There is a curious swelling over the heart,
which must be reduced at once."

Patient, anxiously: "That swelling is my
pocketbook, doctor. Please don't reduce it
too much."

"Now, ladies and gentlemen, you
wouldn't believe it, but it's true, that these
weights are so delicate that they mark the
difference between a blonde and a brunette
hair."

"And which weighs the less?"
"The lighter one."

Fair visitor: "So you really have de-
cided not to sell your house?"

Fair host: "Yes. You see, we placed the
matter in the hands of a real estate agent.
After reading his lovely advertisement of our
property, neither John nor myself could
think of parting with such a wonderful and
perfect home."

Upon the field of battle a soul strug-
gled to free itself from mortal clay. A pale,
set face stared ghastly into space.

"Tell her—"
The livid lips moved feebly.

"—I loved—loved—"

The words were lost. The heart was still.
The spirit had departed. The game was fin-
ished with a substitute at right tackle.

"When I was once in danger from a
lion," said an old African explorer, "I tried
sitting down and staring at him, as I had no
weapons."

"How did it work?" asked his companion.

"Perfectly; the lion didn't even offer to
touch me."

"Strange! How do you account for it?"

"Well, sometimes I've thought it was be-
cause I sat down on a branch of a very tall
tree."

A long, loose-jointed pilgrim, in a
faded brown hat and venerable overcoat,
strayed into one of the parks the other day
where a hotly contested game of foot ball was
in progress.

He watched the players for some time in
silence, and at last asked a bystander:

"What d'ye reckon that thing they're fight-
ing over is wuth?"

"About \$2.50, perhaps," replied the man to
whom he had spoken.

"They're a pack of durned fools!" exclaimed
the pilgrim, stalking away in disgust.

KILLING THE SCORPION.—Everybody
who has lived in India knows that in that
country centipedes and scorpions are by no
means rare, and that, unless great care is
exercised, they often manage to invade
the sleeping apartments, or even the beds.
Their favorite nook, however, is a boot,
and of course, to all intents and purposes,
this is the most dangerous position that
they can take up; for their always poison-
ous sting or bite is thus inflicted on the
foot, the veins and arteries in which are
quite close to the surface, and so stand a
very good chance of being pierced.

The following story of a scorpion getting
into a boot is told at the expense of an
officer who was stationed with his regi-
ment at Allahabad: He was putting on his
boots one morning, and was just about to
stamp the heel down, when he felt a sharp
prick. Several scorpions had been seen
about the barracks for the past few weeks,
so that he naturally concluded that it was
one of these pests that had stung him.
"Well, the harm's done now," he thought,
with a mental benediction upon the head
of his servant for being so careless; "but
anyhow, I may as well kill the brute.
It'll get away if I take the boot off." Ac-
cordingly, he began stamping violently on
the floor, with a view to crushing the life
out of the scorpion. Every time he
stamped it gave him the greatest agony,
but he stuck to it bravely, until at last he
thought that the objectionable tenant of
his boot must be dead.

When he took off his boot, however, he
felt both relieved and vexed, but was glad
that he had not summoned assistance. It
was years before he could tell the real
story of his scorpion; for during half-an-
hour had he been stamping upon and try-
ing to kill a blacking-brush which his ser-
vant had accidentally left in the boot.

IT SHOULDN'T OCCUR AGAIN.—At the
close of a "Baby Show" which had been
held in the public hall of a country town
an exhibitor went to claim her cherub.
On a squalling lump of humanity being
handed to her by the smiling checktaker,
she gave one glance at the infant's face,
and then exclaimed in an agonized tone of
voice—

"Good gracious, man! but this is not
my baby!"

"Very sorry, ma'am," replied the check-
take, "but it's the only one I have left.
You see, somehow or other the checks got
mixed. However," he added, by the way
of an apology, "it shan't occur again."

**RADWAY'S
READY RELIEF**

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF is safe, reliable and
effective because of the stimulating action which it
exerts over the nerves and vital powers of the body,
adding tone to the one and inciting to renewed and
increased vigor the slumbering vitality of the physical
structure, and through this healthful stimulation and
increased action the CAUSE of the PAIN is driven
away, and a natural condition restored. It is thus
that the READY RELIEF is so admirably adapted
for the CURE OF PAIN and without the risk of
injury which is sure to result from the use of many of
the so-called pain remedies of the day.

It is Highly Important That Every
Family Keep a Supply of

**RADWAY'S
READY RELIEF**

Always in the house. Its use will prove beneficial
on all occasions of pain or sickness. There is noth-

ing in the world that will stop pain or arrest the
progress of disease as quick as the READY RE-
LIEF.

CURES AND PREVENTS

Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Influenza,
Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headache,
Toothache, Asthma, Difficult
Breathing.

CURES THE WORST PAINS in from one to
twenty minutes. NOT ONE HOUR after reading
this advertisement need anyone SUFFER WITH
PAIN.

Aches and Pains

For headache (whether sick or nervous), toothache,
neuralgia, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and weakness
in the back, spine or kidneys, pains around the liver,
pleurisy, swelling of the joints and pains of all kinds,
the application of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF
will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a
few days effect a permanent cure.

Internally—A half to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler
of water will, in a few minutes, cure Cramps, Spasms,
Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Ner-
vousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Flatulency,
and all internal pains.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will
cure Fever and Ague and all other Malarious, Bilious
and other fevers, aided by RADWAY'S PILLS, so
quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Price, 50 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

RADWAY'S
Sarsaparillian
Resolvent,
THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary
medical properties, essential to purify, heal, repair and
invigorate the broken down and wasted body. Quick,
pleasant, safe and permanent in its treatment and cure.

For the Cure of Chronic Disease, Scroful-
ous, Hereditary or Contagious.

Not only does the Sarsaparilla Resolvent excel all
remedial agents in the cure of Chronic, Scrofulous,
Constitutional and Skin Diseases, but it is the only
positive cure for

KIDNEY AND BLADDER COM- PLAINTS,

Urinary and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes,
Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine,
Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, and all cases where
there are brick dust deposits, or the water is thick,
cloudy, mixed with substances like the white of an
egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid,
dark, bilious appearance, and white blood deposits,
and when there is a pricking, burning sensation when
passing water, and pain in the small of the back and
along the loins. Sold by all druggists. Price, One
Dollar.

**Radway's
Pills**

Purely vegetable, mild and reliable. Cause
Perfect Digestion, complete absorption and
healthful regularity. For the cure of all dis-
orders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kid-
neys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Constipa-
tion, Costiveness.

Loss of Appetite,
Sick Headache,
Indigestion,
Billousness,
Constipation,
Dyspepsia.

Observe the following symptoms resulting from dis-
eases of the digestive organs: Constipation, inward
piles, fullness of blood in the head, acidity of the
stomach, nausea, heartburn, disgust of food, fullness
or weight of the stomach, sour eructations, sinking or
fluttering of the heart, choking or suffocating sensa-
tions when in a lying posture, dimness of vision, dots
or webs before the sight, fever and dull pain in the
head, deficiency of perspiration, yellowness of the
skin and eyes, pain in the side, chest, limbs, and sud-
den flushes of heat, burning in the flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the
system of all the above-named disorders.

Price 25c per Box. Sold by druggists.

Send to DR. RADWAY & CO., 55 Elm
Street, New York, for Book of Advice.

Recent Book Issues.

"Baron Kinatas," by Isaac Strange Dement, is a tale of the Anti-Christ which is very curious and will well repay perusal. Published by M. T. Need, Chicago. Price 50 cents.

"Treasury of the Table Talk by Famous People" is a very neat and entertaining little volume made up of pointed elegant and witty short extracts from the sayings and writings of the great ones of the past. Published by the F. A. Stokes Company. For sale by Porter & Coates. Price 75 cts.

"In the Midst of Alarms" is an exciting story of American life by Robert Barr which is remarkable for its well-drawn pictures of characters and places and a general interest that absorbs the attention from beginning to end. Published by the F. A. Stokes Company, New York. For sale by Wanamaker. Price 75 cts.

A very interesting and suitable book for holiday purposes is "The Essays of Elia," in which are included the Last Essays of Elia and a selection from Eliana. The text is made additionally beautiful and attractive by thirty-one fine full-page pictures and other embellishments. Neatly printed on fine paper and beautifully bound. Published by the F. A. Stokes Company, New York. For sale by Porter & Coates. Price \$1.25.

A beautiful book in every way is "The Treasury of Stories, Jingles and Rhymes," by Maud Humphrey. In big type, on splendid glazed paper, with handsome pictures on almost every page, it, in a new simplified and attractive form, includes most of the fairy tales, wonderful stories and other literature of childhood that has amused the little ones for generations and always will. There are also many original tales and poem narratives that much enhance the volume's value. No neater or more attractive holiday book has ever been printed. Published by the F. A. Stokes Company, New York, and for sale by Porter & Coates. Price \$1.25.

A ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.—During the occupation of North Germany by the French in 1810-11, the young Count Londy was a lieutenant in the army which occupied the department de l'Elbe, of which the city of Hamburg was the centre, and where Marshal Davoust, Prince of Eckmühl, reigned with terror and cruelty which even now are but too vividly remembered by the "oldest inhabitant." Then came the Russian campaign, and the subsequent retreat of the French in 1812. Fifteen years later a youth of unknown parentage was apprenticed to a Hamburg builder. Step by step he rose, until at last he himself became a master builder and practiced as such in his native city. The terrible fire of 1842, which reduced two-thirds of the place to ashes, brought great activity into the building trade, as a natural consequence; and Mr. Londy, combining the work of contractor and house speculator with his profession, gradually became a rich man, and is now one of the most extensive contractors of Hamburg. The young lieutenant of fifty years ago, in the meantime, became an old man, and is still alive. Happening one day to take up a German newspaper, he found a person bearing his name mentioned as taking an active part in some improvements at Hamburg. His name being an uncommon one, he was struck with it as occurring in a place where, fifty years ago, he was quartered for several months. Could he have left his name there in a manner which sometimes will occur? The thing haunted him, and at last he determined to find out beyond all doubt. He did so, and the result of his inquiries was, that Mr. Londy, the builder, proved to be the count's son.

He has since been formally acknowledged as such, and will succeed the rich and hitherto childless old count in his honors, titles, and property.

THE USE OF SPECTACLES.—One of the first concomitants of age is acquired farsightedness or presbyopia. This necessitates wearing certain glasses for near work. Whenever a man or woman of about forty-five years of age finds himself or herself reading or threading a needle at arm's-length, the action tells that the little muscle governing the accommodation is growing weak and needs assistance. By persisting in forcing this muscle to work, much injury is done to the eyes; but, by having it corrected, many a frown would be saved to man and many a wrinkle to woman. Not only is it important to get glasses, but of more importance still is it to see that you get the kind suitable for each eye. It is comparatively rare that you find two eyes exactly alike, and the aid of an ophthalmic surgeon who is not only competent theoretically but practically should be sought. Men whose knowledge is acquired by long experience are often much more useful than those having a theoretical knowledge only. When the optician finds however that the vision is not the same in each eye, or where astigmatism exists and the patient complains of symptoms now recognized as eye symptoms, then his province ends and the ophthalmic surgeon's work begins. As age increases, excessive reading, writing, or work upon very small objects must not be persisted in, especially if the eyes grow tired. It must be remembered that the elasticity of the eyeball is lost, and any persistent effort may produce hemorrhage in the retina or such a strain as may lead to other serious troubles.

WOULD DOCTORS LIKE IT?—Doctors complain that, as a rule, only their "fallures" reach the ear of the public. This is not always the case, however, as will be seen from the following novel advertisement which appears in a recent number of a Jewish contemporary. It runs (names being suppressed, for obvious reasons):—"Mr. A—S—, of —, returns his most sincere thanks to numerous friends for their kind visits and inquiries during his recent illness. His special thanks are due to Dr. —, of — Street for untiring attention and care."

This is placed in the first column ("Births, Marriages," etc.), but, instead of following, it should, to be strictly appropriate, precede, the list of "Deaths."

A public record by a grateful patient of a most essential factor in his recovery is a custom which is quite novel. The doctor's bill is, we are told, the last and the most grudgingly paid; but to a medical man it must be almost more than his fee to see his skill and attention meet with appreciation and gratitude, to say nothing of the extension of his practice which must necessarily ensue. It is often much more to a man to recover from serious illness than to be married or even to become a happy father; and, probably many doctors would not be at all averse from seeing their names in print when associated with a successful case.

SO THE SYSTEM WAS STOPPED.—Some London suburban railways allow the return halves of tickets issued on Saturday to be used on Monday; but the only railway whose return tickets on its suburban branches, issued on any day, are available for the next, is the Great Eastern.

Some years ago the company was more liberal still, and permitted a ticket issued on Monday to be available all the week. The privilege, however, was withdrawn, owing to the cheating proclivities of the traveling public.

"It happened in this way," said an official lately to the writer. "A man would start on Monday by purchasing a first-class and a third-class ticket. He would present the third-class return ticket to the inspector at the gate to be nipped, and would travel first-class. Every morning he bought a fresh third-class ticket, but always traveled first. If a ticket ex-

aminer came along, he always produced his first-class ticket, and as this was available for a week, detection was impossible. Of course every Monday he bought a fresh first-class ticket. When this practice was discovered, the weekly system was at once stopped."

PIGEONS AS A NAVAL AID.—Other countries have, to a considerable extent, trained certain animals to assist their military and naval forces in various ways in times of war.

For some years past, most of the European powers have had specially-trained dogs attached to regiments to act as scouts and messengers, and these animals have shown a wonderful degree of intelligence in the performance of their peculiar duties.

In like manner naval pigeon stations have been established by several European Powers, where homing pigeons are kept ready for service as trained messengers. Their value for this purpose was fully proved during the last Franco-German war.

France has thirteen stations; Spain, ten; Italy, nine; Germany, seven; Austria, three; Portugal, two; and Denmark, one; while Belgium depends, in case of war, on the pigeon clubs established in its seaport towns.

England has, so far, neglected both these methods of assisting the powers of defence; but perhaps in due time it shall imitate its neighbors.

CHUNKS OF WISDOM BY JOSH BILLINGS. Sailors heave the lead for the purpose of finding the bottom, not for the purpose of going there. It is just so with advice; men should ask for it, not so much for the purpose of following it, as for the purpose of strengthening his own plans. Enny boddy can tell where lightning struck last, but it takes a smart man tew find out where it is a going tew strike next time; this is one of the differences between learning and wisdom. Most enny boddy can write poor sense, but there aint but few that can write good nonsense; and it almos takes an eddy-catted man tew appreciate it after it is writ.

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Inventors of the CELEBRATED GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG, ELASTIC BAND TOUPÉES, and Manufacturers of Every Description of Ornamental Hair for Ladies and Gentlemen.

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

- TOUPÉES AND SCALPS.**
INCHES.
 No. 1. The round of the head.
 No. 2. From forehead back as far as bald.
 No. 3. Over forehead as far as required.
 No. 4. Over the crown of the head.
- FOR WIGS, INCHES.**
 No. 1. The round of the head.
 No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck, No. 2.
 No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.
 No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.

They have always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frisettes, Braids, Curis, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold as Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also DOLLARD'S REGENERATIVE CREAM is to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

Mrs. Edmondson Gorter writes to Messrs. Dollard & Co., to send her a bottle of their Herbanium Extract for the Hair. Mrs. Gorter has tried in vain to obtain anything equal to it as a dressing for the hair in England.

MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER.
 Oak Lodge Thorpe,
 Norwich, Norfolk, England.

Nov., 20, '88. NAVY PAY OFFICE, PHILADELPHIA.
 I have used "Dollard's Herbanium Extract, of Vegetable Hair Wash," regularly for upwards of five years with great advantage. My hair, from rapidly thinning, was early restored, and has been kept by it in its wonted thickness and strength. It is the best wash I have ever used.

A. W. RUSSELL, U. S. N.

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 1223 CHESTNUT STREET.

GENTLEMEN'S HAIR CUTTING AND SHAVING.
 LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S HAIR CUTTING.

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TO PLAY MUSIC**WITHOUT STUDY!**

THIS CAN BE DONE BY MEANS OF THE
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 PIANO OR ORGAN.**

Anyone knowing a tune, either "in the head," as it is called, or able to hum, whistle or sing, can play it WITHOUT ANY PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OF MUSIC OR THE INSTRUMENTS. In fact it may be the first time they have ever seen a piano or organ, yet if they know so much as to whistle or hum a tune—say "Way Down on the Swannee River," for instance—they can play it IMMEDIATELY correctly and with good effect, on the piano or organ, with the assistance of this GUIDE. THE GUIDE shows how the tunes are to be played with both hands and in different keys.

It must be understood that the Guide will not make an accomplished musician without study. It will do nothing of the kind. What it can do, do well and WITHOUT FAIL is to enable anyone understanding the nature of a tune or air in music to play such tunes or airs, without ever having opened a music book.

By giving the student the power to play IMMEDIATELY twelve tunes of different character—this number of pieces being sent with each Guide—the ear grows accustomed to the sounds, and the fingers used to the position and touch of the keys. So, after a very little practice with the Guide, it will be easy to pick out, almost with the skill and rapidity of the trained player, any air or tune that may be heard or known.

The Guide will be sent to any address, all postage paid, on receipt of FIFTY CENTS. Postage stamps, 2's, taken. For Ten Cents extra a music book containing the words and music for 100 popular songs, will be sent with The Guide. Address—

THE GUIDE MUSIC CO.,
 726 Sansom St., Philadelphia, P.

MAGIC LANTERNS**AND VIEWS.**

For Public Lectures, School, Church or Home.

WORLD'S FAIR

and other interesting subjects. Send 2c. stamp for Catalogue.

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FOR NEW YORK.

4.10, 7.30 (two-hour train), 8.30, 9.45, 11.21 a m.
 (12.37, p m from 24th and Chestnut streets—Dining Car), 1.30, 3.50, 6.15, (6.12 from 24th and Chestnut), 8.35, (dining car), p m, 12.10 night. Sundays—4.10, 8.35, 9.45, 11.21 a m, 3.50 p m, (6.12 from 24th and Chestnut), 8.35 (dining car) p m, 12.10 night.
 Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 4.30, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00, 7.30, 8.45 p m, 12.15 night. Sundays, 8.30, 9.00, 11.30, a m, 1.30, 5.00, 6.00 p m, 12.15 night.
 Parlor cars on all day express trains and sleeping cars on night trains to and from New York.

IN LEHIGH AND WYOMING VALLEYS.

For Bethlehem, Easton and Points
 8.00, 9.00 a m, 2.00, 4.30, 5.30, 6.45, 9.45 p m. Sundays—6.27, 8.05, 9.00 a m, 4.15, 6.45, 9.45 p m.

FOR SCHUYLKILL VALLEY POINTS.

For Phoenixville and Pottstown—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 12.45, 4.00, 6.02, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.30, 7.40, 11.05 a m, 1.40, 4.32, 5.22, 7.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.30, 11.42 a m, 5.30 p m.

For Reading—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 12.45, 4.00, 6.02, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.30, 7.40, 11.05 a m, 1.40, 4.32, 5.22, 7.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.30 a m, 5.30 p m.

For Lebanon and Harrisburg—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 5.02 p m. Accom., 4.30 a m, 7.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, a m.

For Pottsville—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 6.02, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.30, 7.40 a m, 1.40 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 5.30 p m.

For Shamokin and Williamsport—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 11.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Additional for Shamokin Express, week-days, 6.00 p m. Accom., 4.30 m. Sundays—Express, 4.00 a m.

FOR ATLANTIC CITY.

Leave Chestnut Street and South Street Wharves:
 Week-days—Express 8.00, 9.00 a m., 2.00, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00 p m. Accom., 8.00 a m., 4.30, 6.30 p m. Sundays—Express, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00 a m. Accom., 8.00 a m, 4.45 p m.

Leave Atlantic City Depot: week-days—Express, 6.20, 7.00, 7.45, 9.00 a m, 5.30, 7.30 p m. Accom., 8.10 a m, 4.32 p m. Sundays—Express, 4.00, 5.00, 8.00 p m. Accom., 7.15 a m, 5.05 p m.

Parlor Cars on all express trains.
 Brigantine, week-days, 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m. Leave Brigantine, week-days, 7.25 a m, 3.25 p m. Sundays, 6.55 a m, 4.35 p m.

Detailed time tables at ticket offices, N. E. corner, Broad and Chestnut, 833 Chestnut street, 20 S. Tenth street, 606 S. Third street, 3622 Market street and at stations.

Union Transfer Company will call for and check baggage from hotels and residences.
 I. A. SWEIGARD, C. G. HANCOCK,
 General Superintendent. General Passenger Agent.

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"It may be true what some men say.
 It maun be true what a' men say."
PUBLIC OPINION
 endorses Sapolio.—
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